Our Gang

NOV.-DEC. COMICS

10¢
No. 8

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DEAR KIDS:

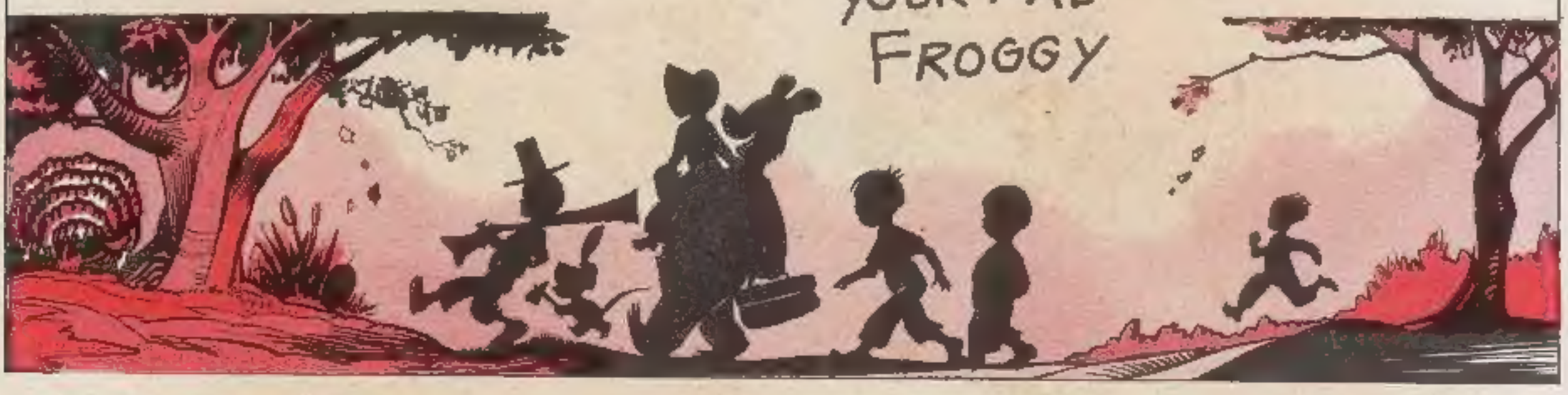
LAST WEEK WE CELEBRATED THANKS-GIVING BY HAVING A PILGRIM PICNIC. BARNEY AND OUR GANG DRESSED LIKE PILGRIMS AND PACKED A LUNCH. THEN WE SET OFF INTO THE WOODS. SUDDENLY WE HEARD A RUSTLE IN THE BUSHES AND SAW AN INDIAN FEATHER! **GOLLY! WERE WE SCARED!**

OLD BARNEY INVESTIGATED AND IT WAS ONLY JERRY, THE MOUSE, ALL DRESSED LIKE AN INDIAN. WE MADE BELIEVE WE WERE AFRAID AND RAN.

WHEN JERRY CAUGHT UP WITH US, WE LET HIM CARVE THE TURKEY BECAUSE HE WAS THE ONLY ONE WITH AN AXE. SO ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

BEST WISHES FROM US ALL,

YOUR PAL
FROGGY



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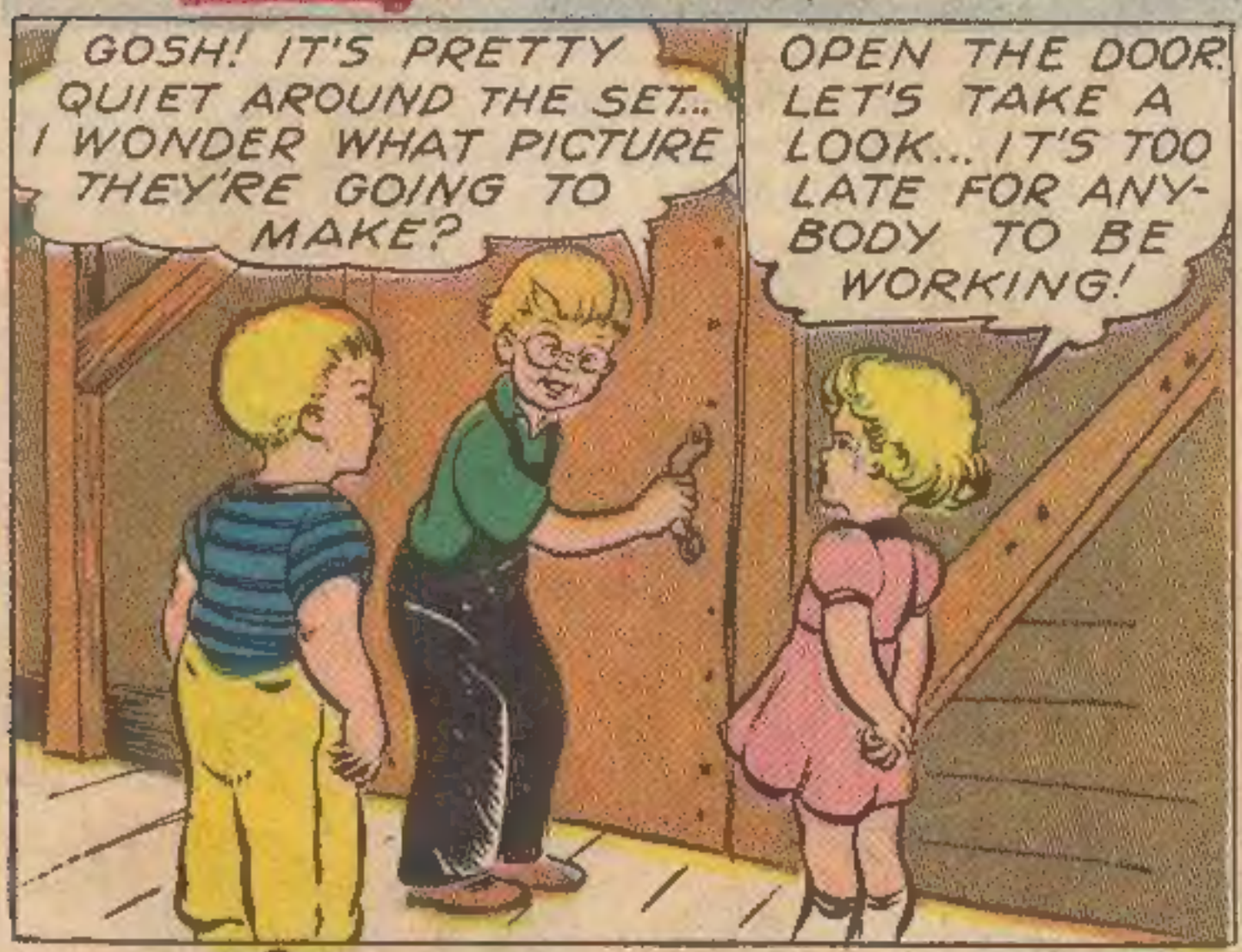
Our Gang

MICKEY
HAPPY
JANET
FROGGY

PRESENTED BY
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER



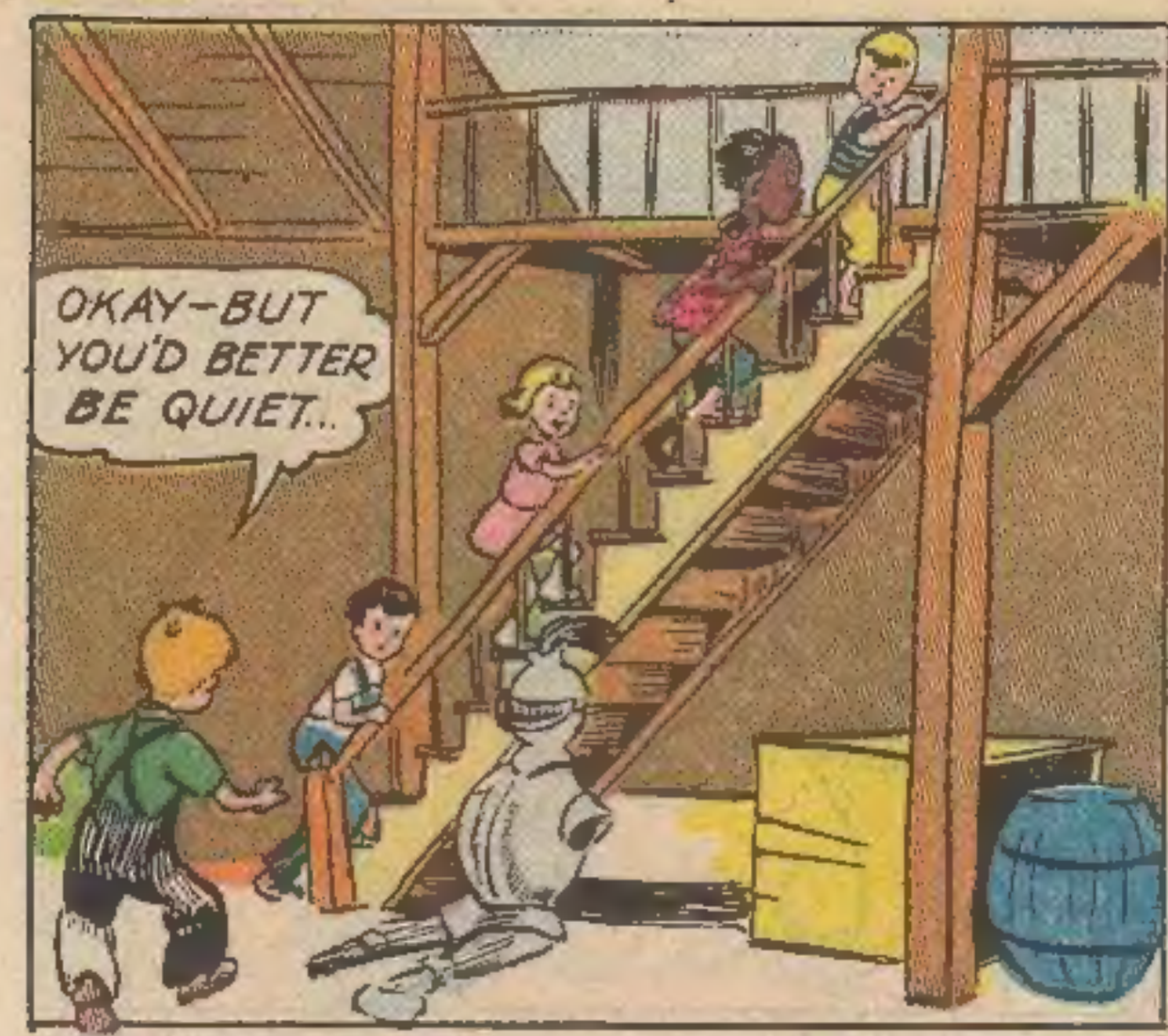
IF YOU'RE GOING TO CHANGE THE SCRIPT AT THE LAST MINUTE, LET ME KNOW!
I DIDN'T CHANGE A LINE! THESE KIDS BUSTED IN WHEN THEY SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER—
GOLLY! NOW WE'VE DONE IT!

NOW YOU KIDS MARCH OFF THIS SET AND DON'T COME BACK!
YESSIR, MR. DIRECTOR— UH— WE DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE SHOOTING.

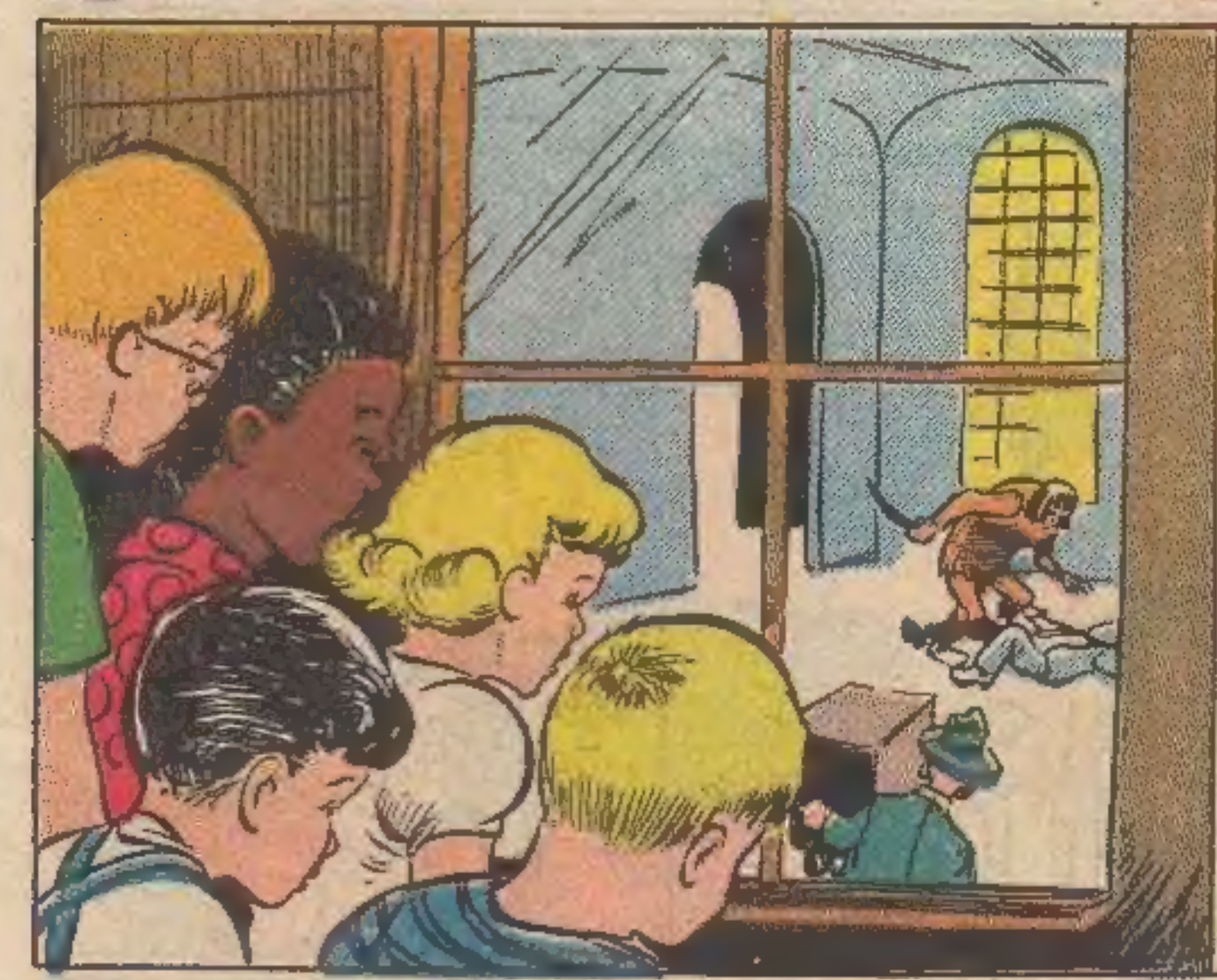
ALL RIGHT NOW! WE WON'T CHANGE A THING... THIS IS FINAL! YOU STAB HIM RIGHT HERE.

SHH— COME ON! I DON'T CARE IF IT IS EXCITING WE HAVE TO GO— THE DIRECTOR TOLD US TO!
BUT I DIDN'T GET A GOOD LOOK AT TH' MONSTER!

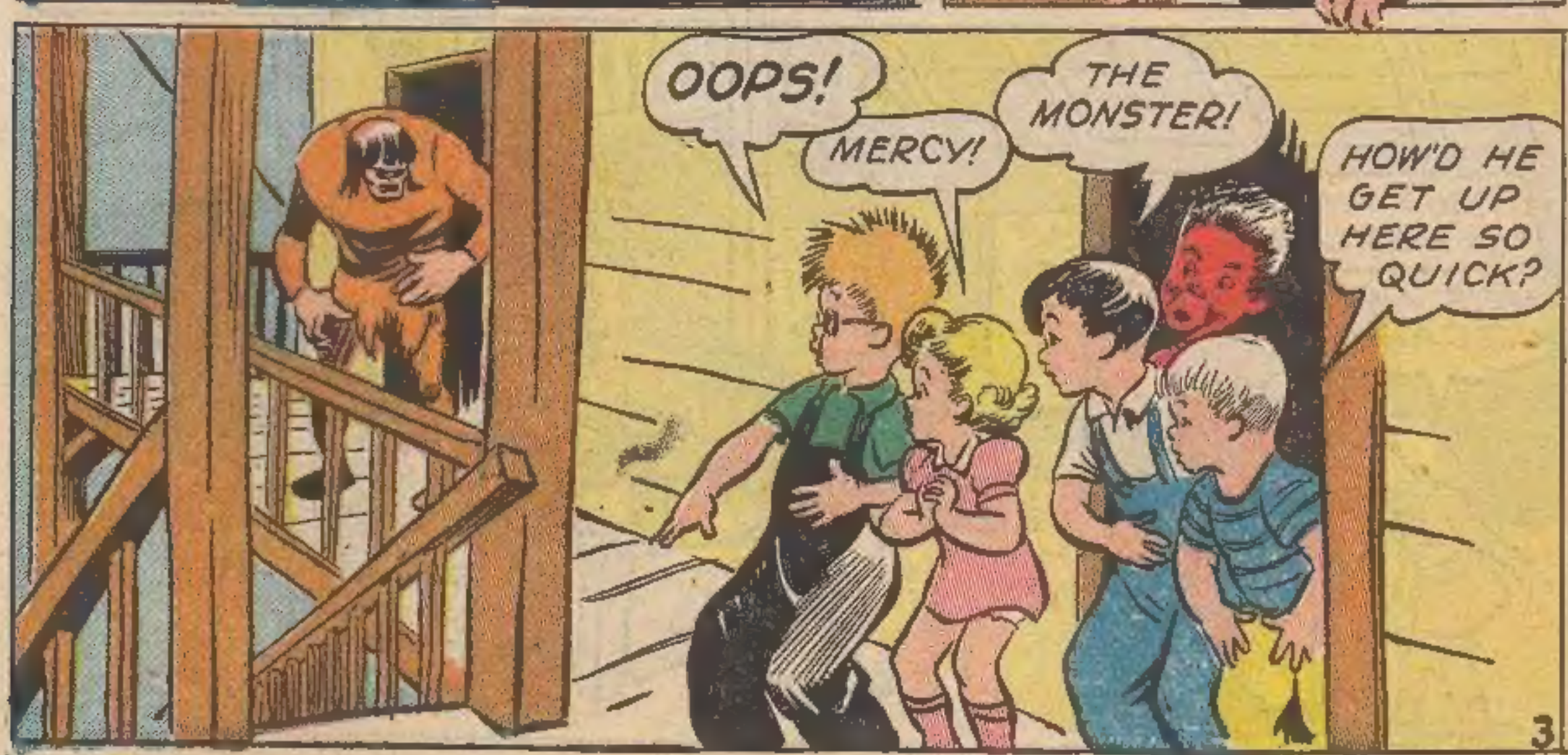
HEY— PSST— LET'S CLIMB UP TO TH' OLD DRESSING ROOMS! WE CAN SEE FROM UP THERE.

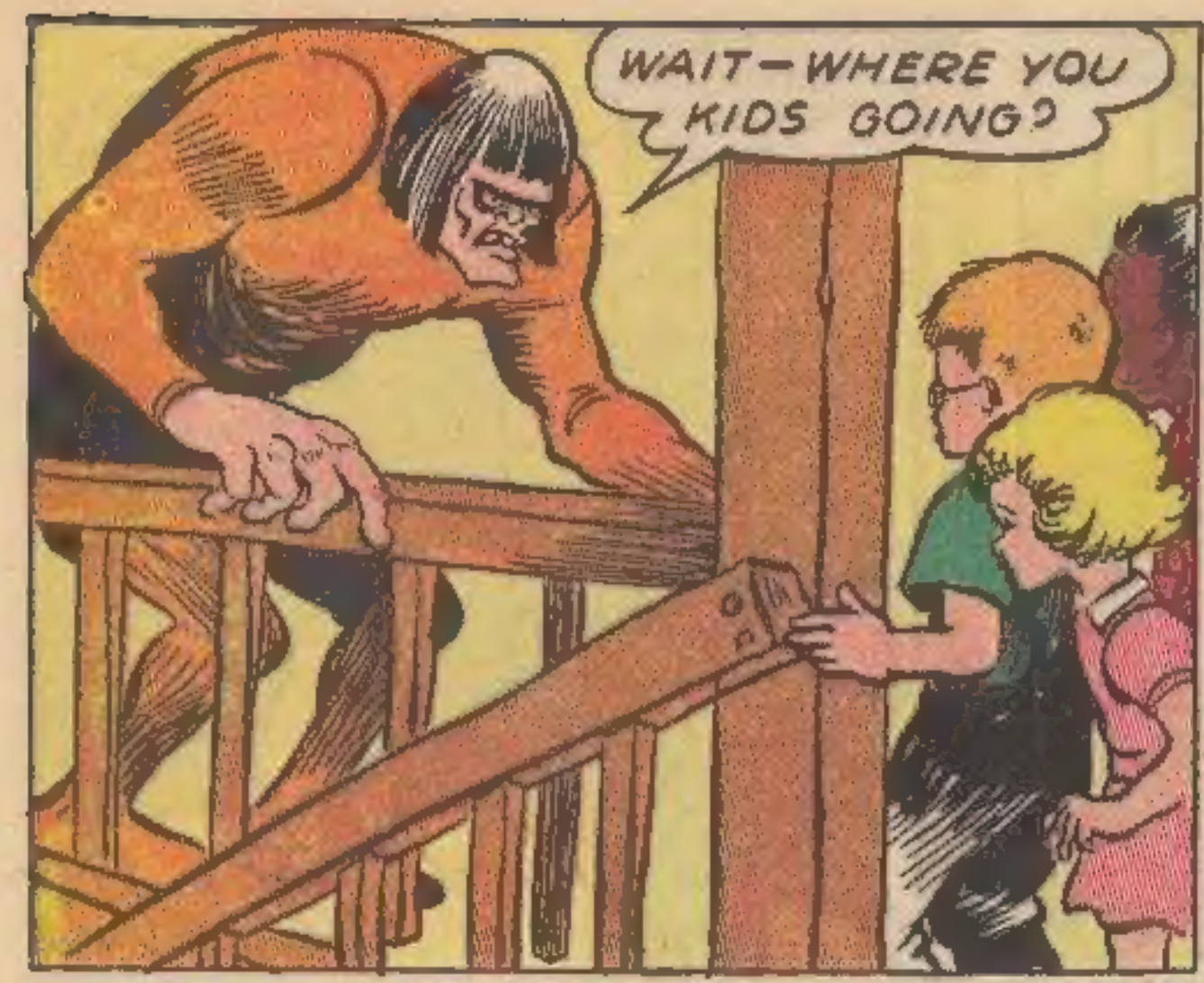

OKAY—BUT YOU'D BETTER BE QUIET...

COME ON—YOU CAN SEE FINE FROM THIS WINDOW... IT LOOKS DOWN ON THE STAGE!



OKAY—NOW THAT WE'VE WATCHED THAT SCENE, WE'D BETTER GO—SAY— WAS THAT A NOISE IN THE NEXT DRESSING ROOM?

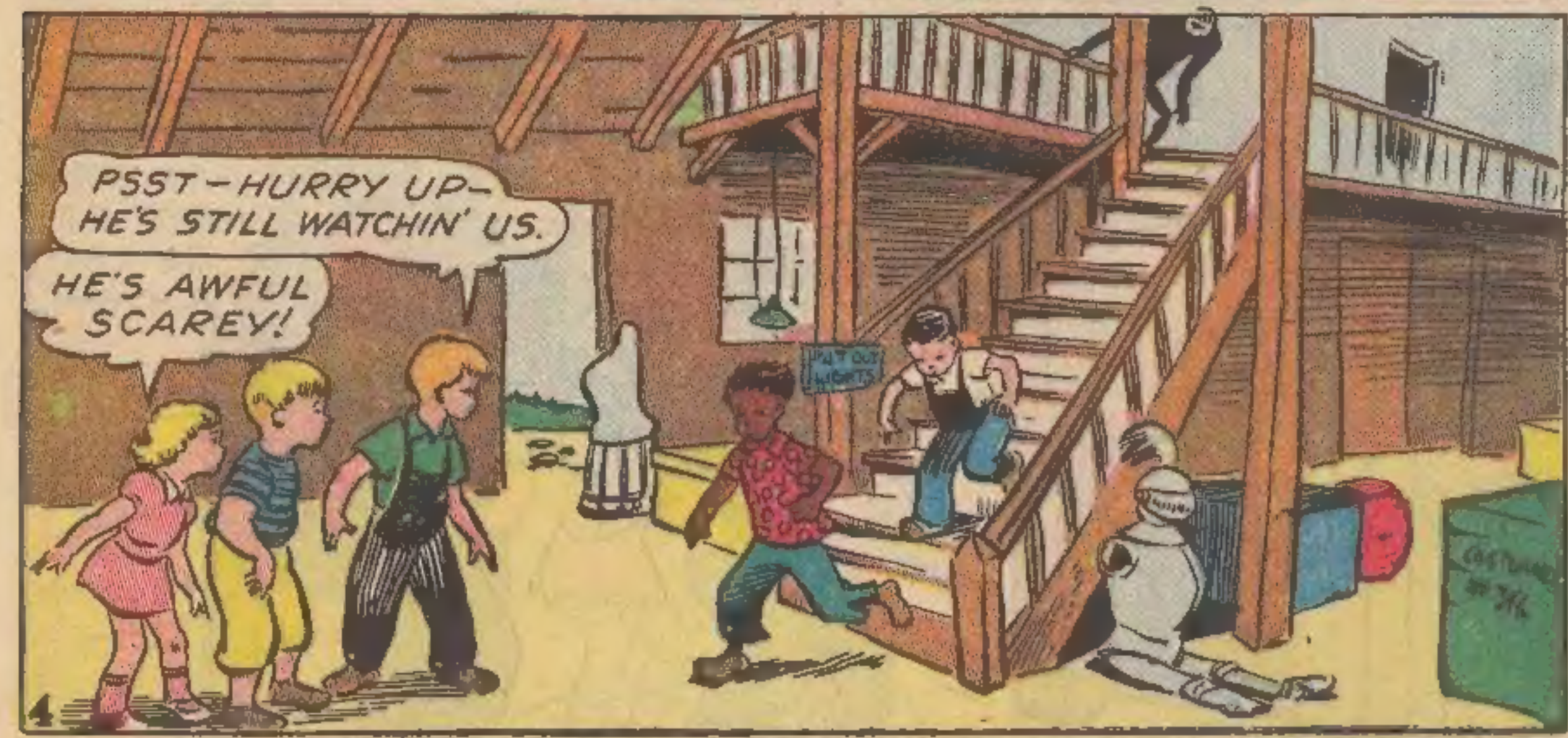

OOPS!
MERCY!
THE MONSTER!
HOW'D HE GET UP HERE SO QUICK?


WAIT—WHERE YOU KIDS GOING?

WHO KNOWS YOU'RE UP HERE?

GOSH—UH—NOBODY, I GUESS, MR. MONSTER... WE DIDN'T MEAN TO BREAK INTO YOUR SCENE—UH—WE—ER—

THEN SUPPOSE YOU LEAVE—AND IF YOU DARE TELL ANYONE YOU WERE UP HERE YOU'LL BE SORRY!
OH-UH-YESSIR—WE KNOW WE AREN'T SUPPOSED TO BE HERE.

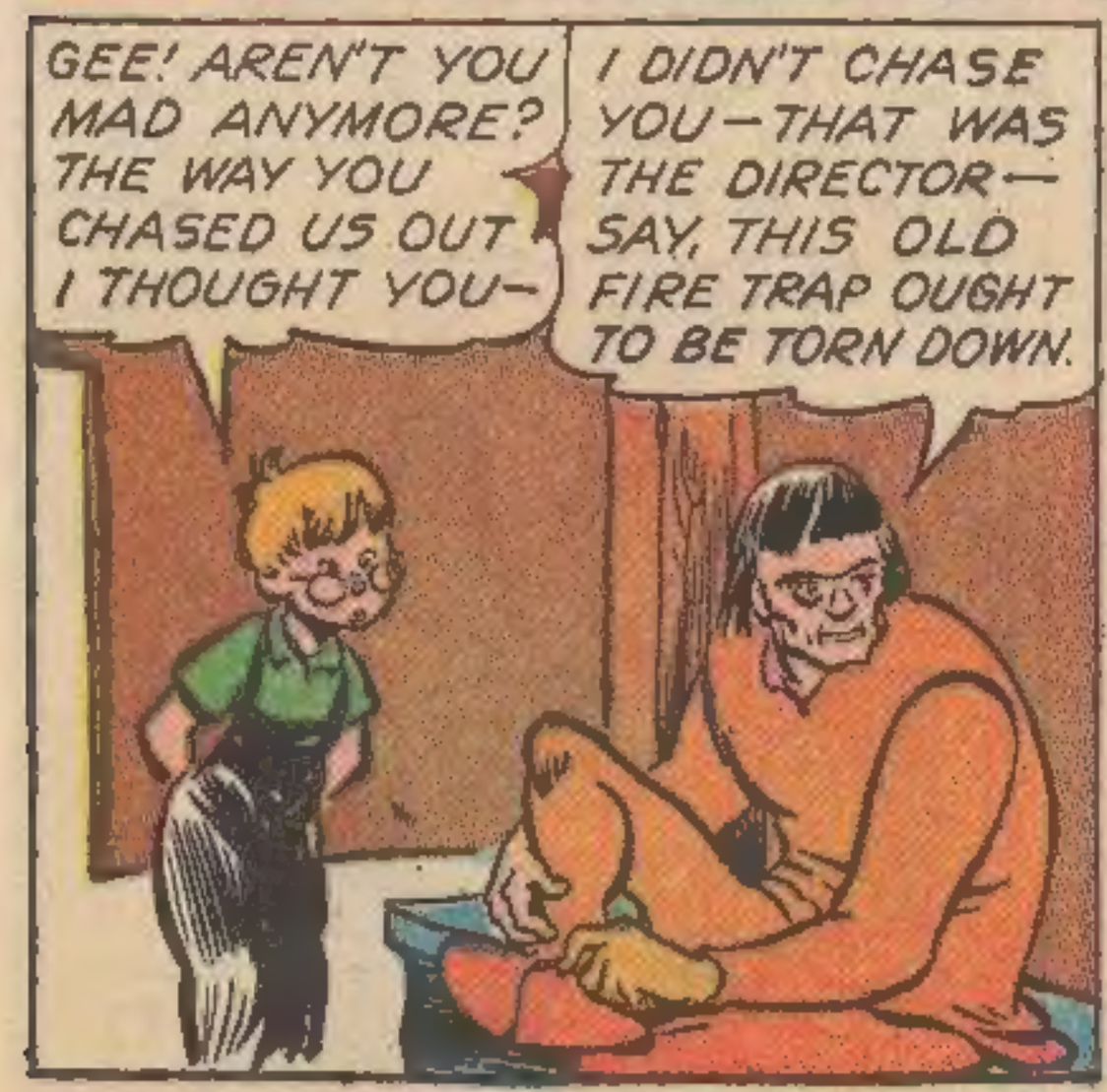

PSST—HURRY UP—HE'S STILL WATCHIN' US.
HE'S AWFUL SCAREY!

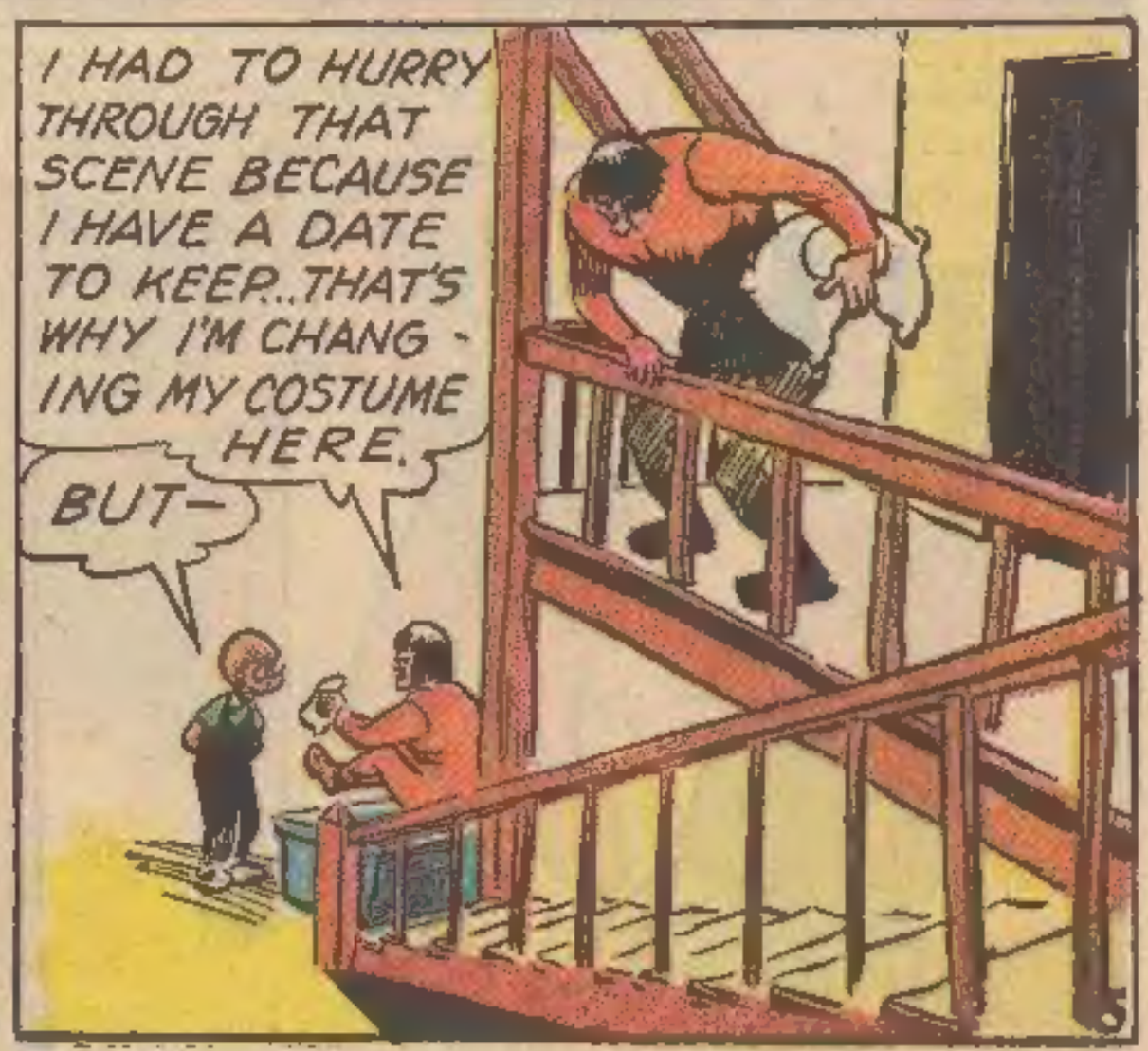
QUIET WHEN RED LIGHT IS ON
KEEP OUT

HI, CLANCY, WE'RE GOIN' HOME.
G'NIGHT, GANG!

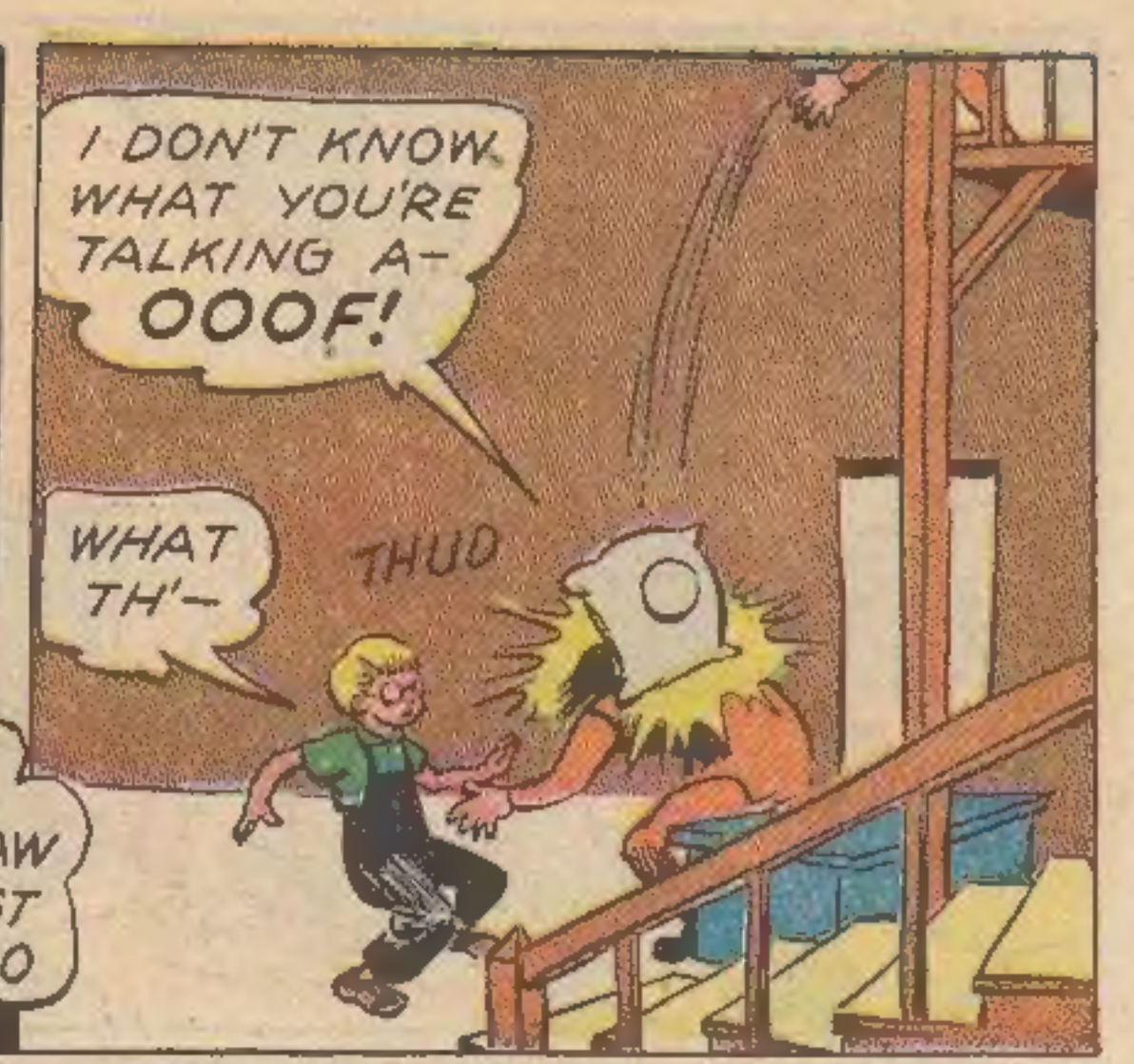
AW, GOLLY—I LEFT BEHIND TH' SCRIPT FOR TH' NEW PICTURE WE'RE GOING TO DO... WAIT FOR ME...

I PROBABLY LEFT IT UPSTAIRS — OOPS! THE MONSTER! GOSH!
HELLO, FROGGIE!


GEE! AREN'T YOU MAD ANYMORE? THE WAY YOU CHASED US OUT I THOUGHT YOU—
I DIDN'T CHASE YOU—THAT WAS THE DIRECTOR— SAY, THIS OLD FIRE TRAP OUGHT TO BE TORN DOWN.

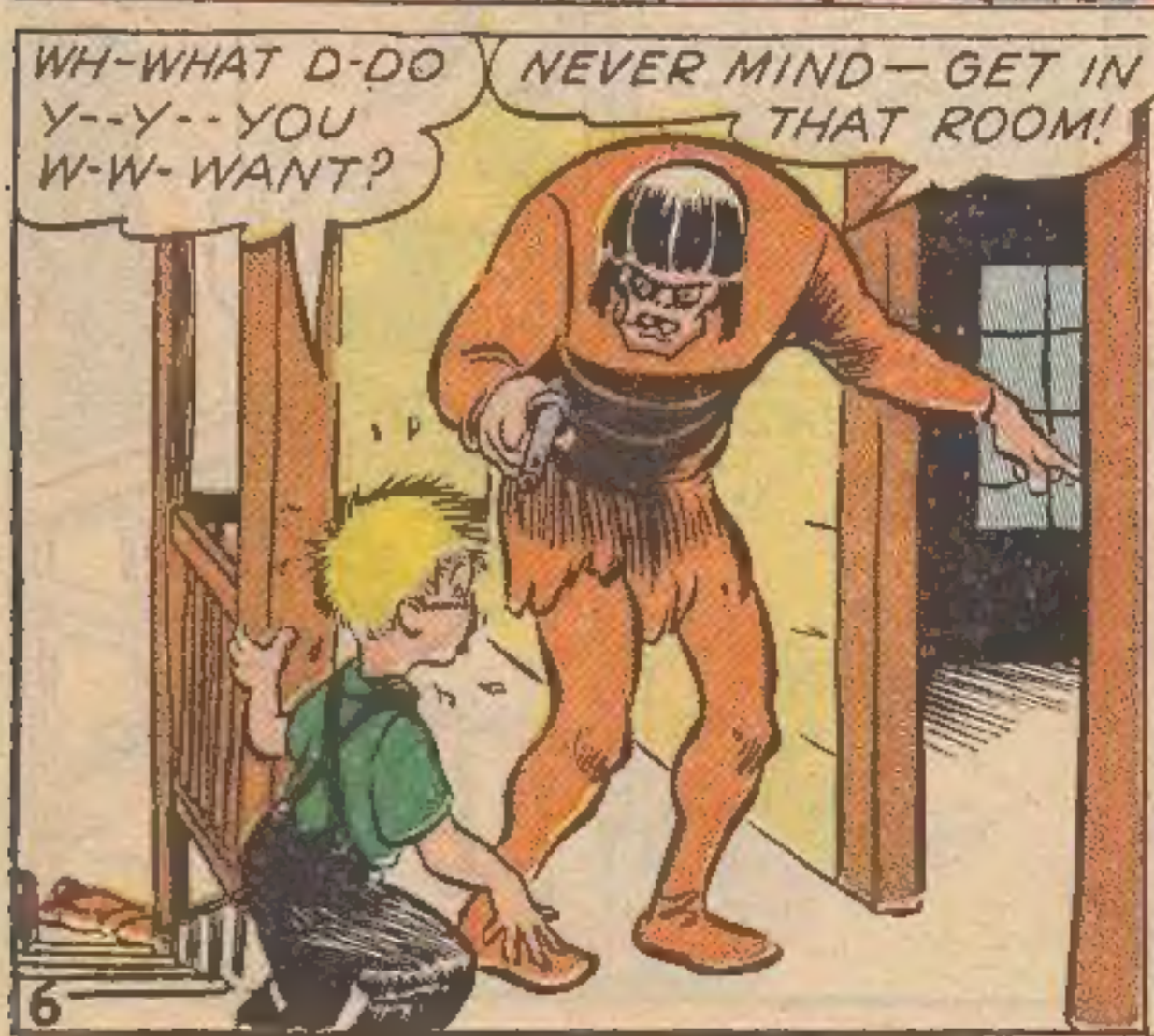

I HAD TO HURRY THROUGH THAT SCENE BECAUSE I HAVE A DATE TO KEEP...THAT'S WHY I'M CHANG - ING MY COSTUME HERE.
BUT—

CEMENT
BUT—YOU WERE ANGRY WHEN YOU SAW US OVER HERE JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO


I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING A— OOOF!
WHAT TH'—
THUD

ALL RIGHT, KID—KEEP QUIET AN' COME UP HERE OR I'LL PLUG YA!

GOSH—I DON'T GET IT—TWO MONSTERS! AN' ONE KNOCKS THE OTHER COLD!


WH-WHAT D-DO Y--Y--YOU W-W-WANT?
NEVER MIND—GET IN THAT ROOM!

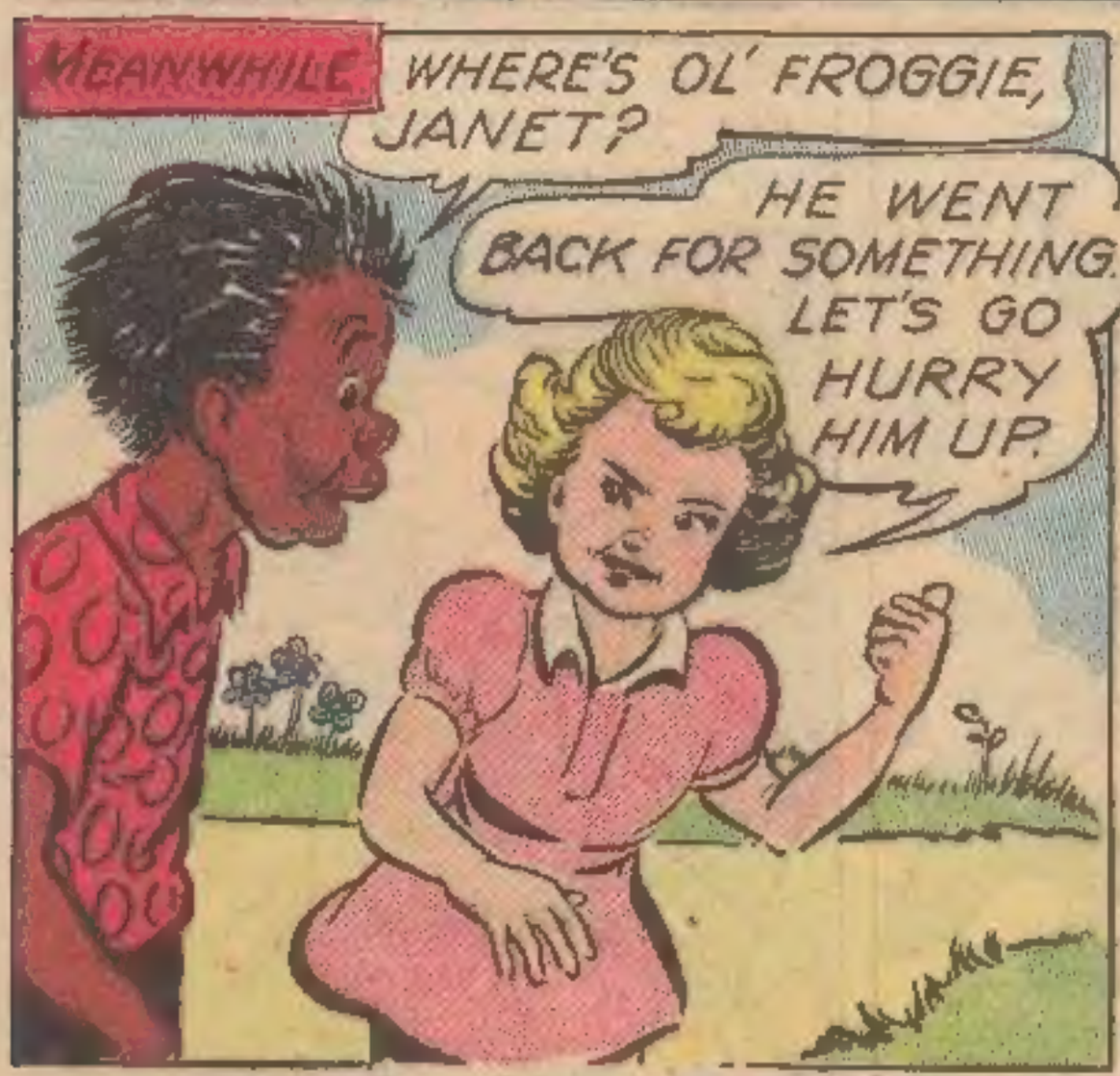
HELLO—GIVE ME THE STAGE—HELLO, CHIEF—THIS IS HARRY THE MONSTER—YEH—

LOOK, CHIEF, LET'S SHOOT THE STABBING SCENE OVER... I'M NOT SATISFIED WITH HOW I DID IT— YEAH, I CHANGED MY MIND ABOUT GOING HOME.
OKAY—BUT STOP CHANGING YOUR MIND—COME DOWN RIGHT AWAY.

HA! SEE? A **REAL** KNIFE! I SUBSTITUTE FOR THE MONSTER AND THE VICTIM WILL **REALLY** BE DEAD!

AND YOU CAN WATCH—OUT THE WINDOW, MY HATED ENEMY'S MURDER! ONLY YOU WON'T TELL ANYBODY, WILL YOU?

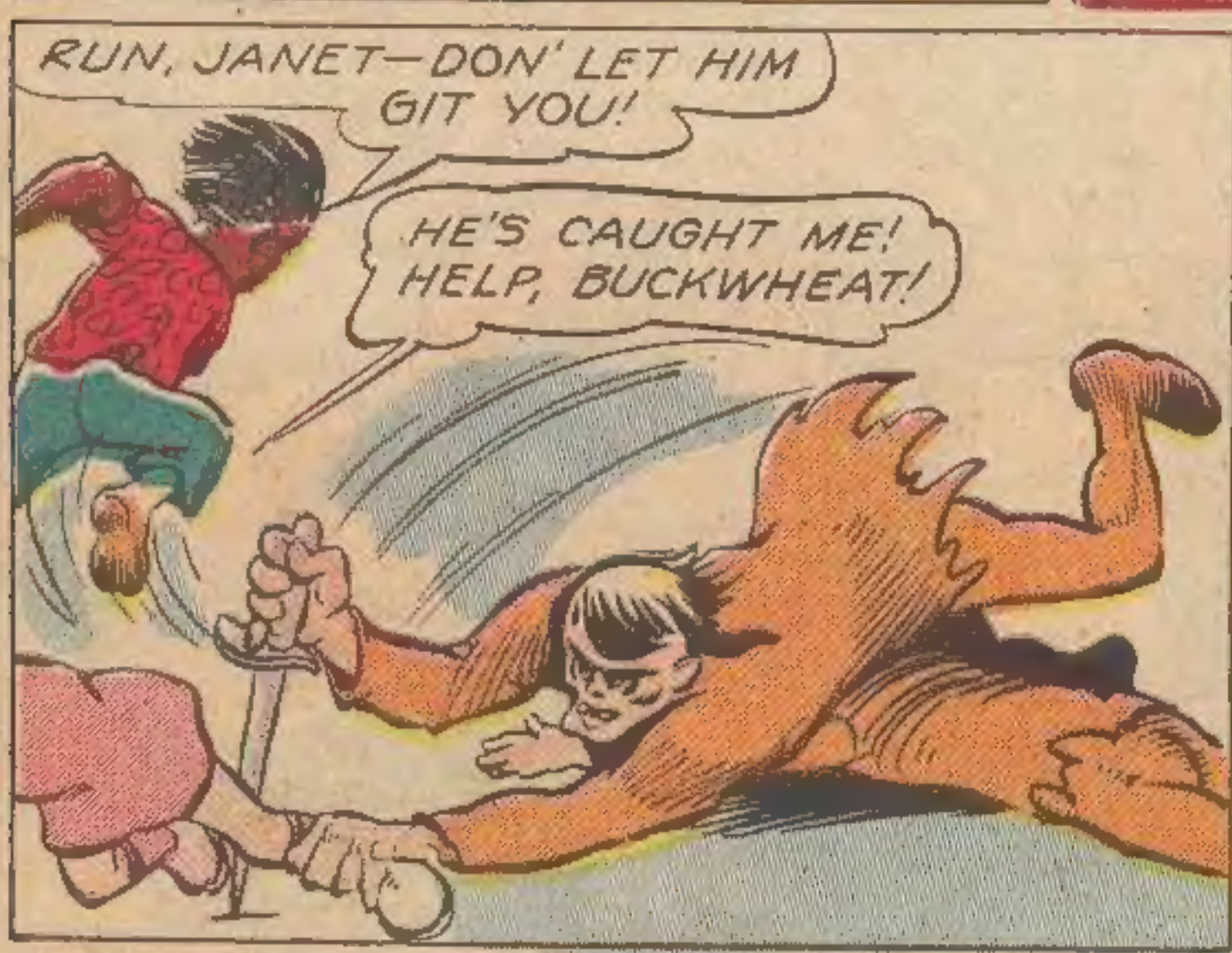
NO, YOU WON'T—BECAUSE WHEN IT'S OVER I'LL COME BACK AND **KILL YOU!**


MEANWHILE
WHERE'S OL' FROGGIE, JANET?
HE WENT BACK FOR SOMETHING. LET'S GO HURRY HIM UP.

GREAT GRASSHOPPERS! THE MONSTER'S BEEN KILLED!
WHERE AT IS FROGGIE?

LOOK! HE'S NOT DAID— HE JES' MOVED A LITTLE —UH— WHO CLOSE TH' DOOR?

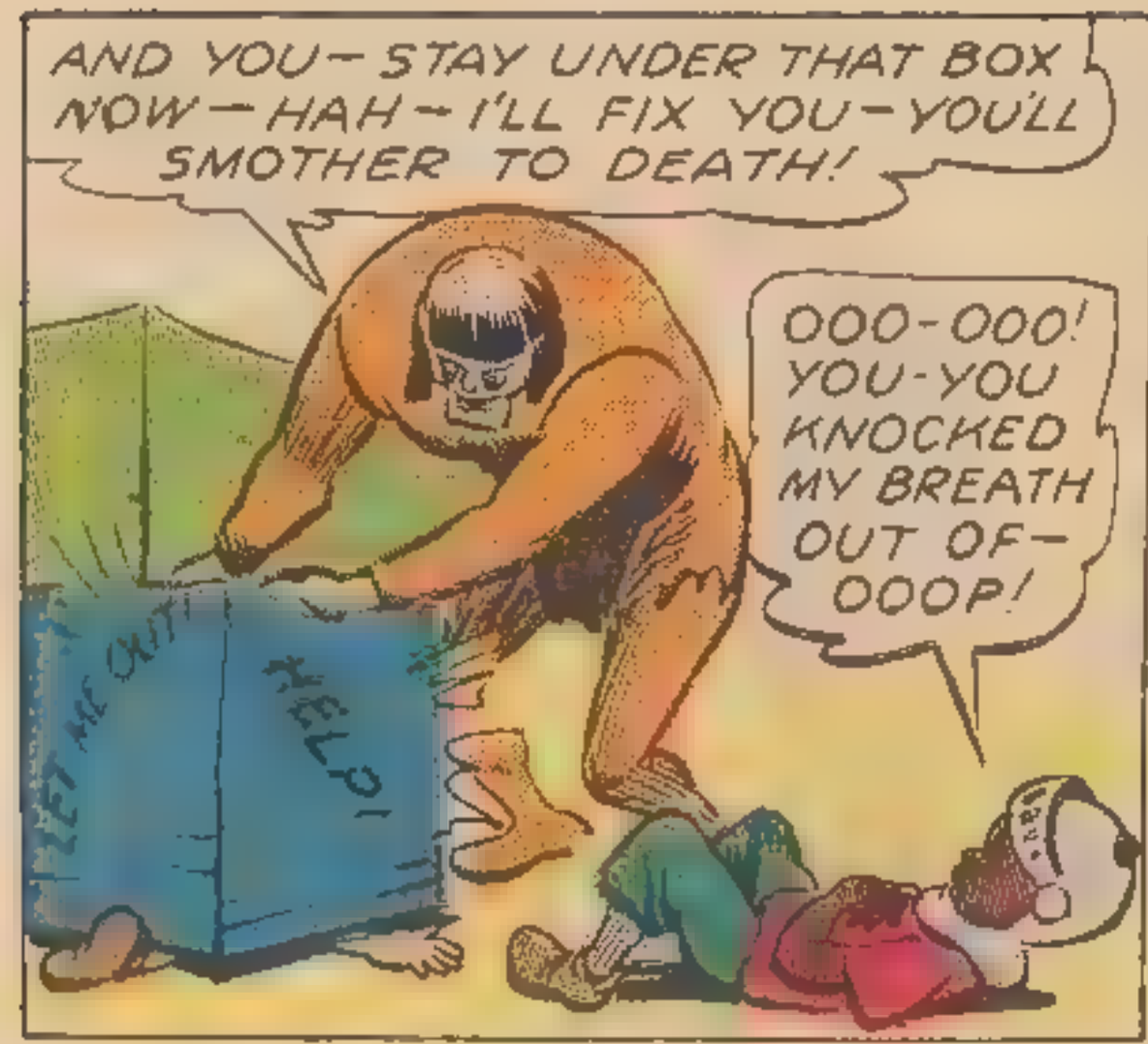
YEOW!
YOU MEDDLING KIDS—

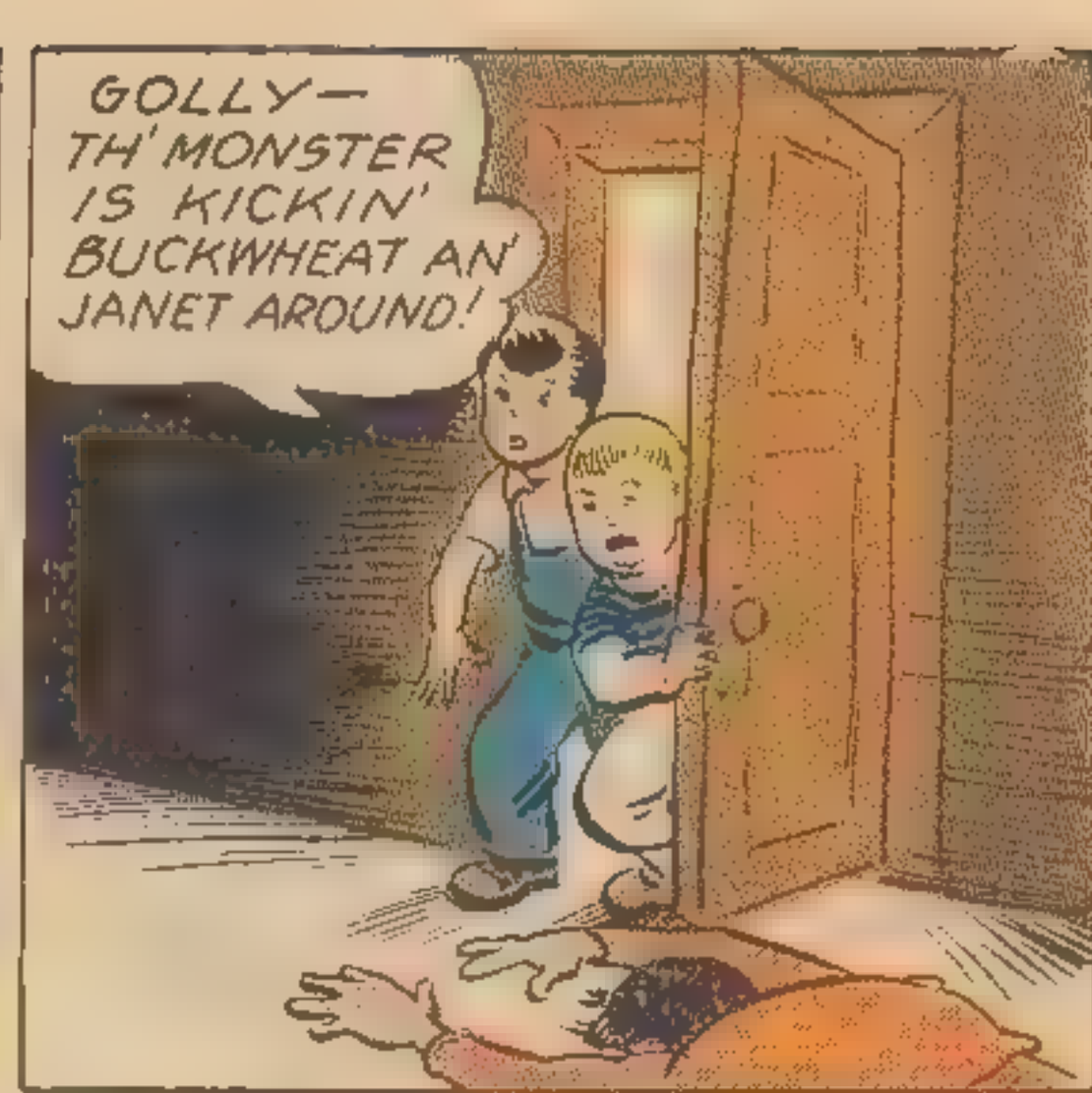

RUN, JANET—DON' LET HIM GIT YOU!
HE'S CAUGHT ME! HELP, BUCKWHEAT!

YOU LET GO OF JANET, YOU OL' MONSTAH, YOU!

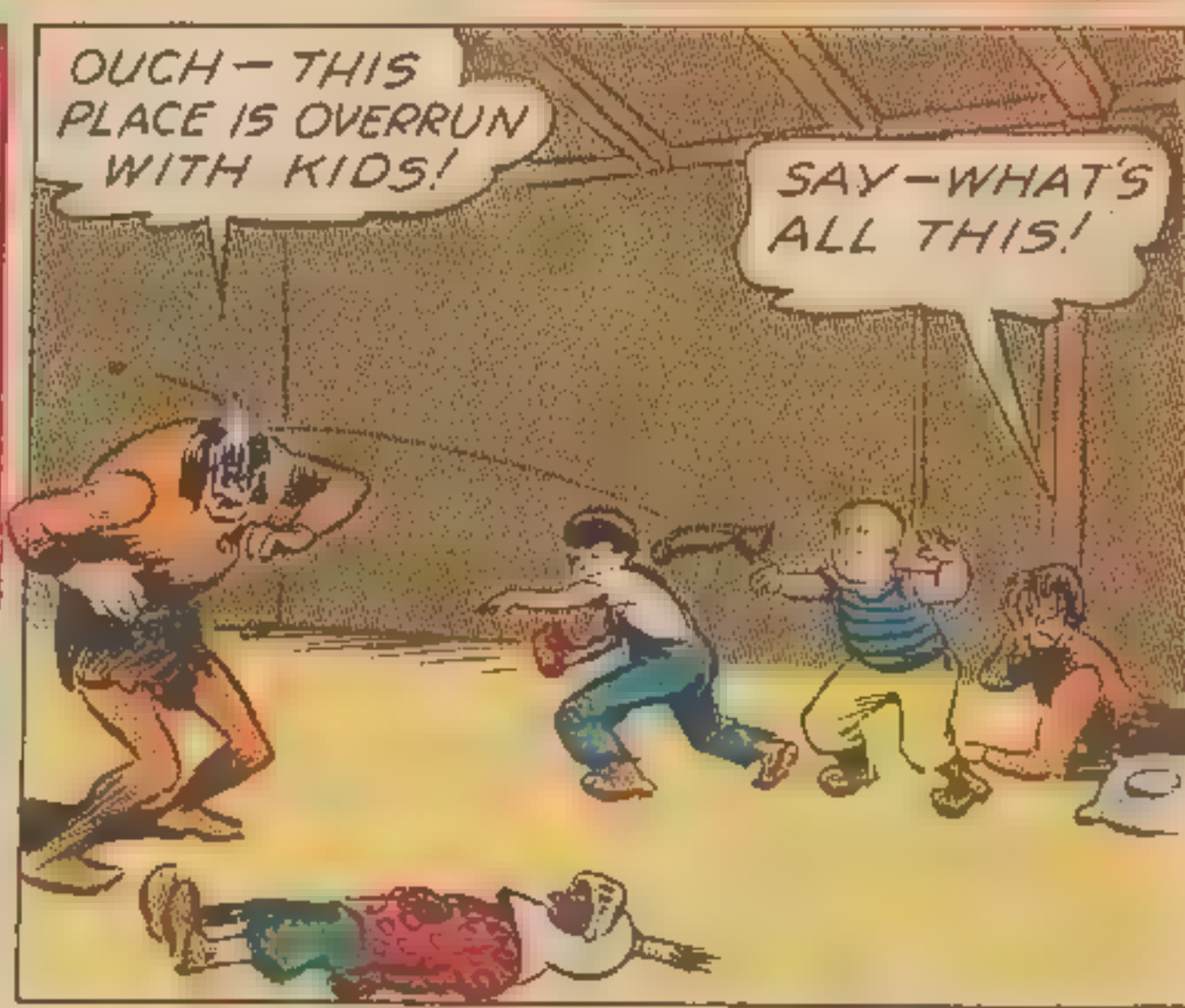
LEGGO HER! STOP PICKIN ON KIDS, YOU BIG APE!

TAKE THAT, YOU BRAT! I'LL TEACH YOU TO FOOL WITH ME!

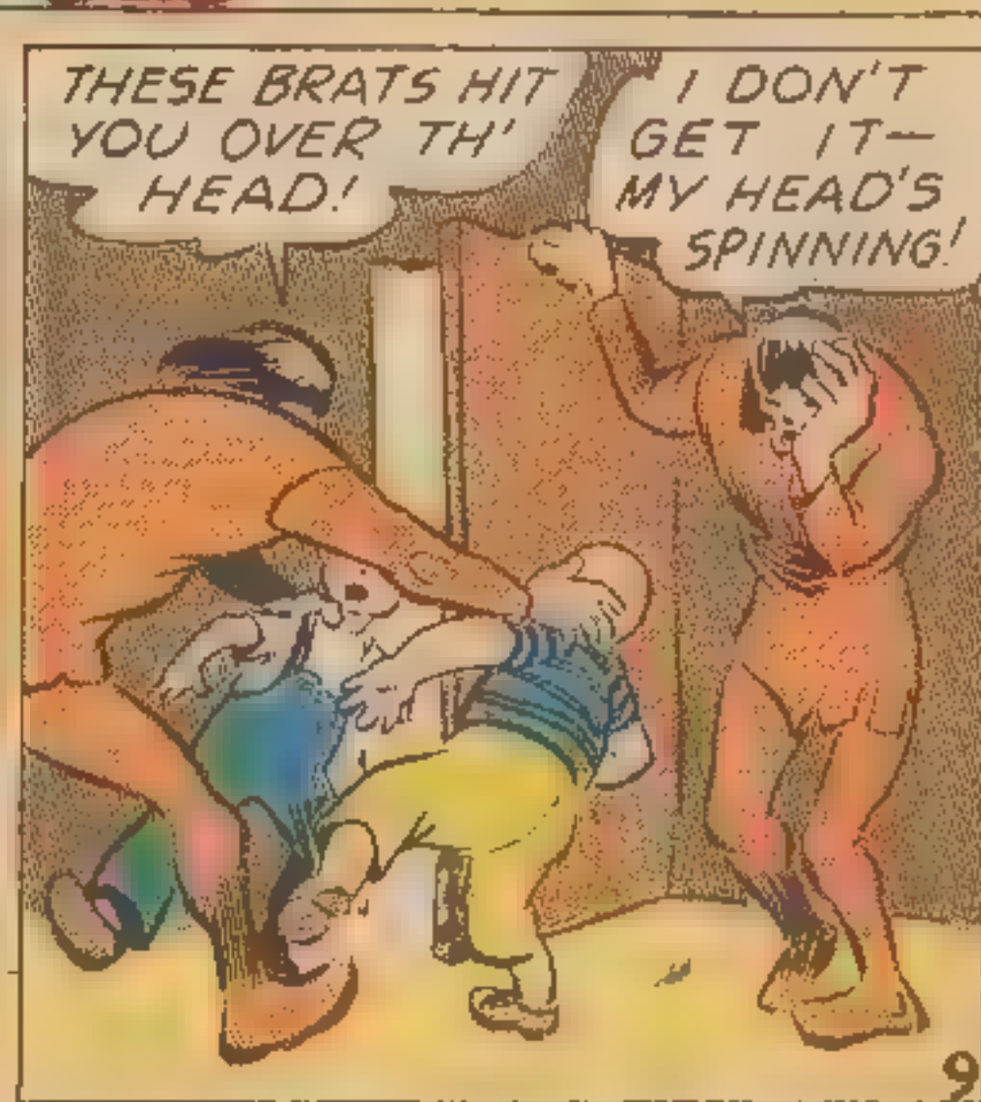

AND YOU—STAY UNDER THAT BOX NOW—HAH—I'LL FIX YOU—YOU'LL SMOTHER TO DEATH!
OOO-OOO! YOU-YOU KNOCKED MY BREATH OUT OF—OOOP!
GET ME OUT
HELP!


GOLLY—TH' MONSTER IS KICKIN' BUCKWHEAT AN' JANET AROUND!

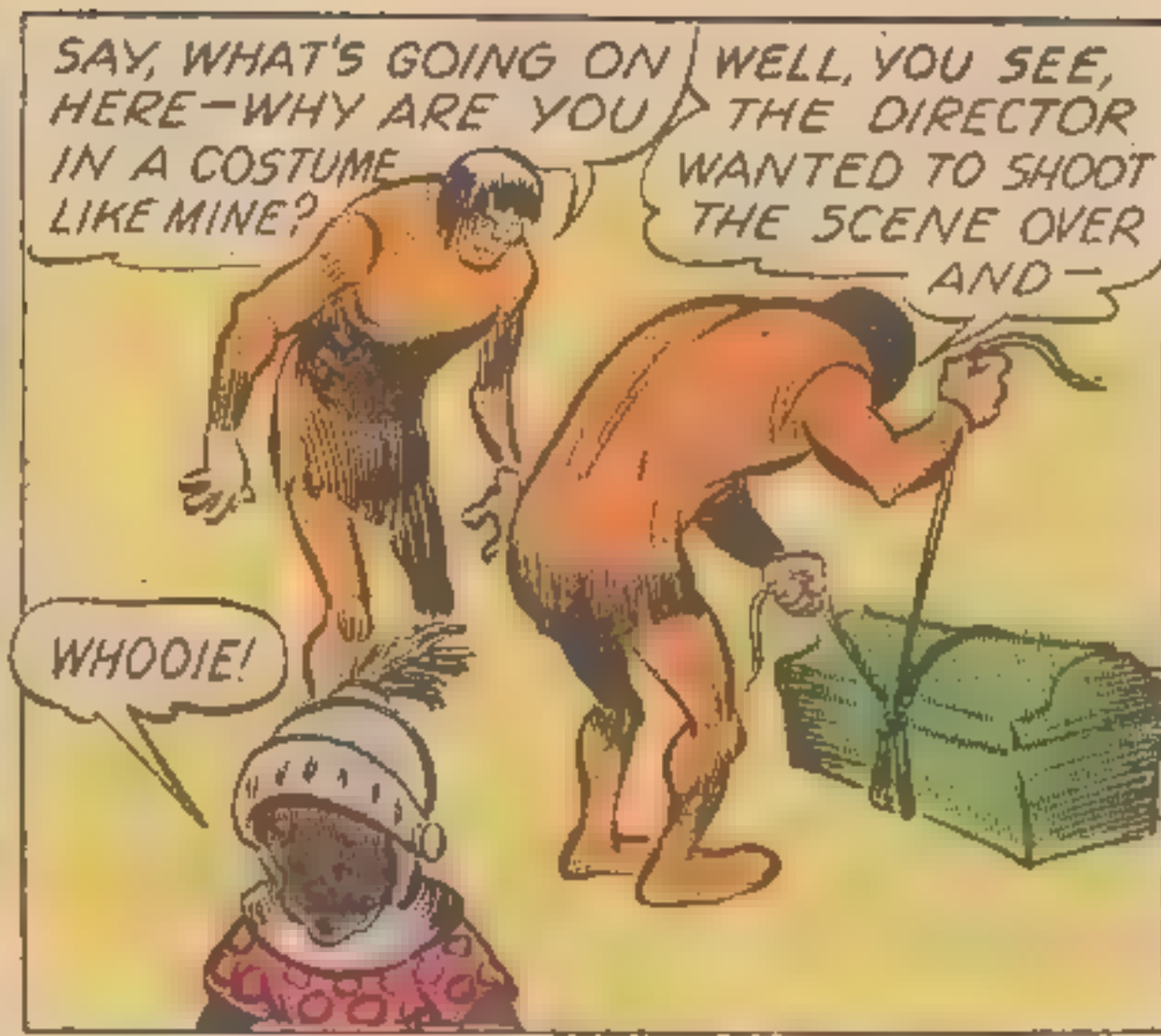
THAT BIG BUM—JUST WHO DOES HE THINK HE IS?
GIVE IT TO HIM!


OUCH—THIS PLACE IS OVERRUN WITH KIDS!
SAY—WHAT'S ALL THIS!

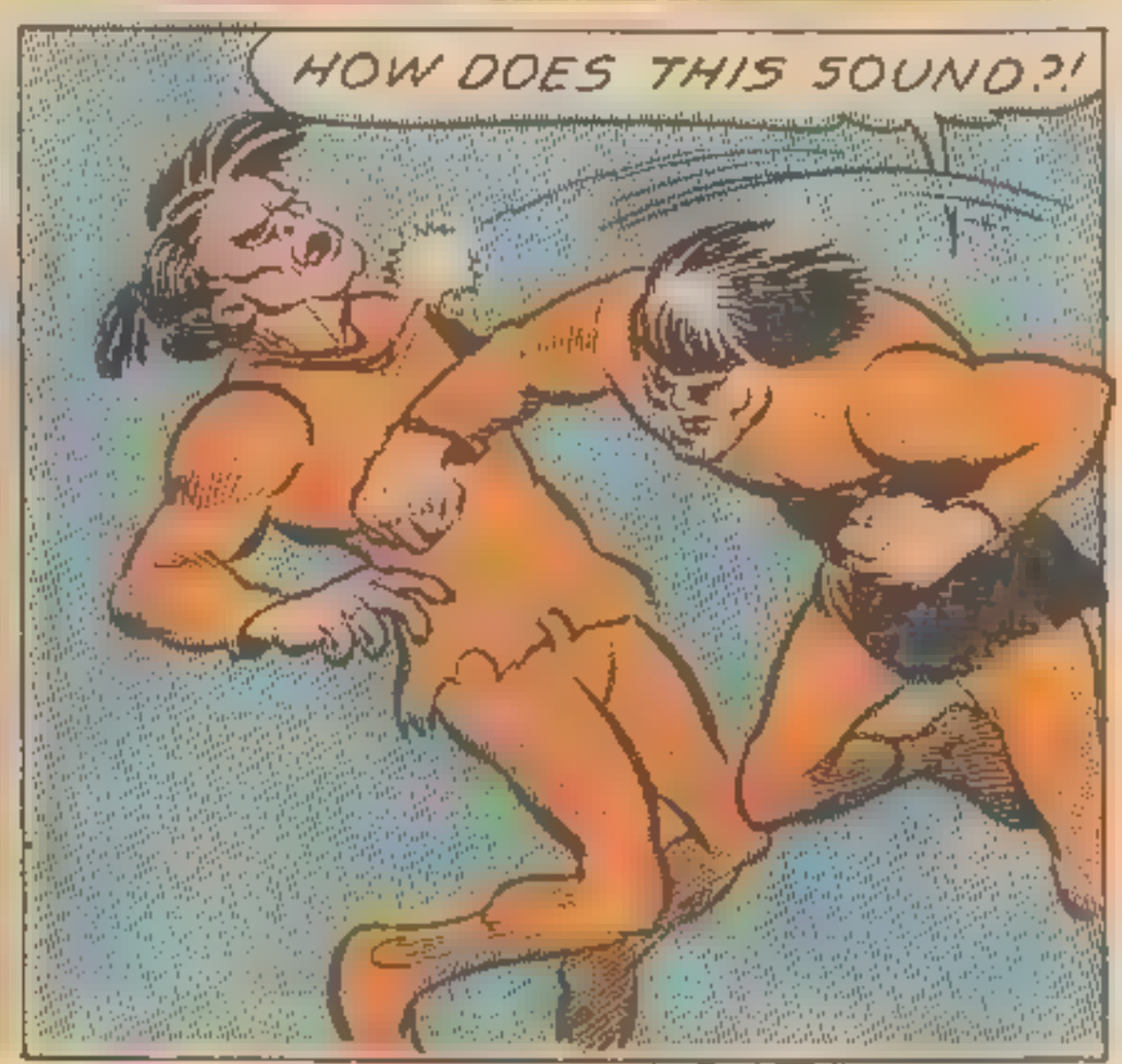
ANOTHER MONSTER! HULLY SMOKES!
WHAT—WHO-HIT-ME—WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

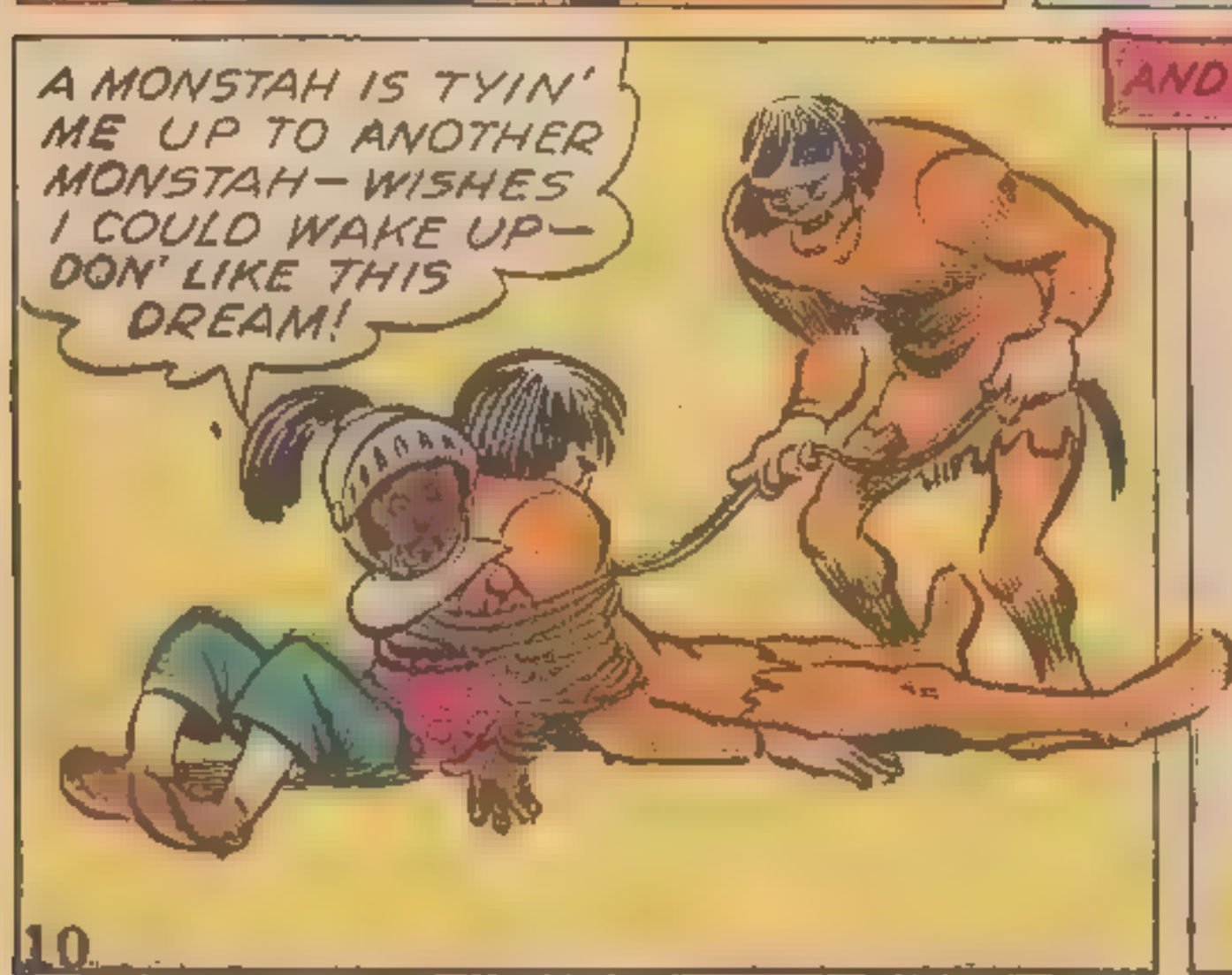

THESE BRATS HIT YOU OVER TH' HEAD!
I DON'T GET IT—MY HEAD'S SPINNING!

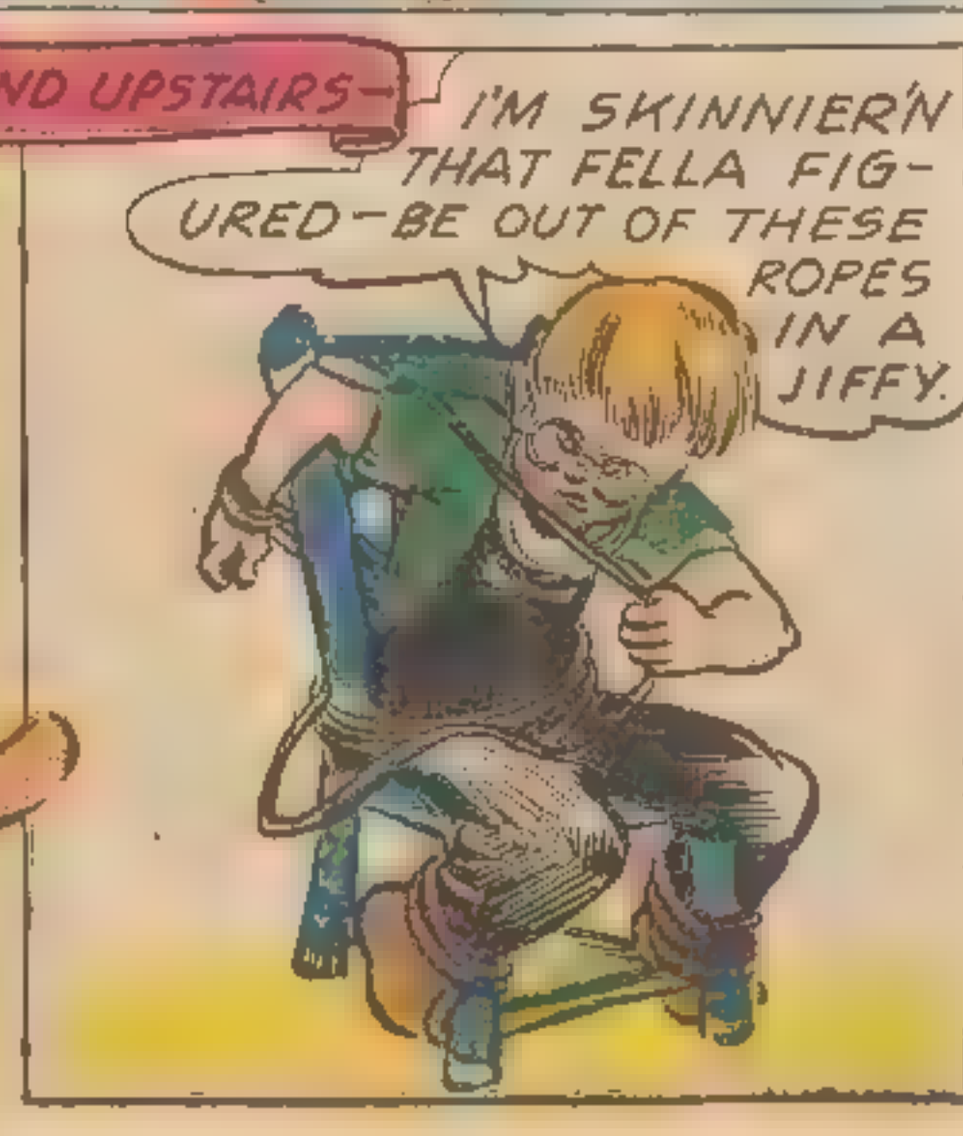
I'LL EXPLAIN WHEN I DISPOSE OF THESE KIDS—THE MEDDLESOME BRATS!

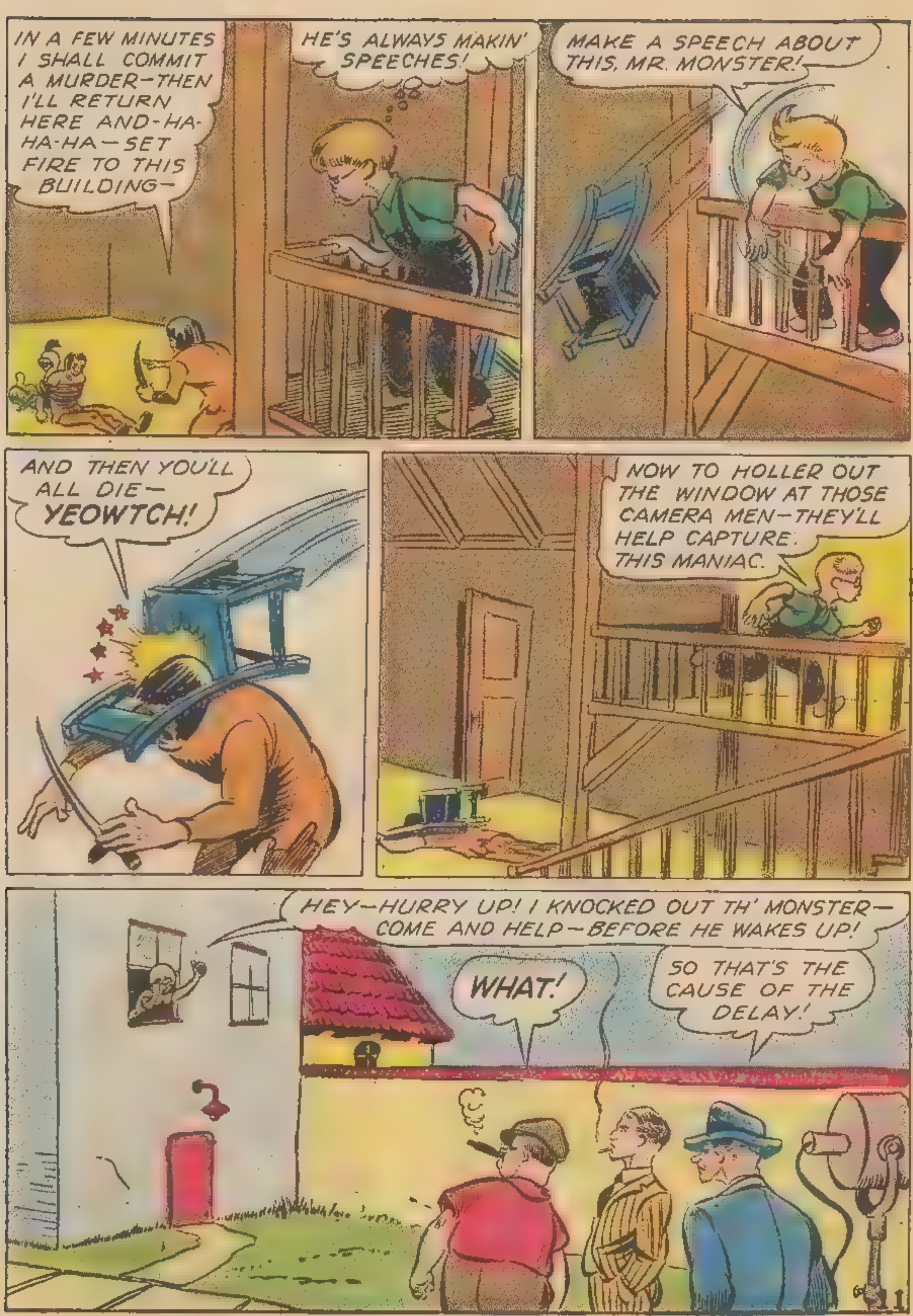

SAY, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE—WHY ARE YOU IN A COSTUME LIKE MINE?
WELL, YOU SEE, THE DIRECTOR WANTED TO SHOOT THE SCENE OVER AND—
WHOOIE!

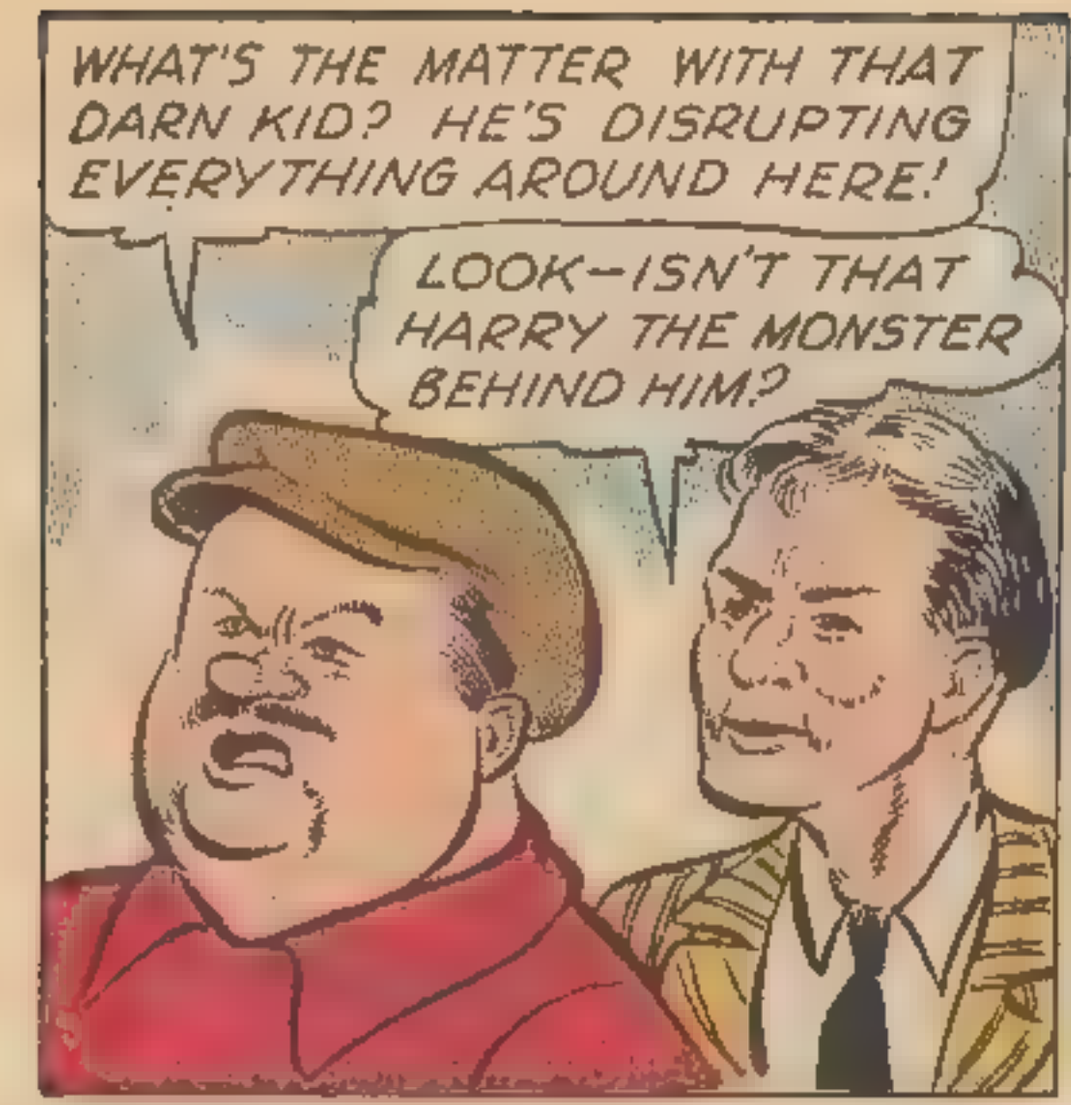
HE THOUGHT YOU'D GONE SO HE HAD ME MAKE UP LIKE YOU—
THAT SOUNDS SCREWY!

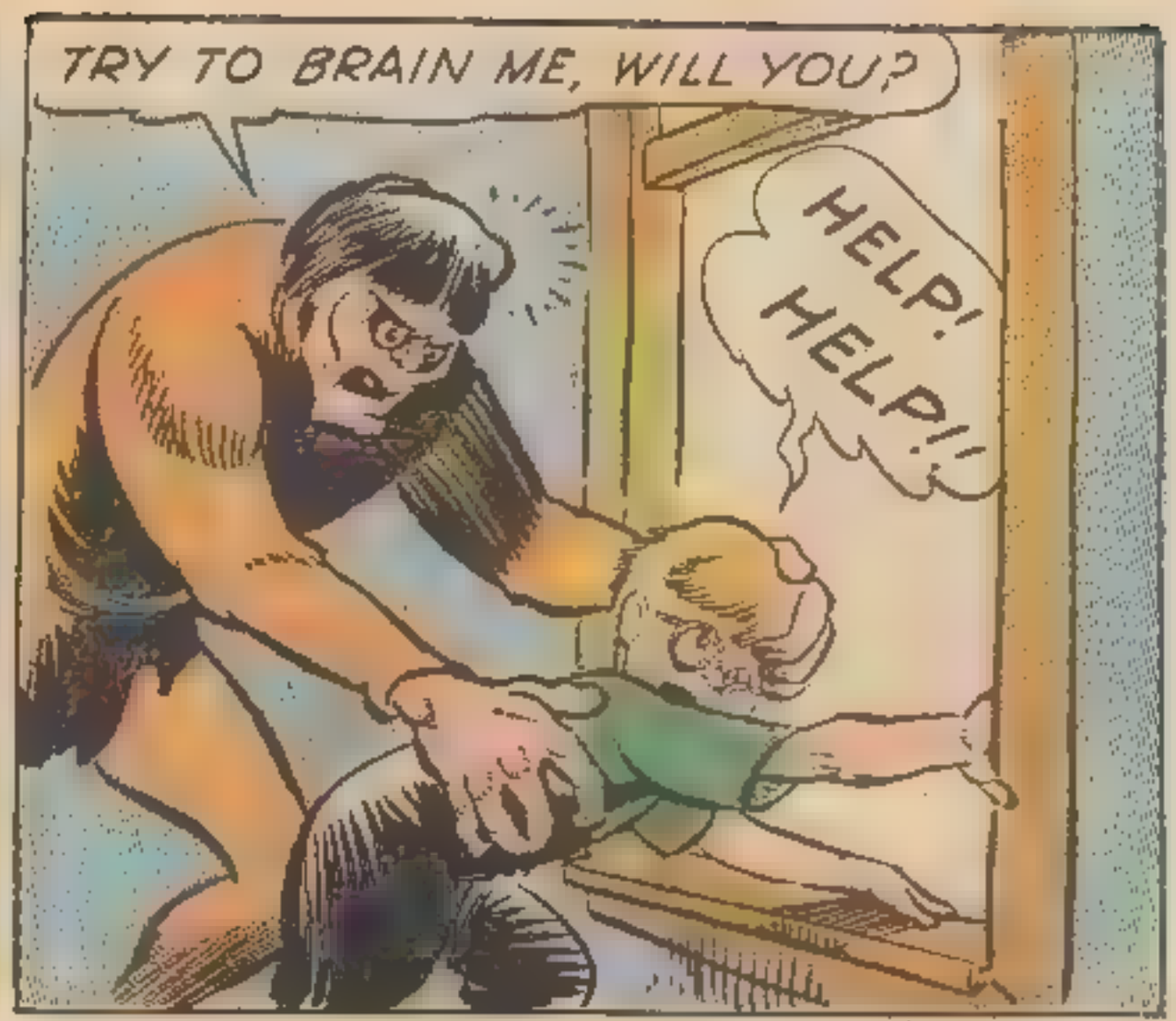

HOW DOES THIS SOUND?!

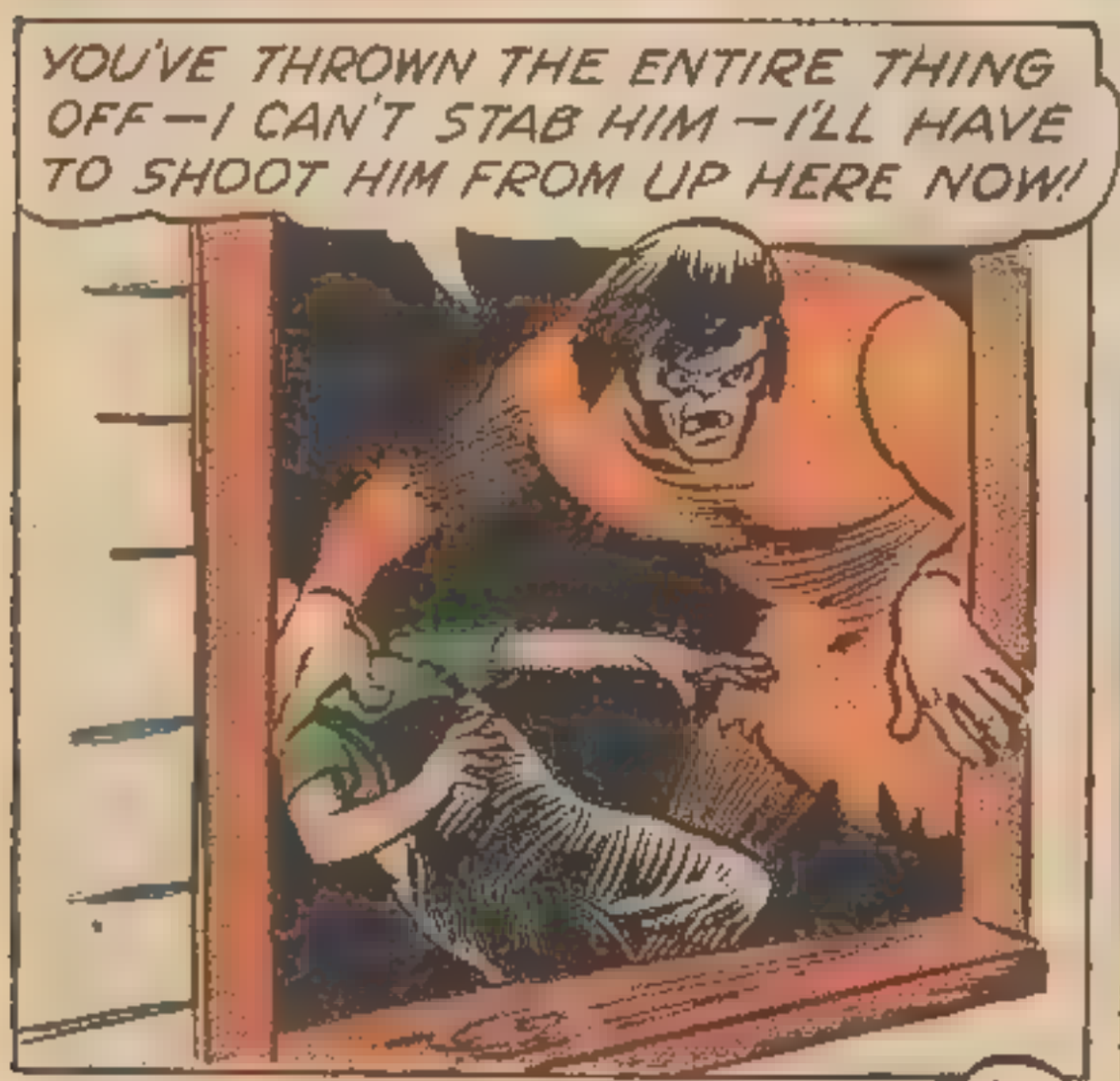

A MONSTAH IS TYIN' ME UP TO ANOTHER MONSTAH—WISHES I COULD WAKE UP—DON' LIKE THIS DREAM!

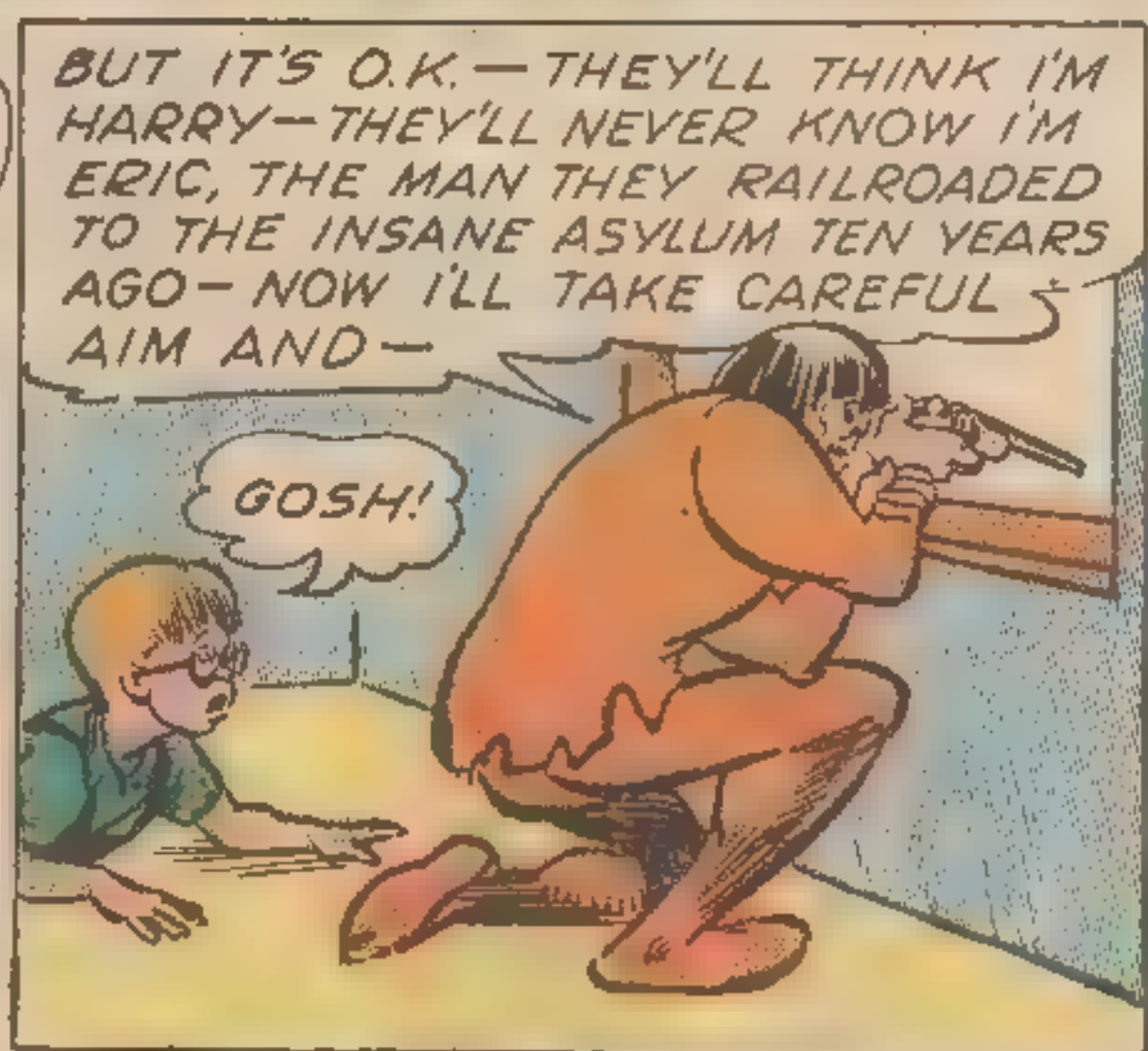

AND UPSTAIRS—
I'M SKINNIER'N THAT FELLA FIGURED—BE OUT OF THESE ROPES IN A JIFFY.

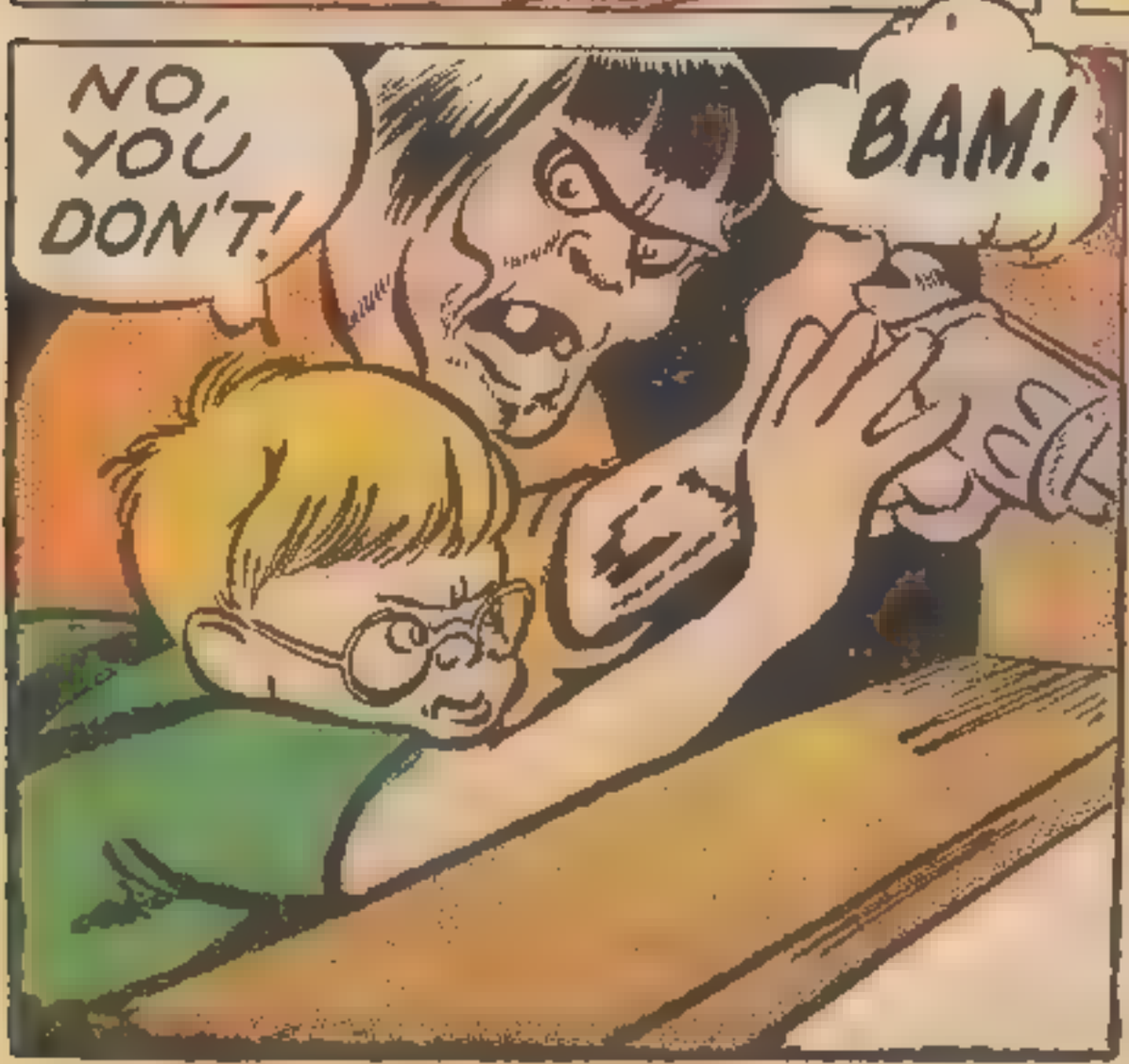

IN A FEW MINUTES I SHALL COMMIT A MURDER—THEN I'LL RETURN HERE AND-HA-HA-HA—SET FIRE TO THIS BUILDING—
HE'S ALWAYS MAKIN' SPEECHES!
MAKE A SPEECH ABOUT THIS, MR. MONSTER!
AND THEN YOU'LL ALL DIE— YEOWTCH!
NOW TO HOLLER OUT THE WINDOW AT THOSE CAMERA MEN—THEY'LL HELP CAPTURE THIS MANIAC.
HEY—HURRY UP! I KNOCKED OUT TH' MONSTER—COME AND HELP—BEFORE HE WAKES UP!
WHAT!
SO THAT'S THE CAUSE OF THE DELAY!

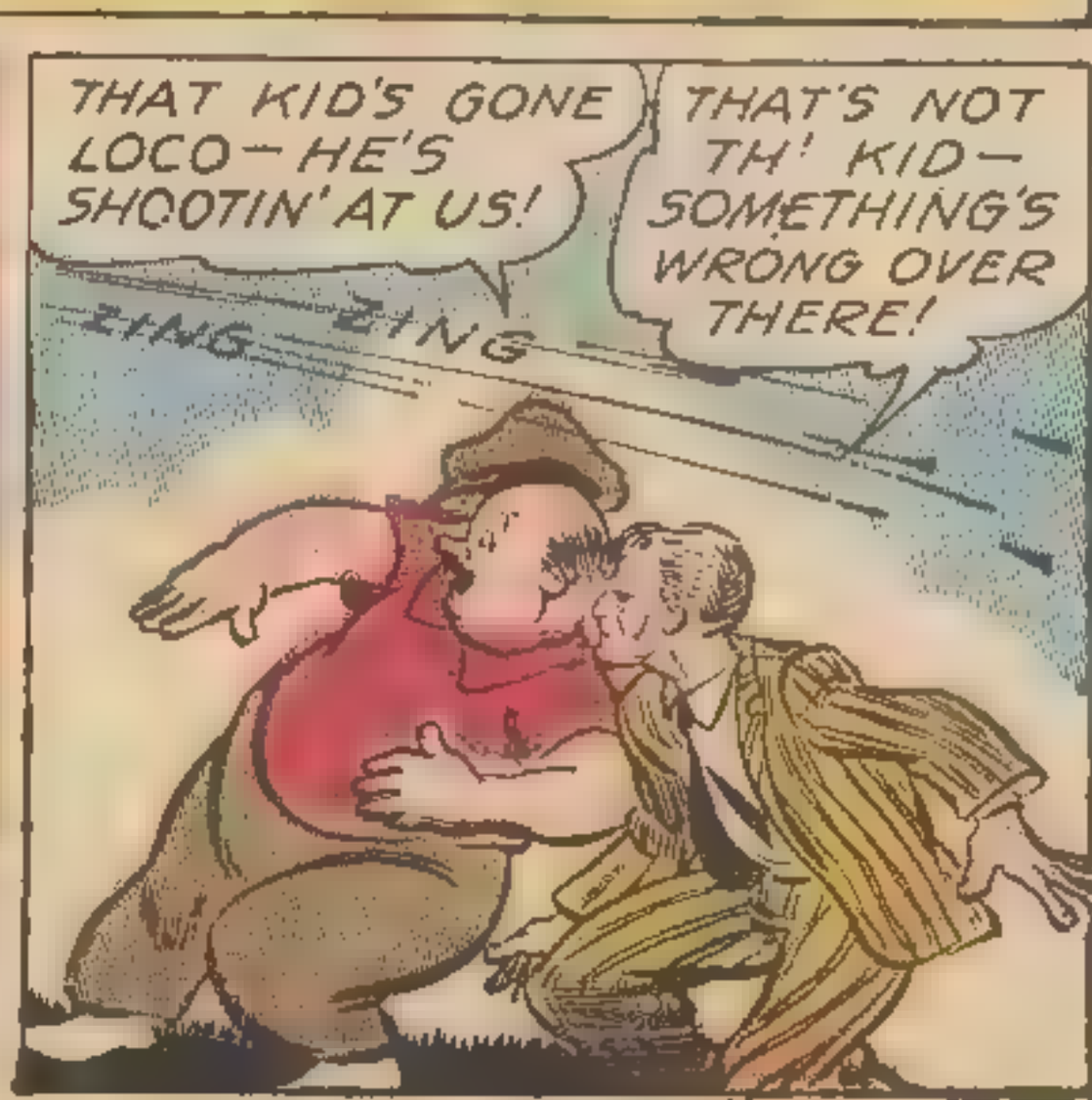

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT DARN KID? HE'S DISRUPTING EVERYTHING AROUND HERE!
LOOK—ISN'T THAT HARRY THE MONSTER BEHIND HIM?

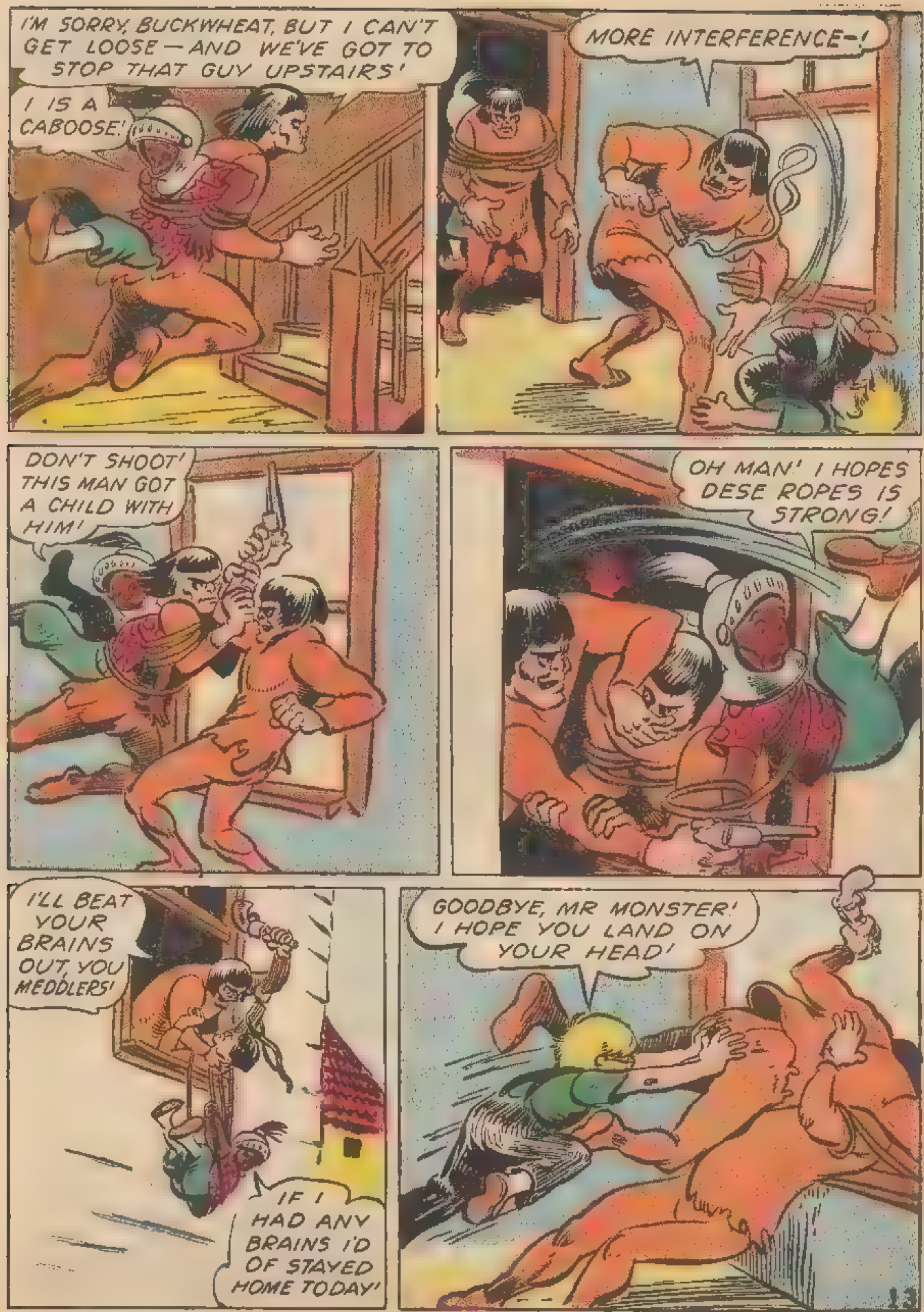

TRY TO BRAIN ME, WILL YOU?
HELP! HELP!!

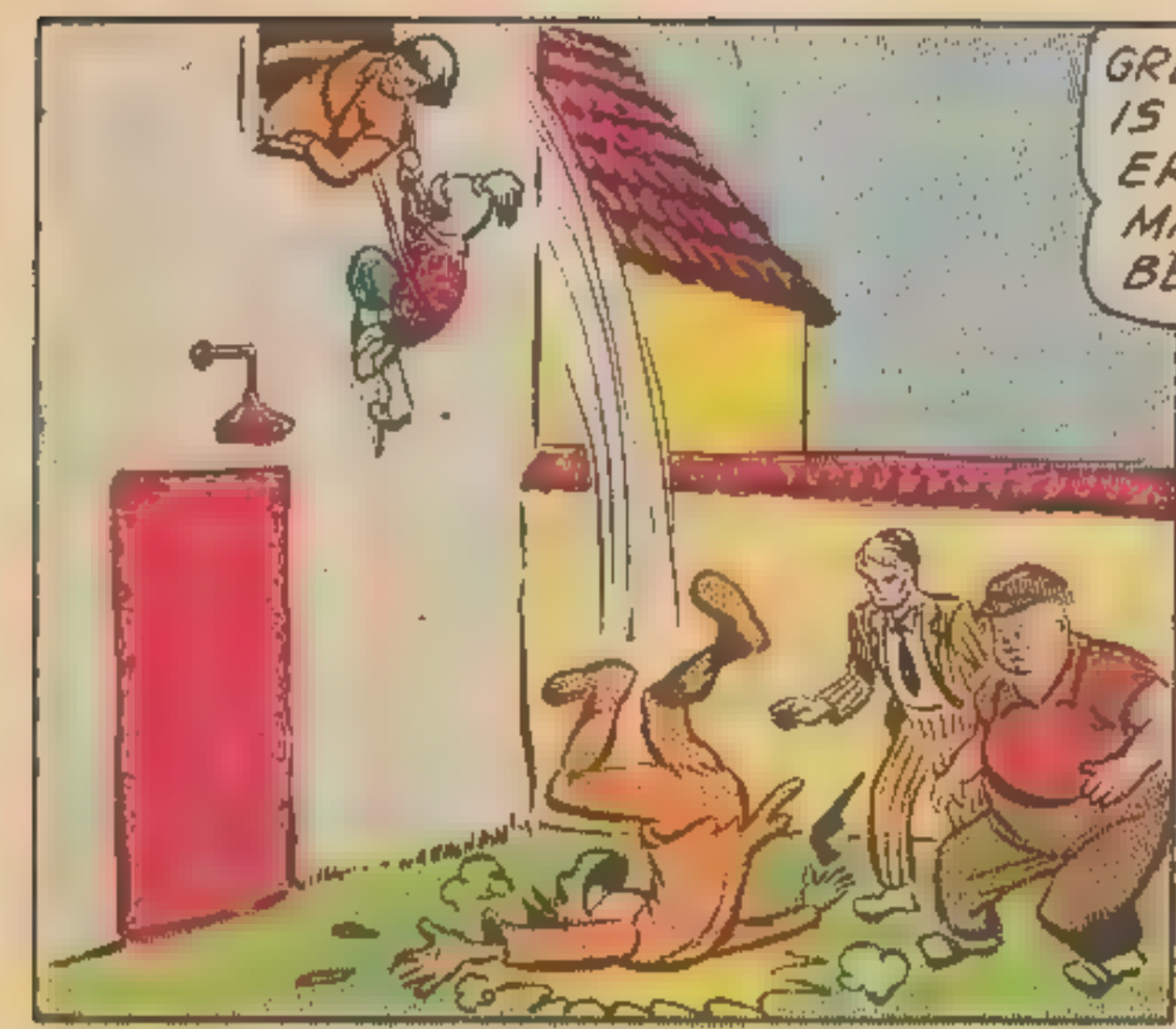

YOU'VE THROWN THE ENTIRE THING OFF—I CAN'T STAB HIM—I'LL HAVE TO SHOOT HIM FROM UP HERE NOW!


BUT IT'S O.K.—THEY'LL THINK I'M HARRY—THEY'LL NEVER KNOW I'M ERIC, THE MAN THEY RAILROADED TO THE INSANE ASYLUM TEN YEARS AGO—NOW I'LL TAKE CAREFUL AIM AND—
GOSH!

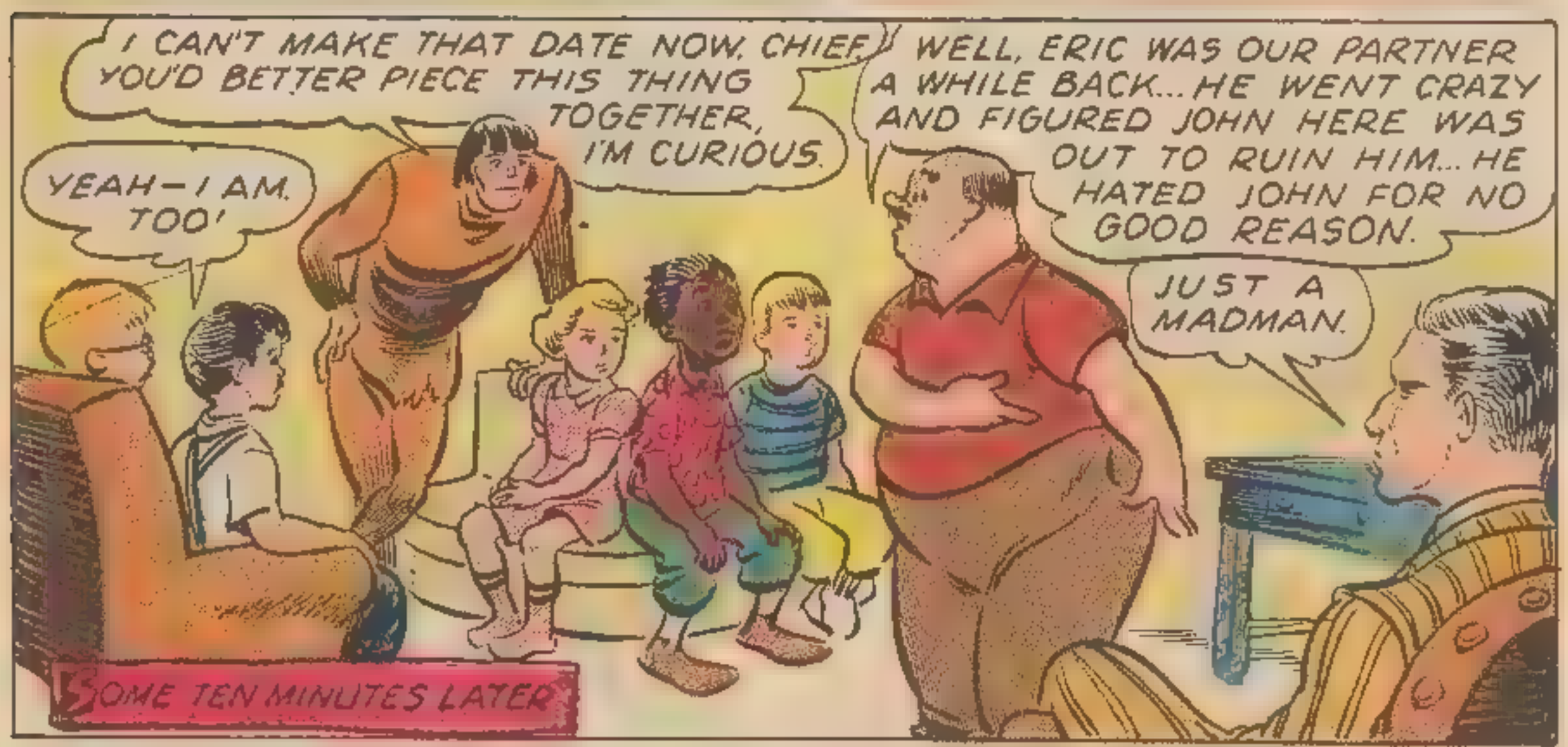

NO, YOU DON'T!
BAM!

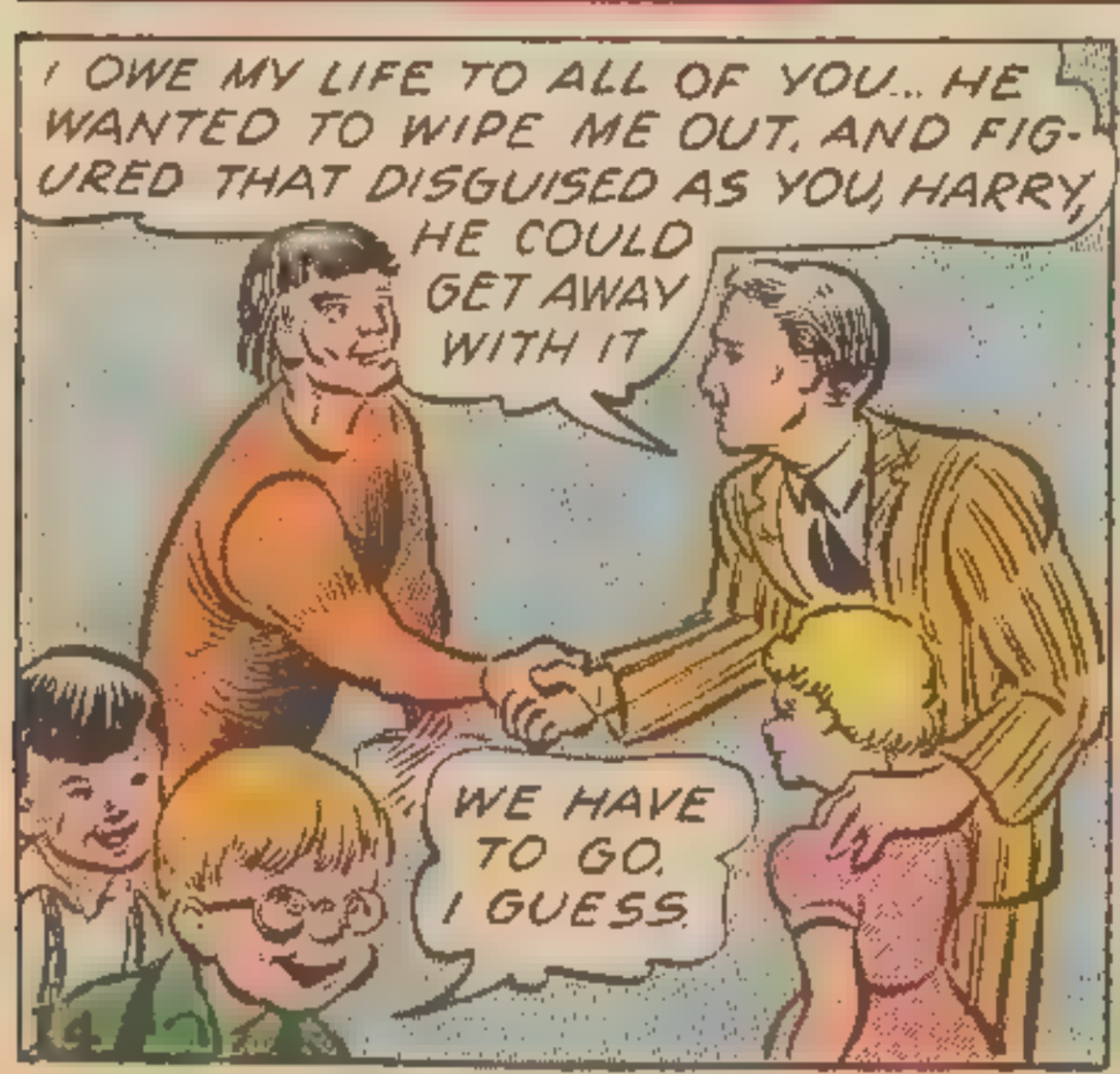

THAT KID'S GONE LOCO—HE'S SHOOTIN' AT US!
THAT'S NOT TH' KID—SOMETHING'S WRONG OVER THERE!
ZING ZING

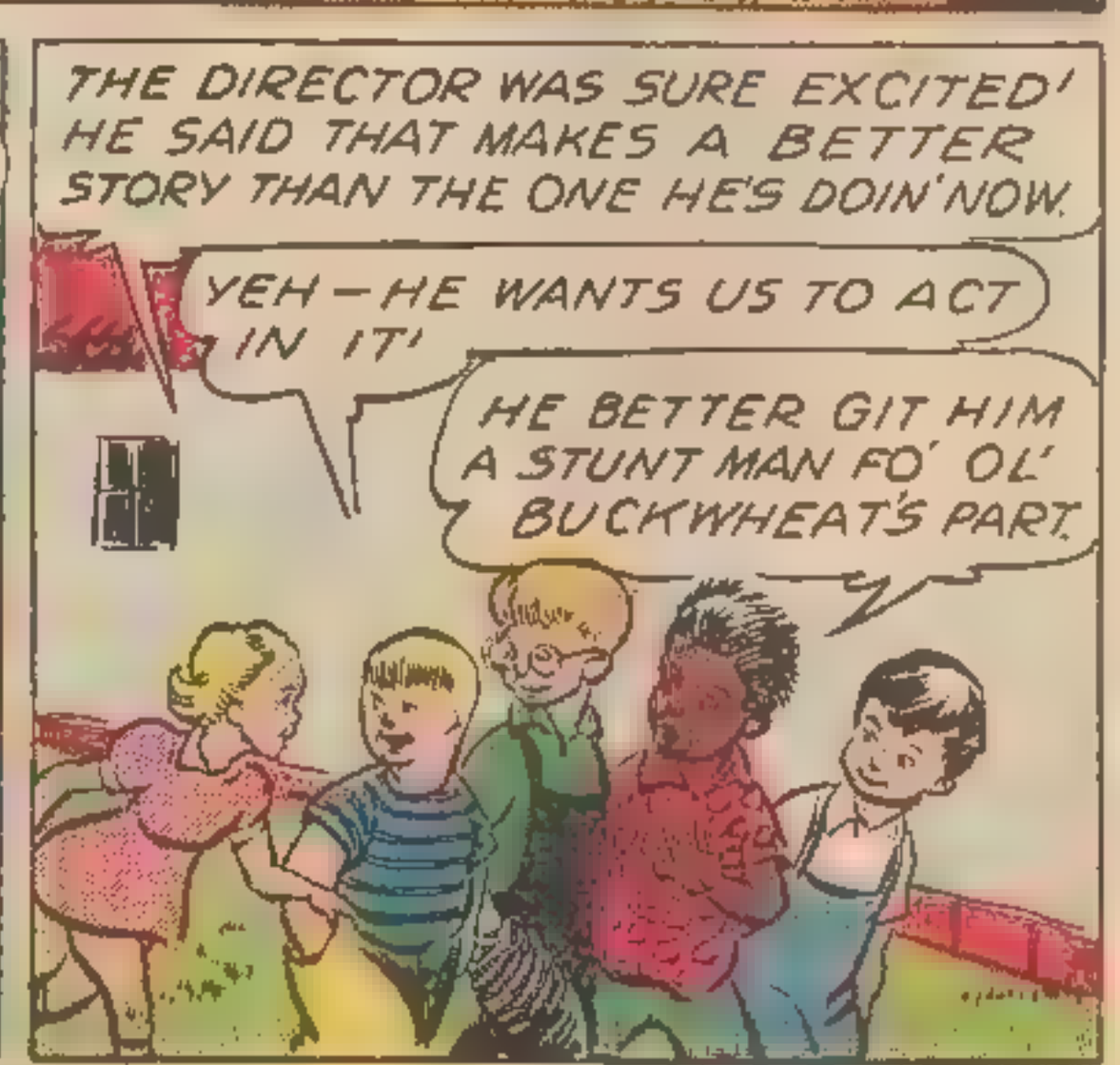

I'M SORRY, BUCKWHEAT, BUT I CAN'T GET LOOSE — AND WE'VE GOT TO STOP THAT GUY UPSTAIRS!
I IS A CABOOSE!
MORE INTERFERENCE—!
DON'T SHOOT! THIS MAN GOT A CHILD WITH HIM!
OH MAN! I HOPES DESE ROPES IS STRONG!
I'LL BEAT YOUR BRAINS OUT, YOU MEDDLERS!
IF I HAD ANY BRAINS I'D OF STAYED HOME TODAY!
GOODBYE, MR MONSTER! I HOPE YOU LAND ON YOUR HEAD!



GREAT GUNS! HIS MASK IS OFF AND — IT'S ERIC THANE, THE MADMAN — HE'S BEHIND ALL THIS!


I CAN'T MAKE THAT DATE NOW, CHIEF! YOU'D BETTER PIECE THIS THING TOGETHER, I'M CURIOUS.
YEAH — I AM, TOO!
WELL, ERIC WAS OUR PARTNER A WHILE BACK... HE WENT CRAZY AND FIGURED JOHN HERE WAS OUT TO RUIN HIM... HE HATED JOHN FOR NO GOOD REASON.
JUST A MADMAN.
SOME TEN MINUTES LATER


I OWE MY LIFE TO ALL OF YOU... HE WANTED TO WIPE ME OUT, AND FIGURED THAT DISGUISED AS YOU, HARRY, HE COULD GET AWAY WITH IT
WE HAVE TO GO, I GUESS.


THE DIRECTOR WAS SURE EXCITED! HE SAID THAT MAKES A BETTER STORY THAN THE ONE HE'S DOIN' NOW.
YEH — HE WANTS US TO ACT IN IT!
HE BETTER GIT HIM A STUNT MAN FO' OL' BUCKWHEAT'S PART.

TOM and JERRY

PRESENTED BY METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER CARTOONS

ZZ ZZ

YOU SAY YOU'VE NEVER SEEN THIS OL' SWISS CLOCK WORK?

NOPE!

THOSE LITTLE DOORS OPEN AN' YA GET A FREE SHOW EVERY HOUR WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES

SOUNDS FISHY TO ME.. I'VE GOT TO SEE IT TO BELIEVE IT!

C'MON, I'LL SHOW YA!

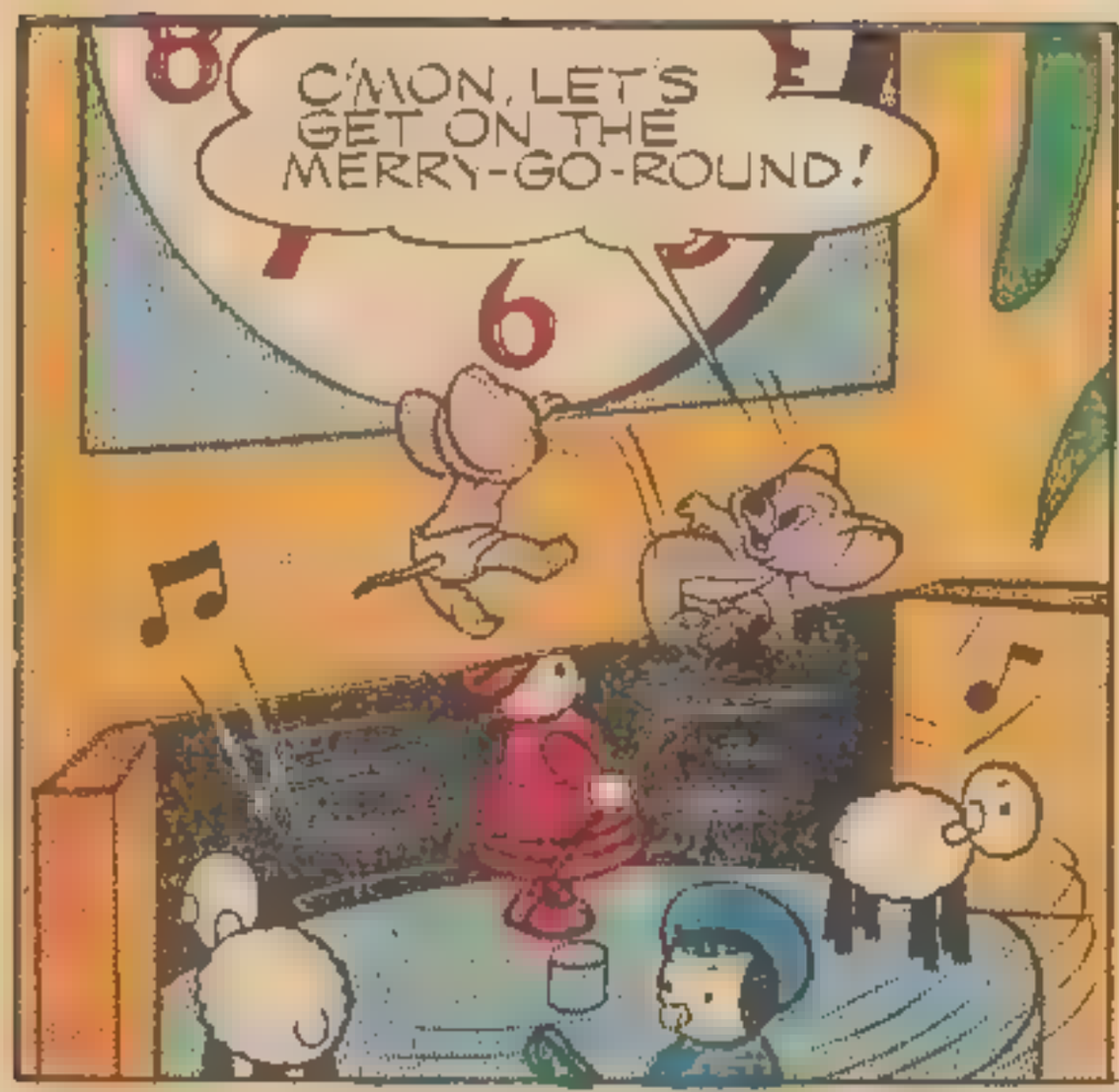
OKAY

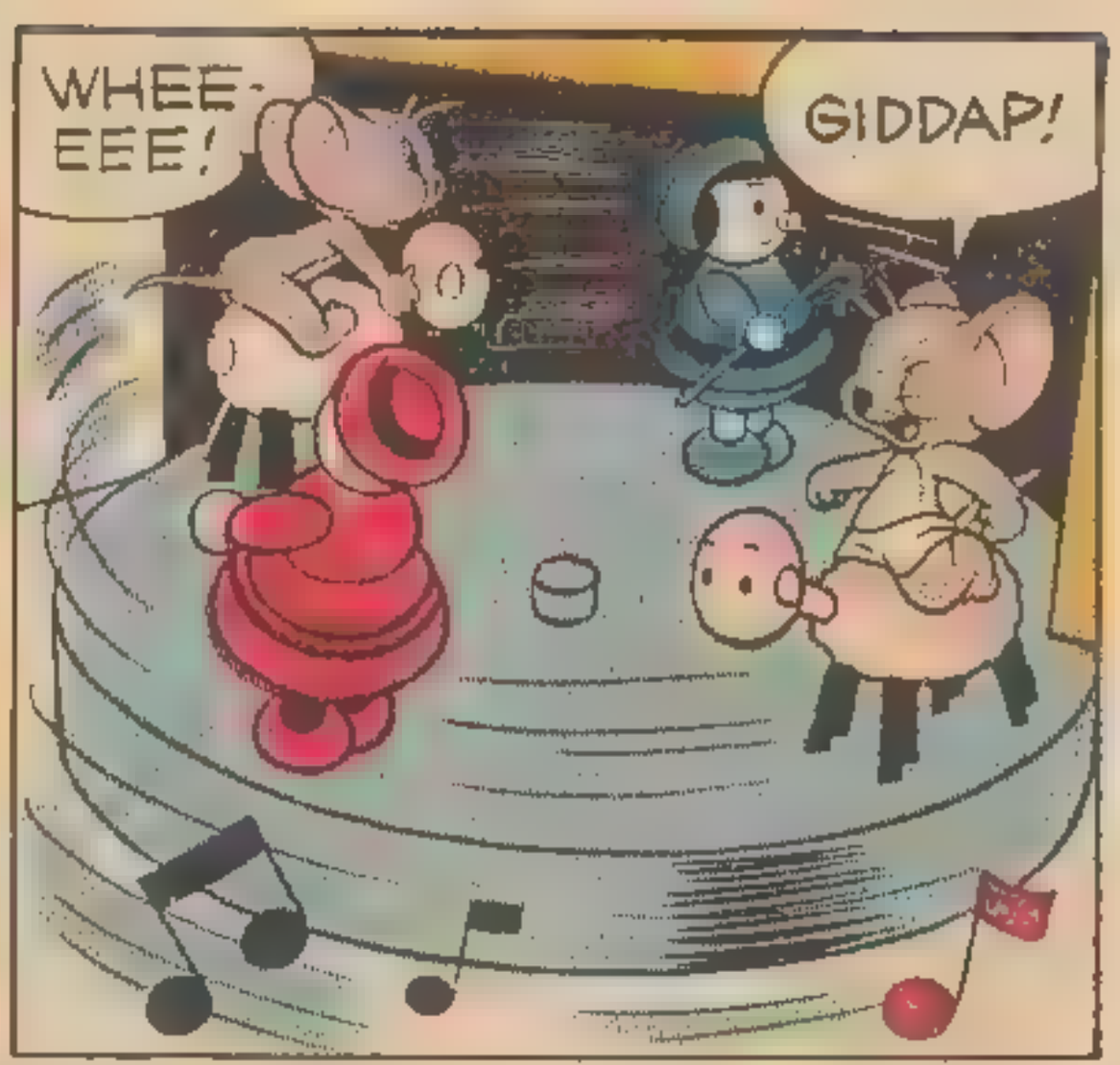
I'LL PUSH 'ER AHEAD A LITTLE AN' YOU KEEP YOUR EYE ON THOSE TWO DOORS!

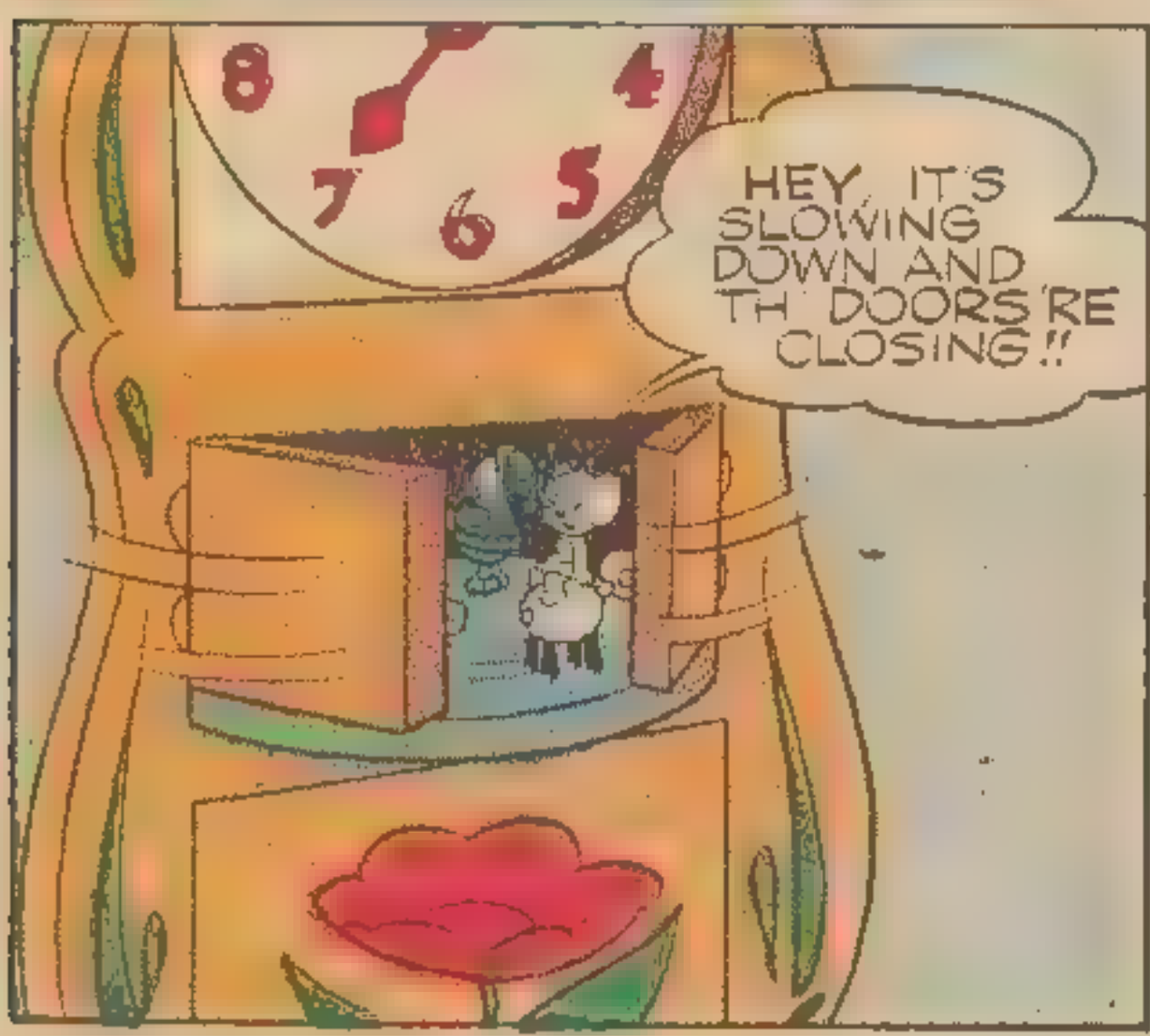
OKAY

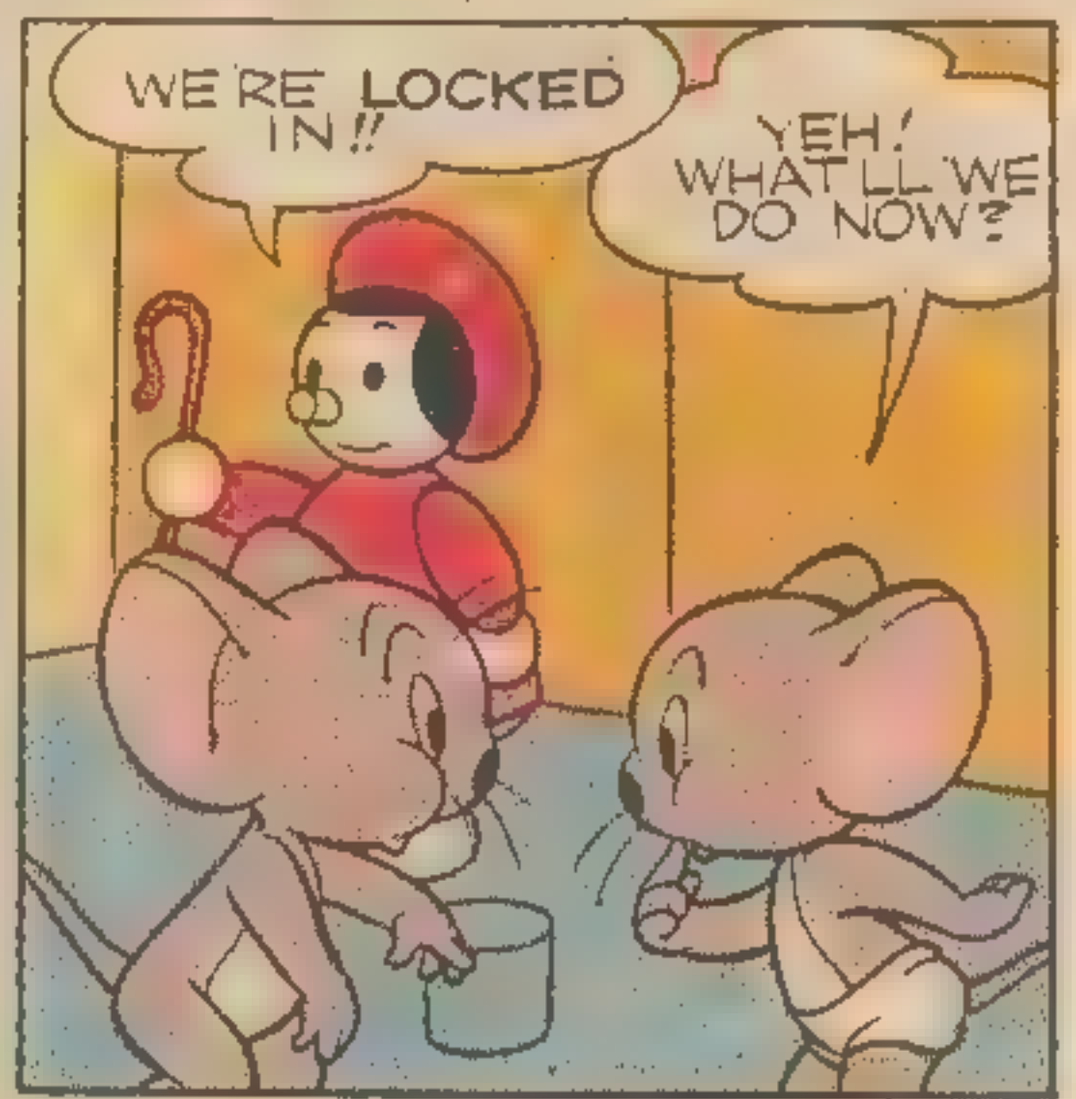
THERE!.. WHAT DID I TELL YOU?

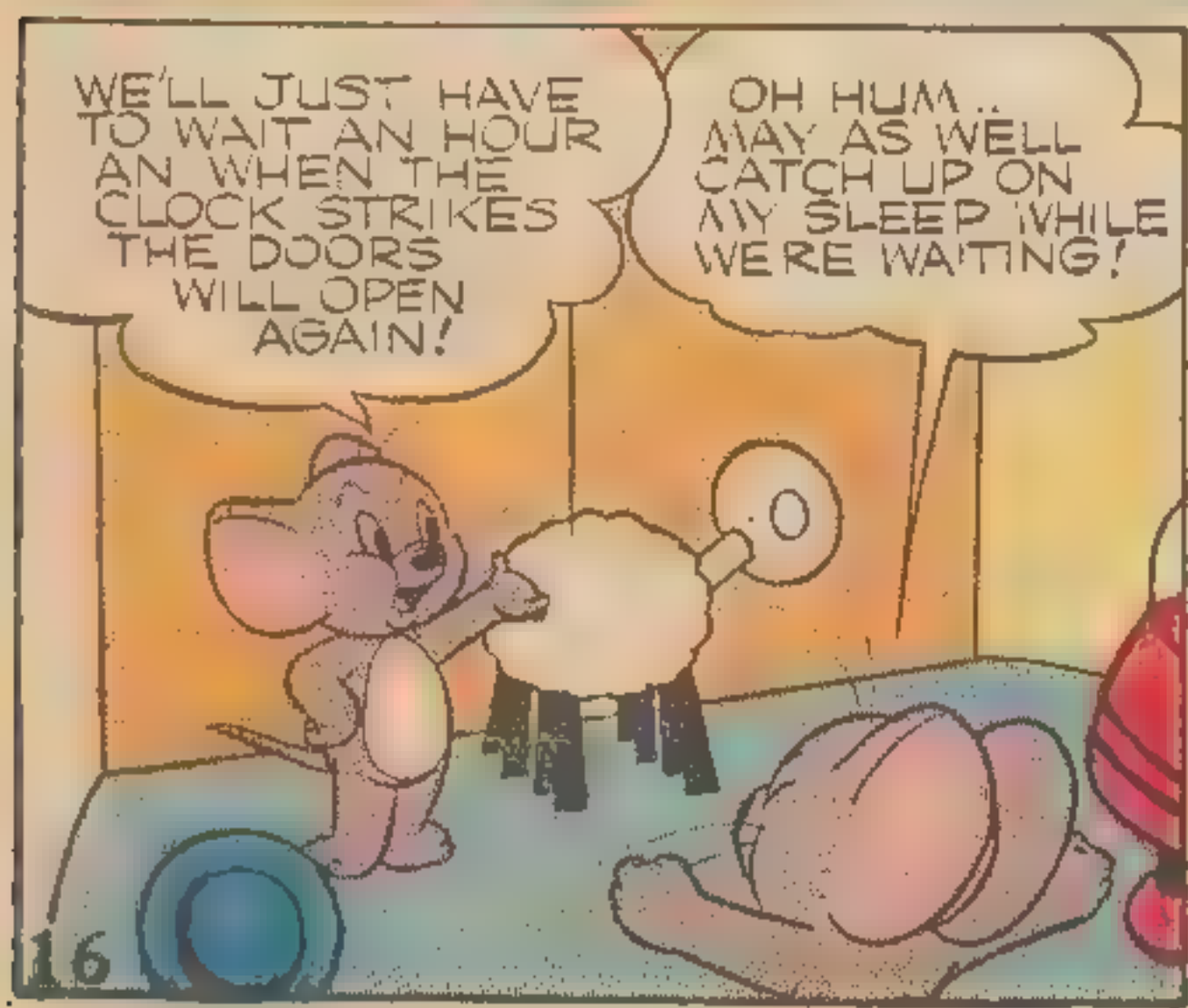
GOSH!

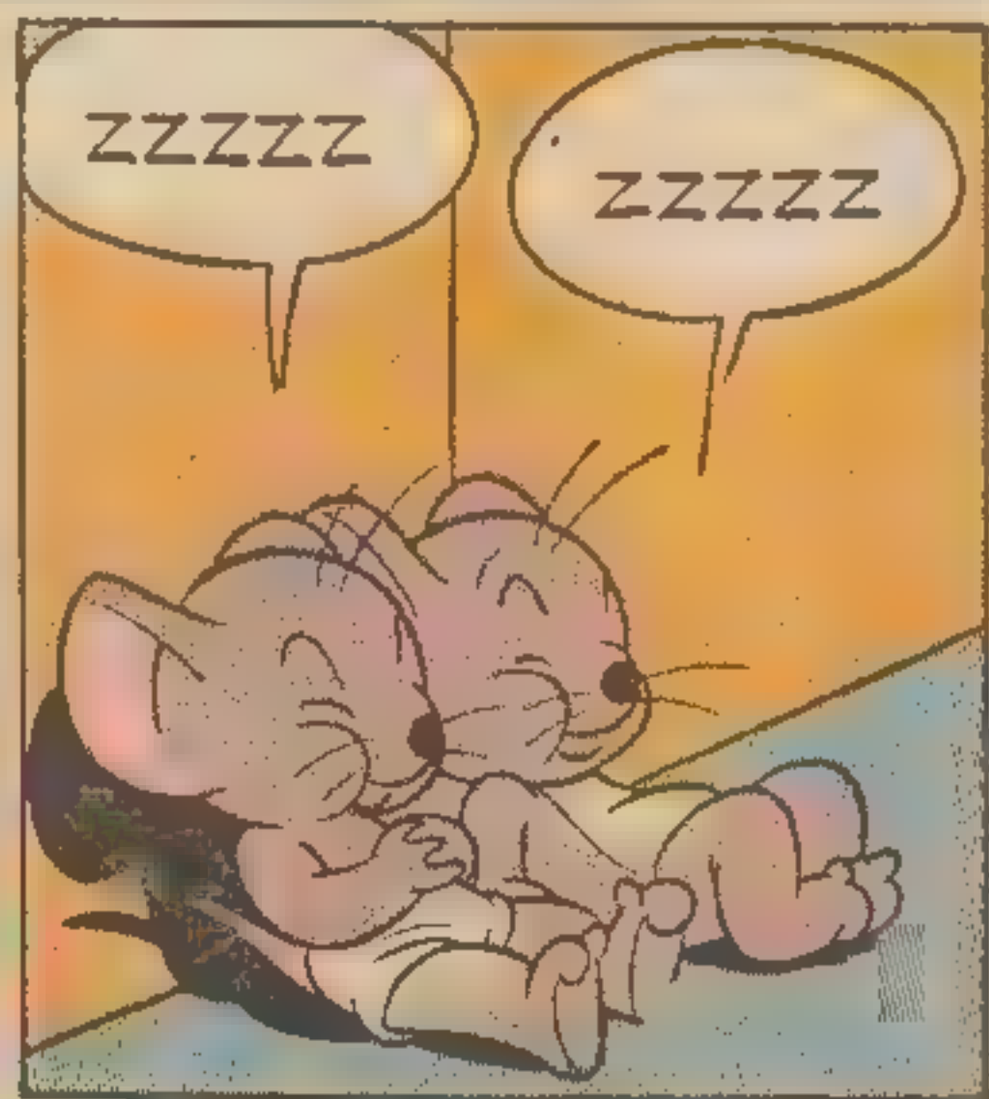

C'MON, LET'S GET ON THE MERRY-GO-ROUND!

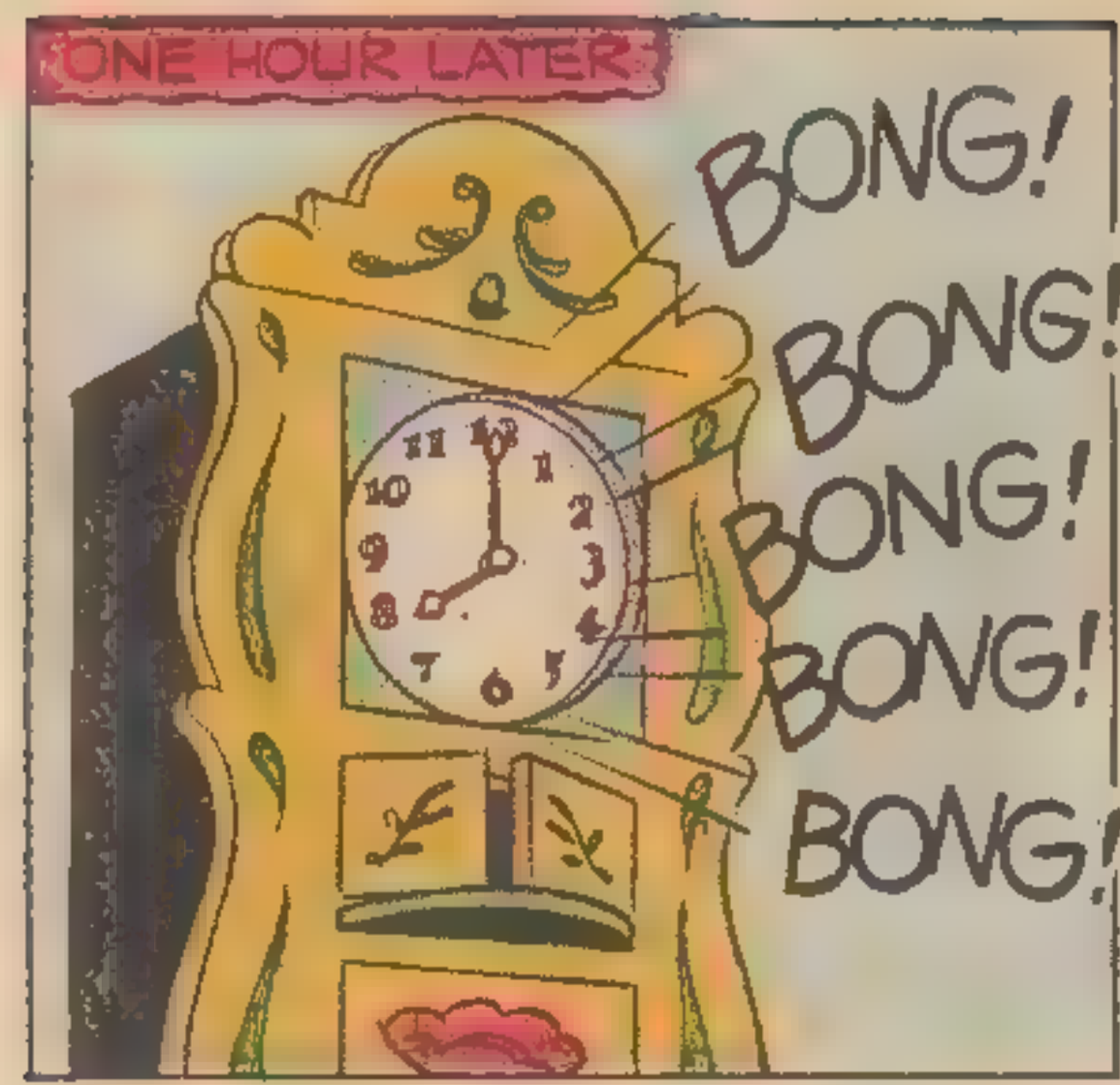

WHEE-EEE!
GIDDAP!

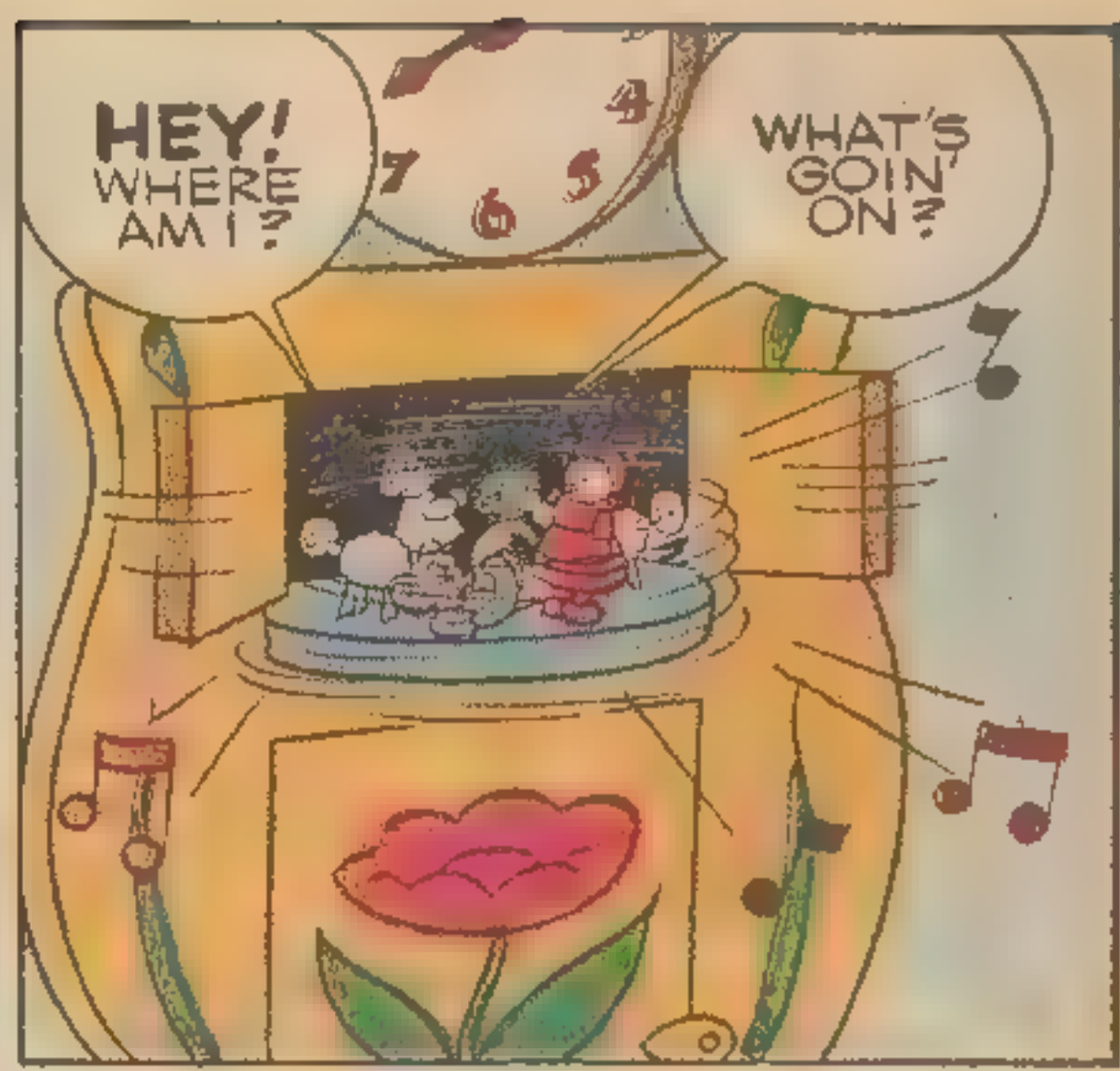

HEY IT'S SLOWING DOWN AND TH DOORS 'RE CLOSING!!

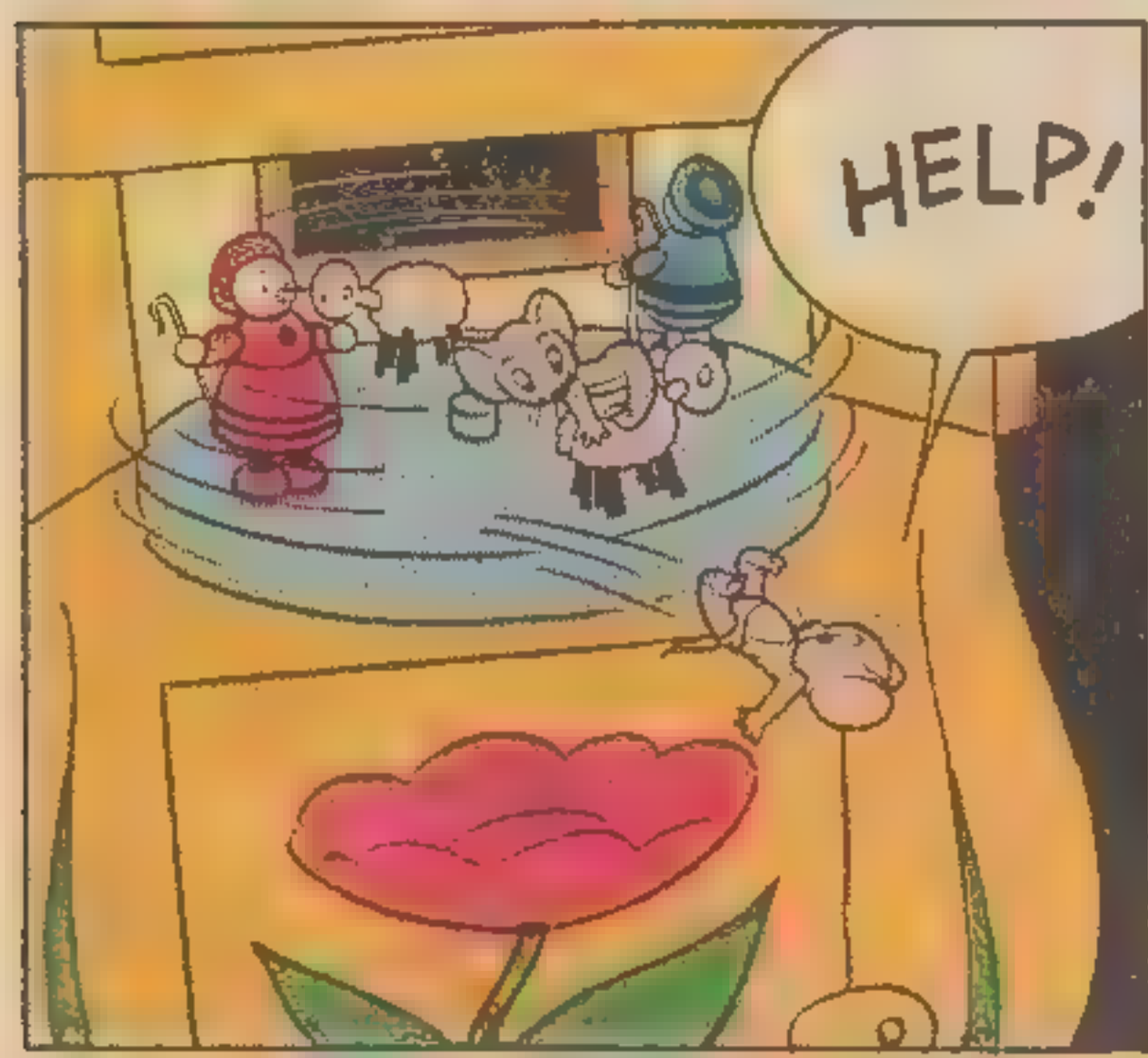

WE'RE LOCKED IN!!
YEH! WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?

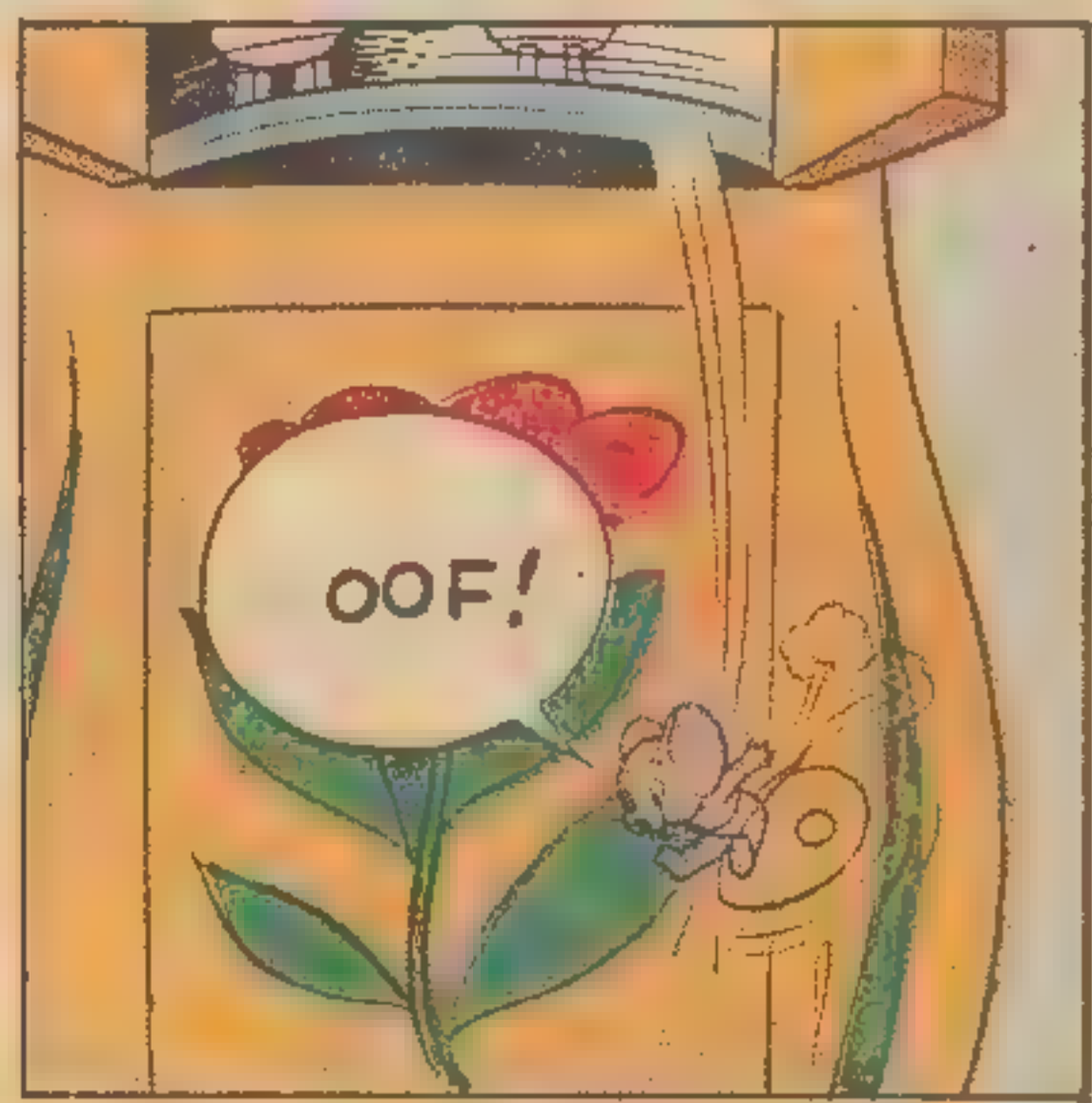

WE'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT AN HOUR AN WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES THE DOORS WILL OPEN AGAIN!
OH HUM.. MAY AS WELL CATCH UP ON MY SLEEP WHILE WE'RE WAITING!

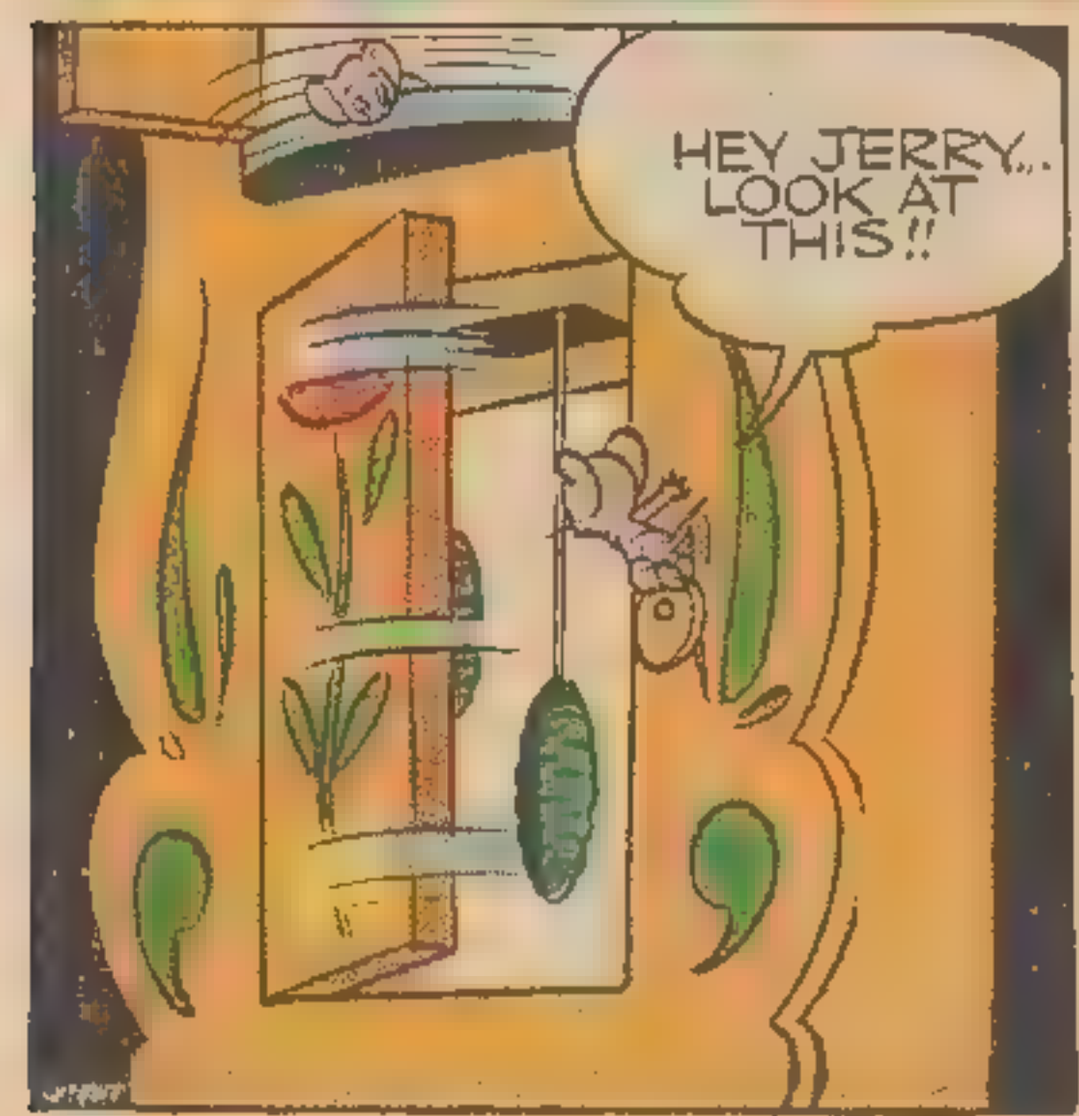

ZZZZZ
ZZZZZ

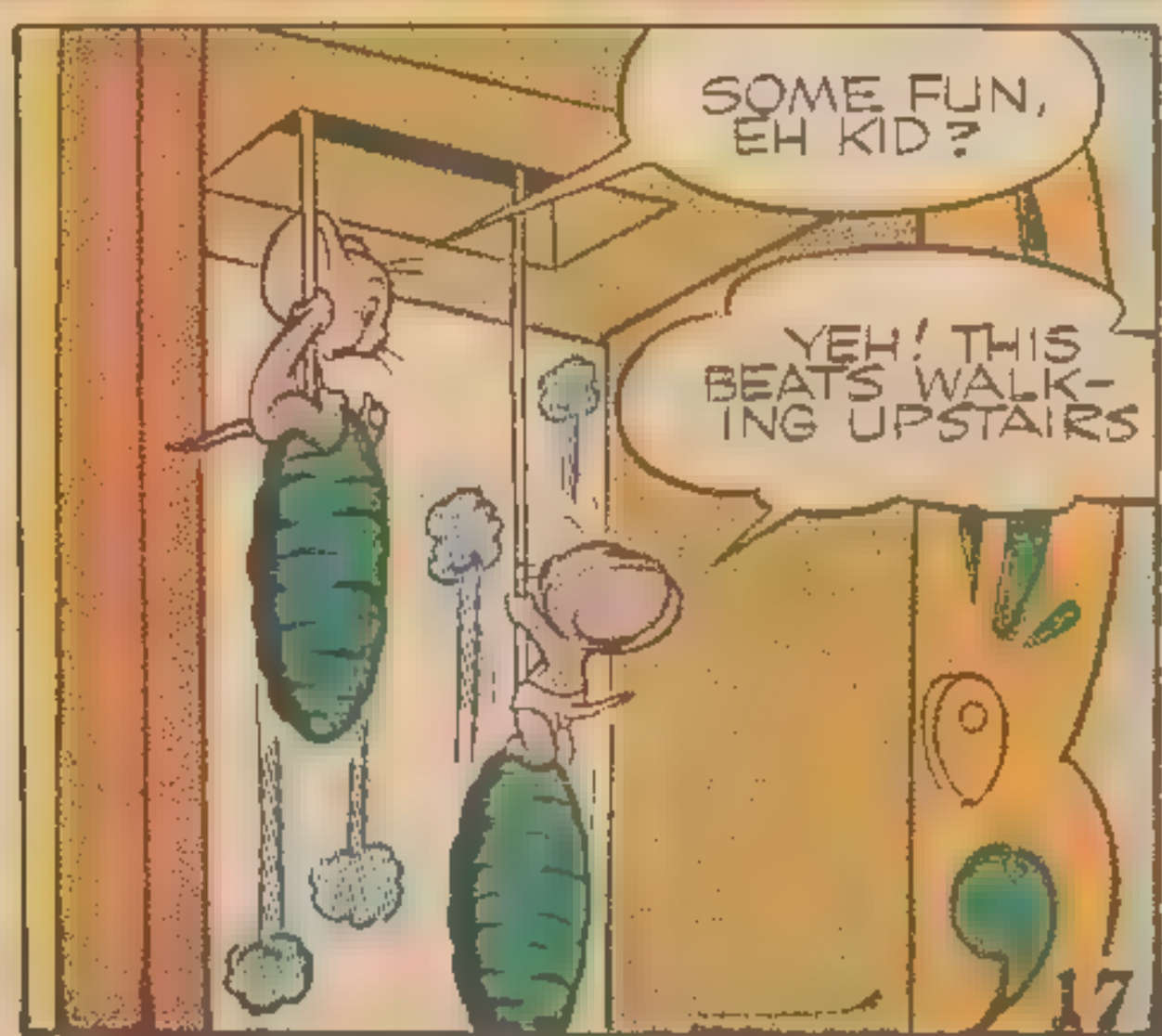

ONE HOUR LATER
BONG!
BONG!
BONG!
BONG!

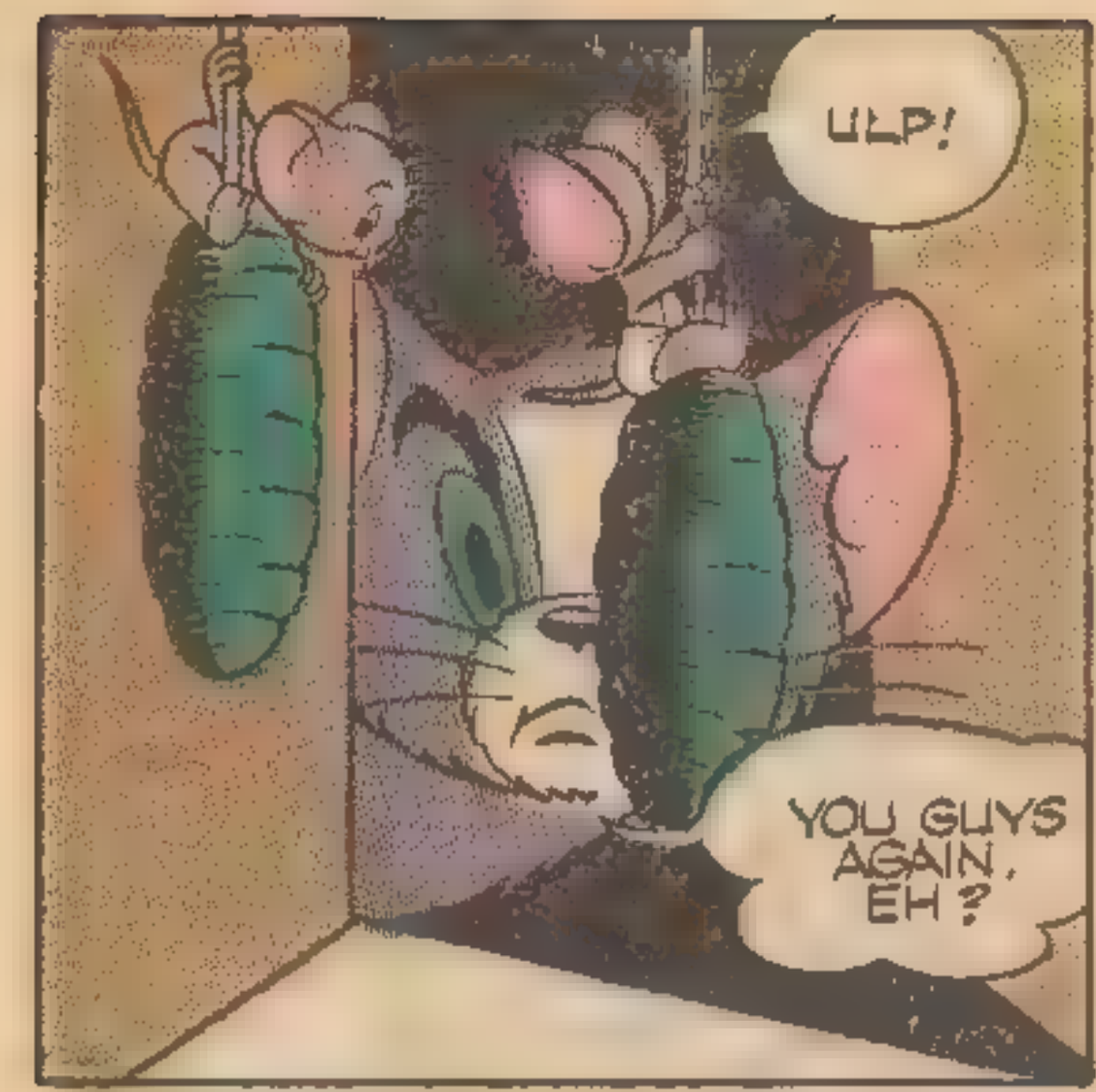

HEY! WHERE AM I?
WHAT'S GOIN' ON?

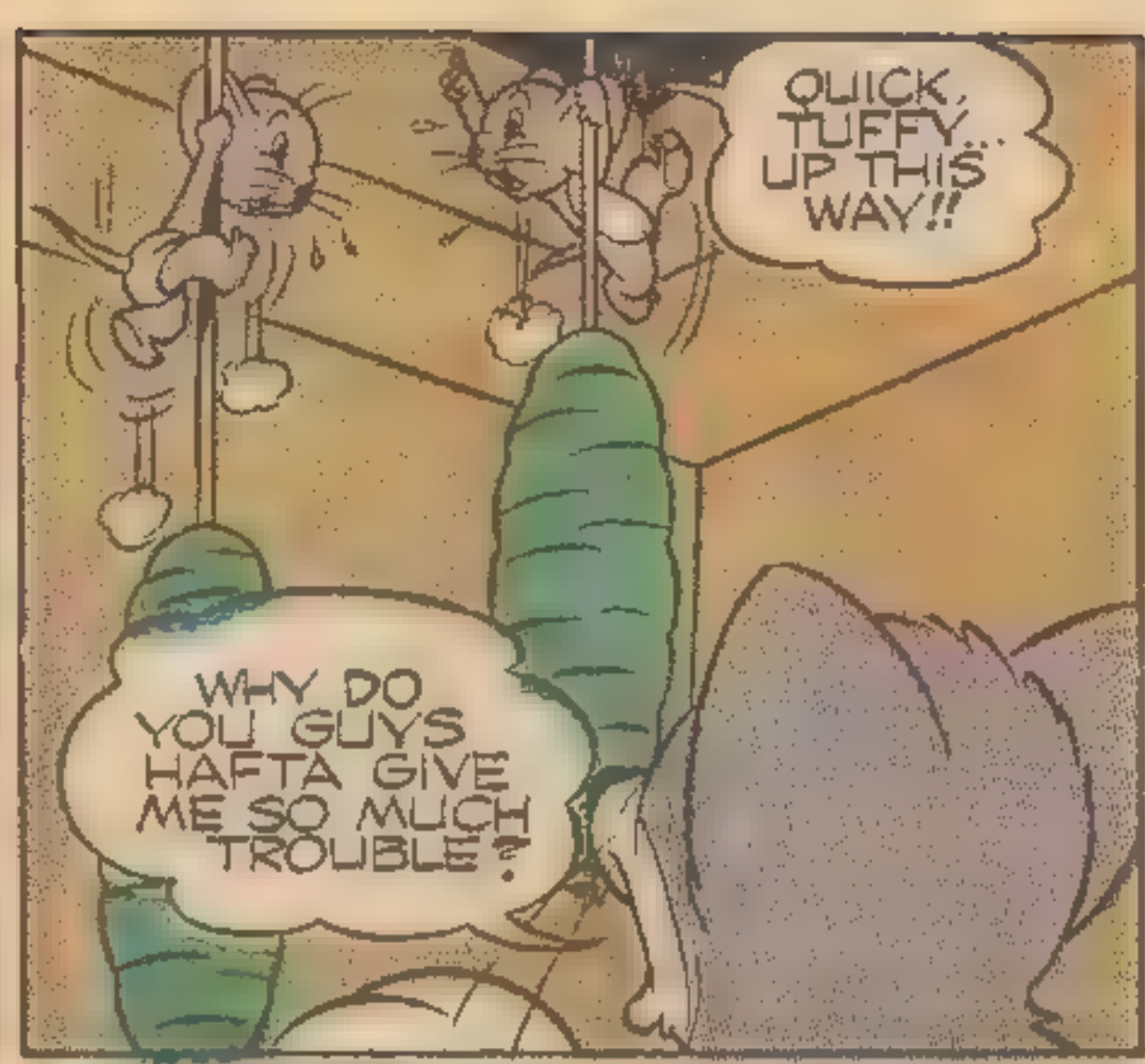

HELP!

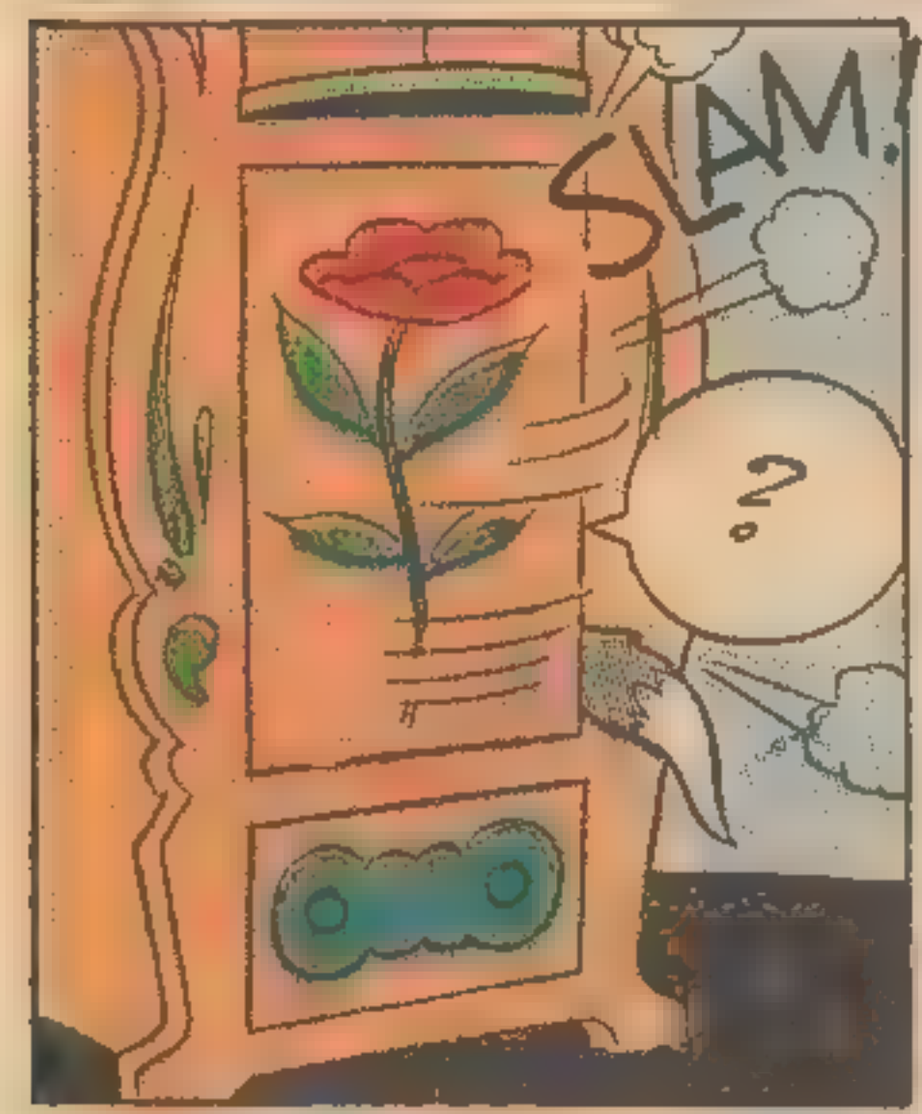

OOF!

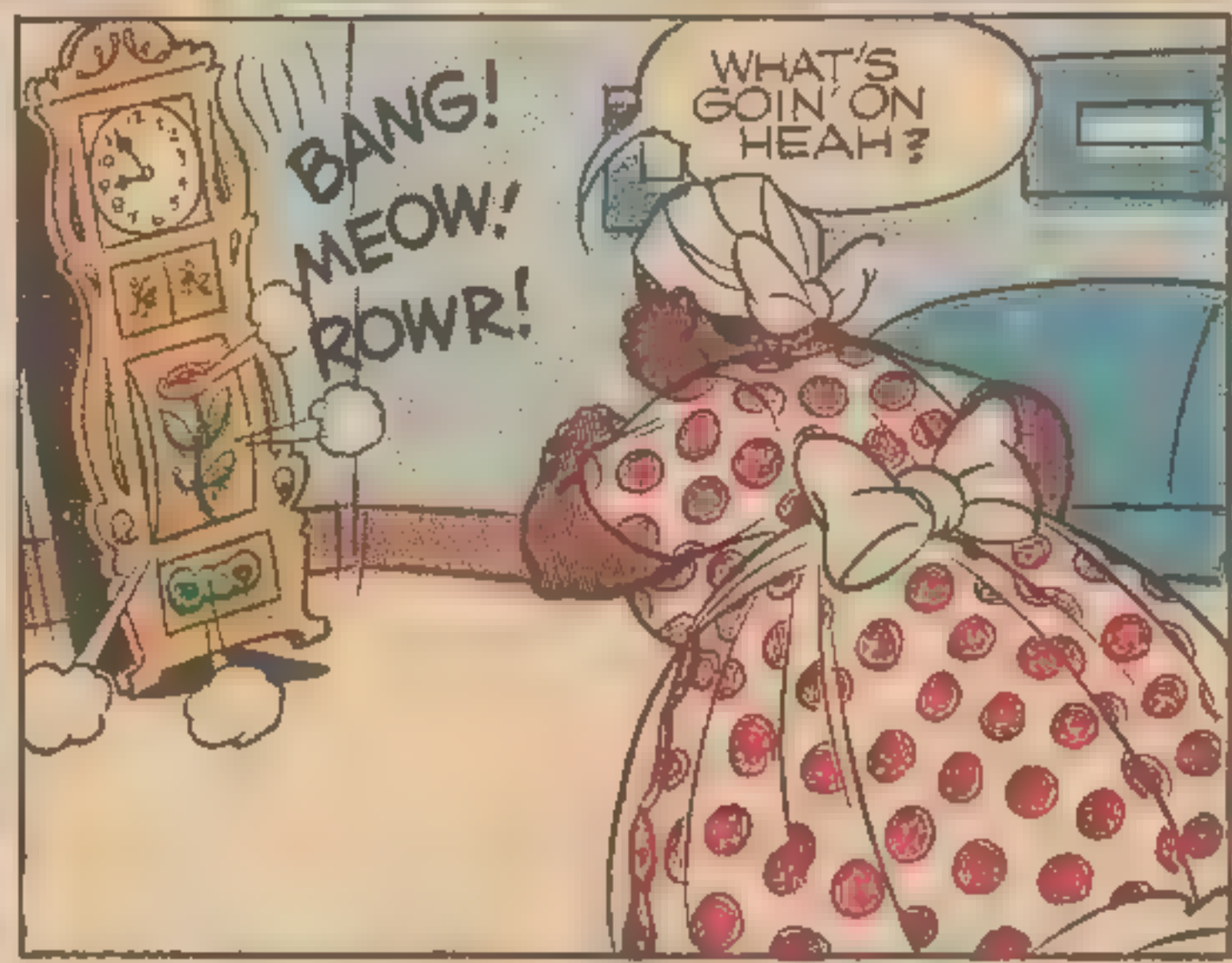

HEY JERRY... LOOK AT THIS!!


SOME FUN, EH KID?
YEH! THIS BEATS WALK-ING UPSTAIRS

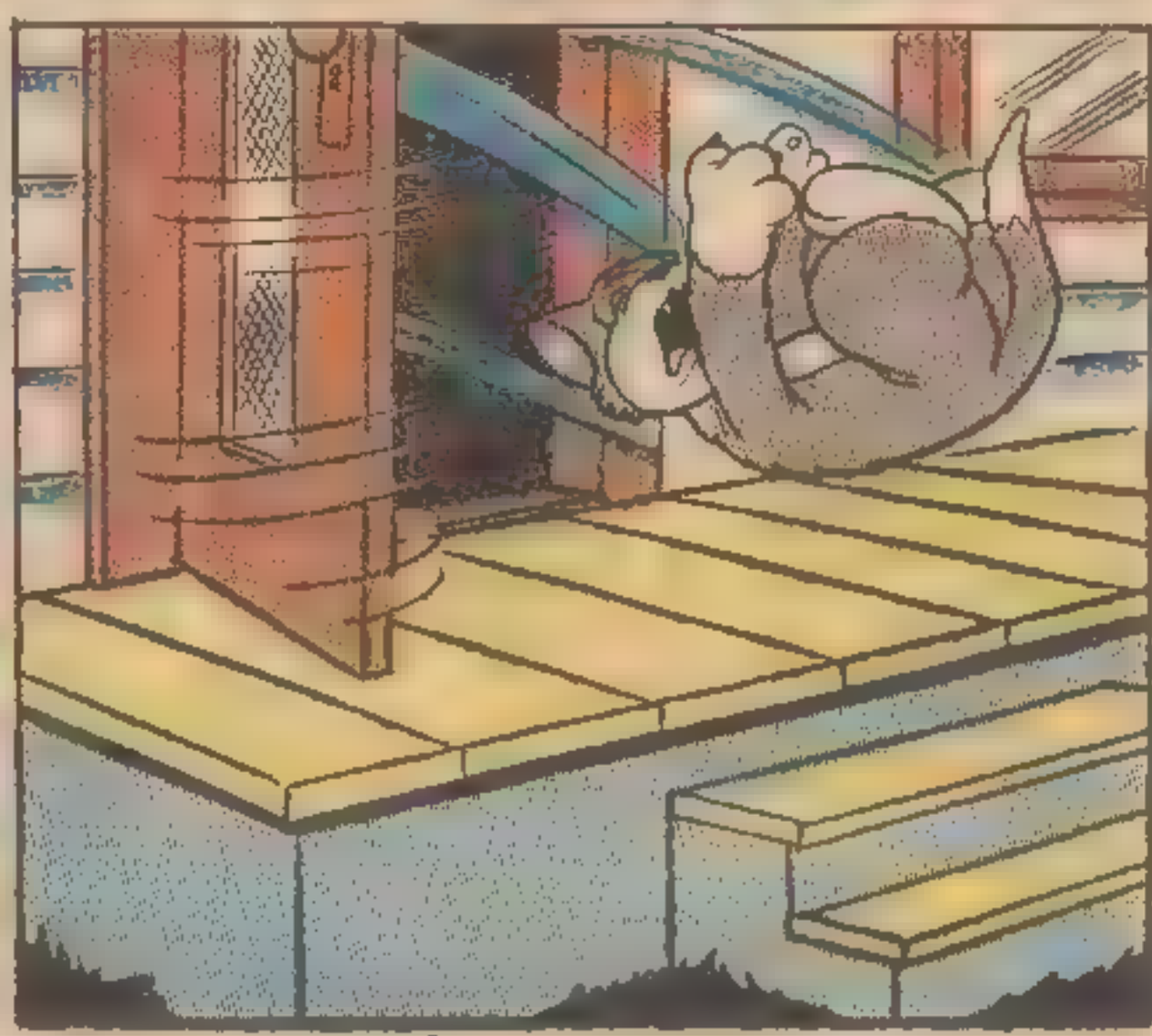

ULP!
YOU GUYS AGAIN, EH?

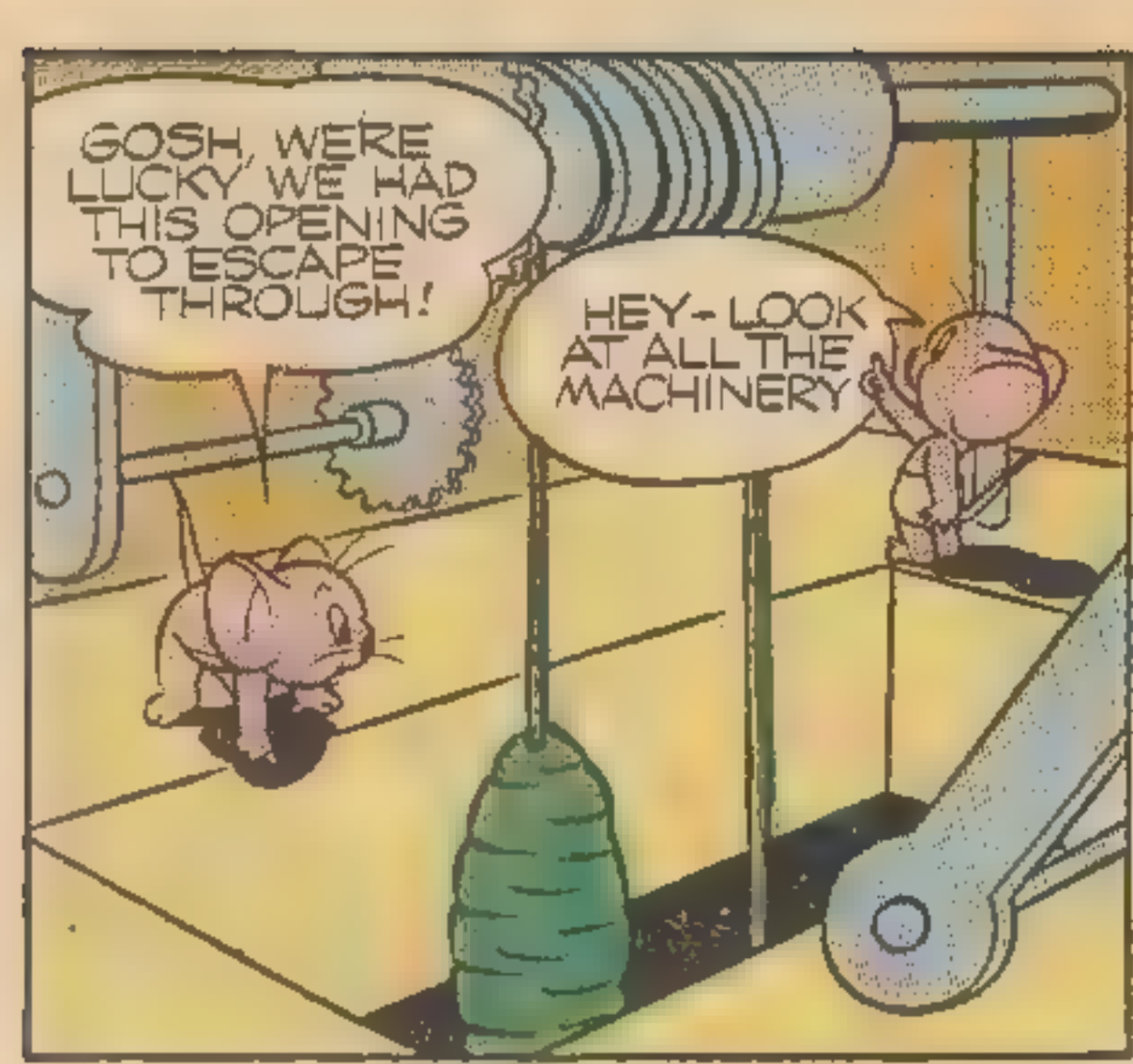

QUICK, TUFFY... UP THIS WAY!!
WHY DO YOU GUYS HAFTA GIVE ME SO MUCH TROUBLE?

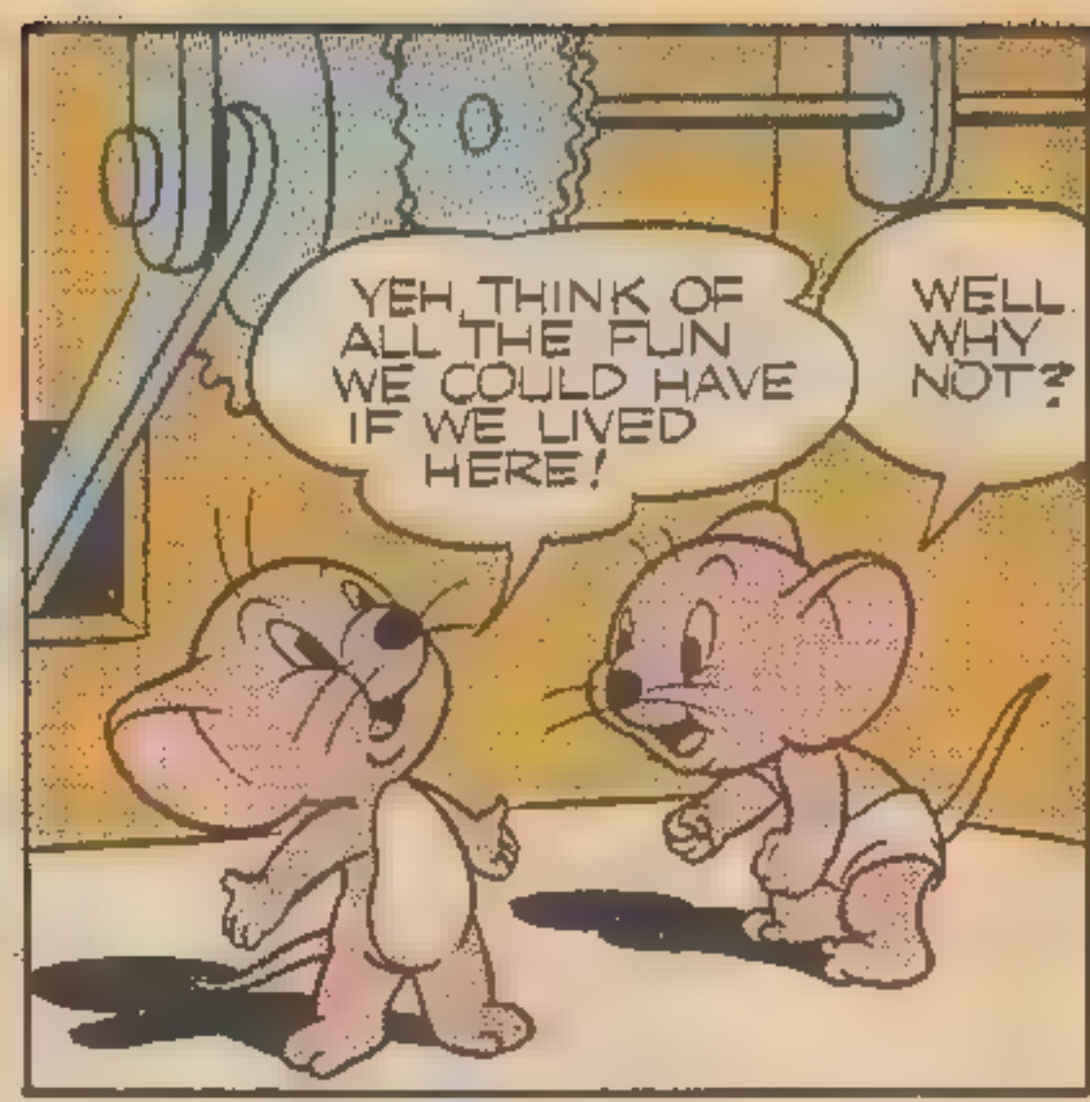

SLAM!
?

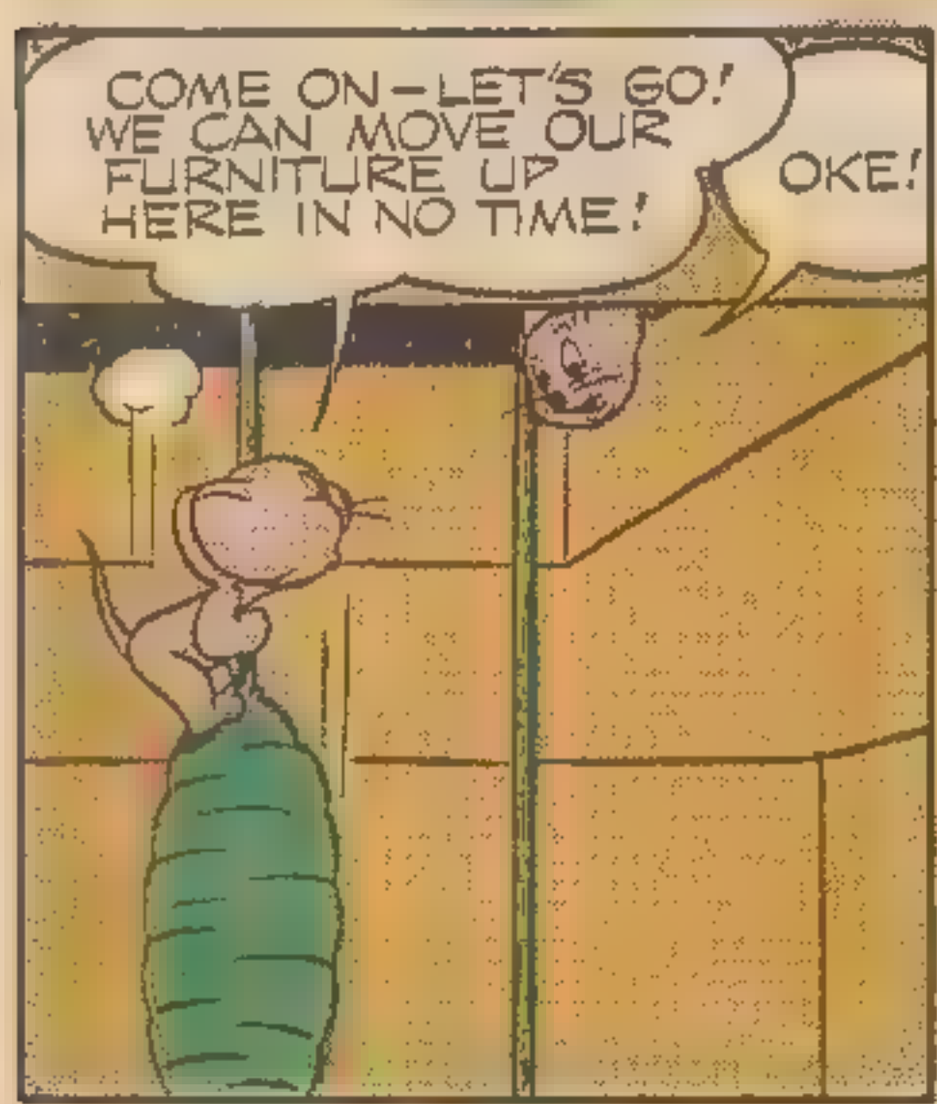

BANG! MEOW! ROWR!
WHAT'S GOIN' ON HEAH?

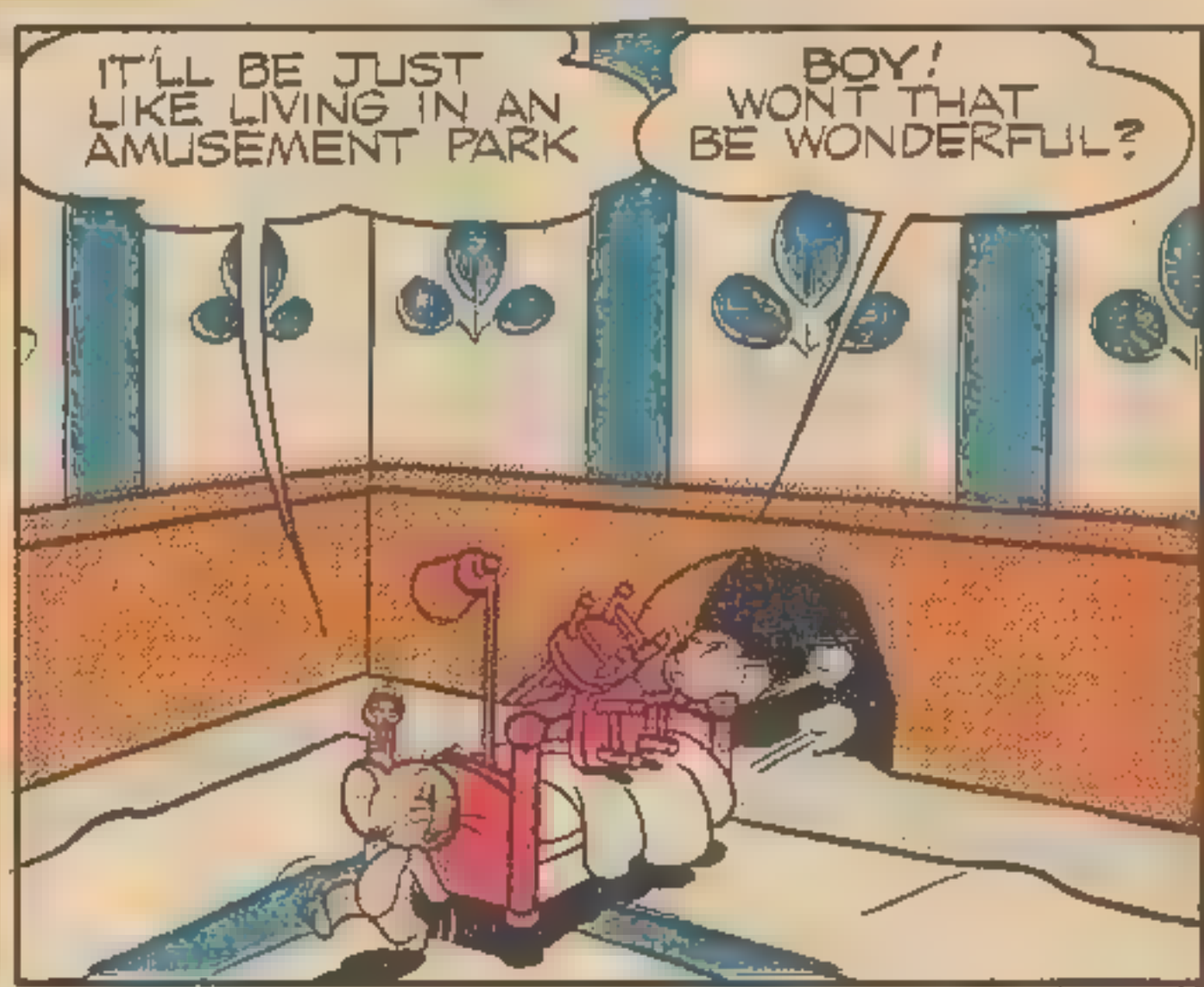
COME OUTA DAT CLOCK... YOU PESKY CAT!!

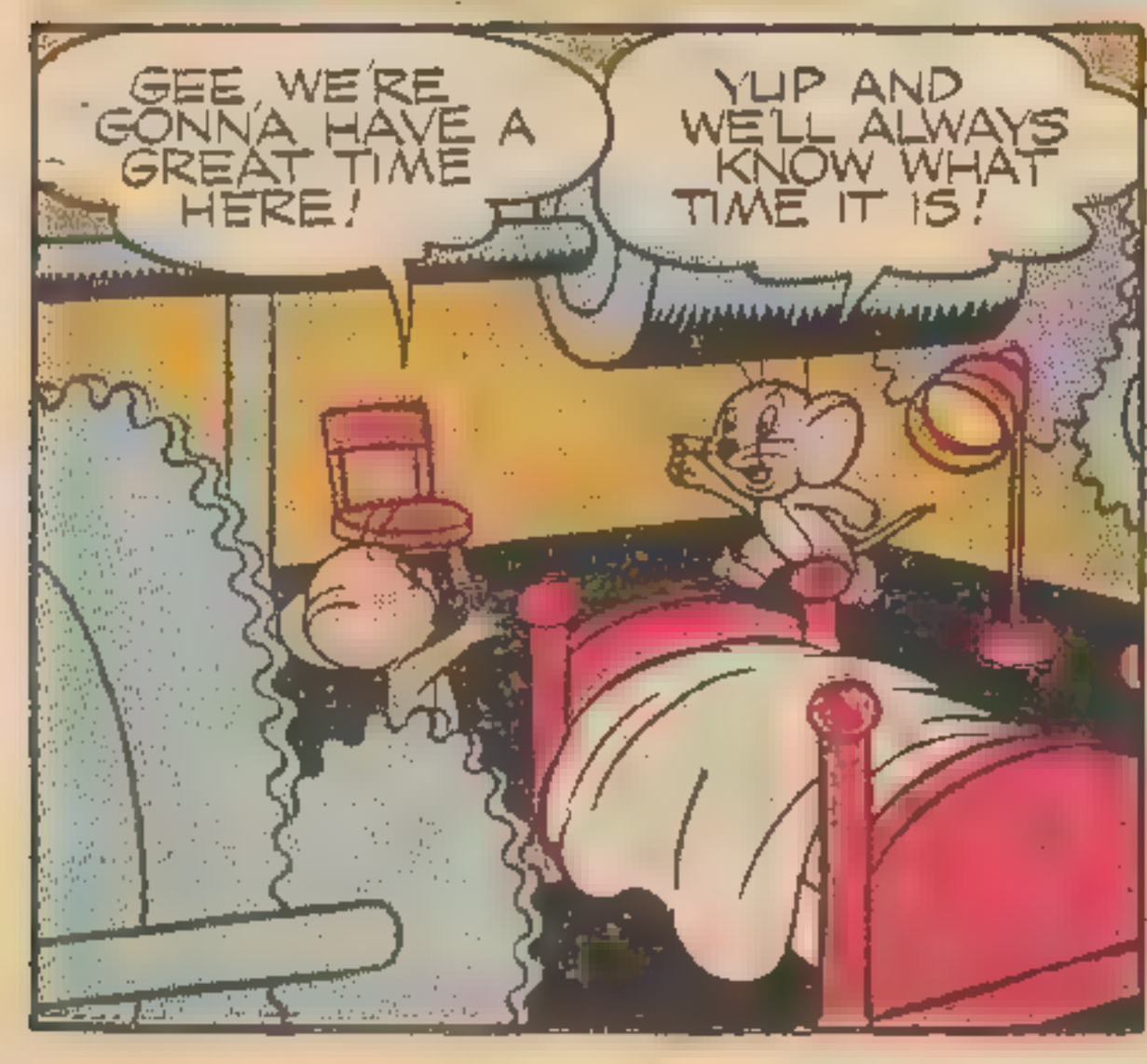


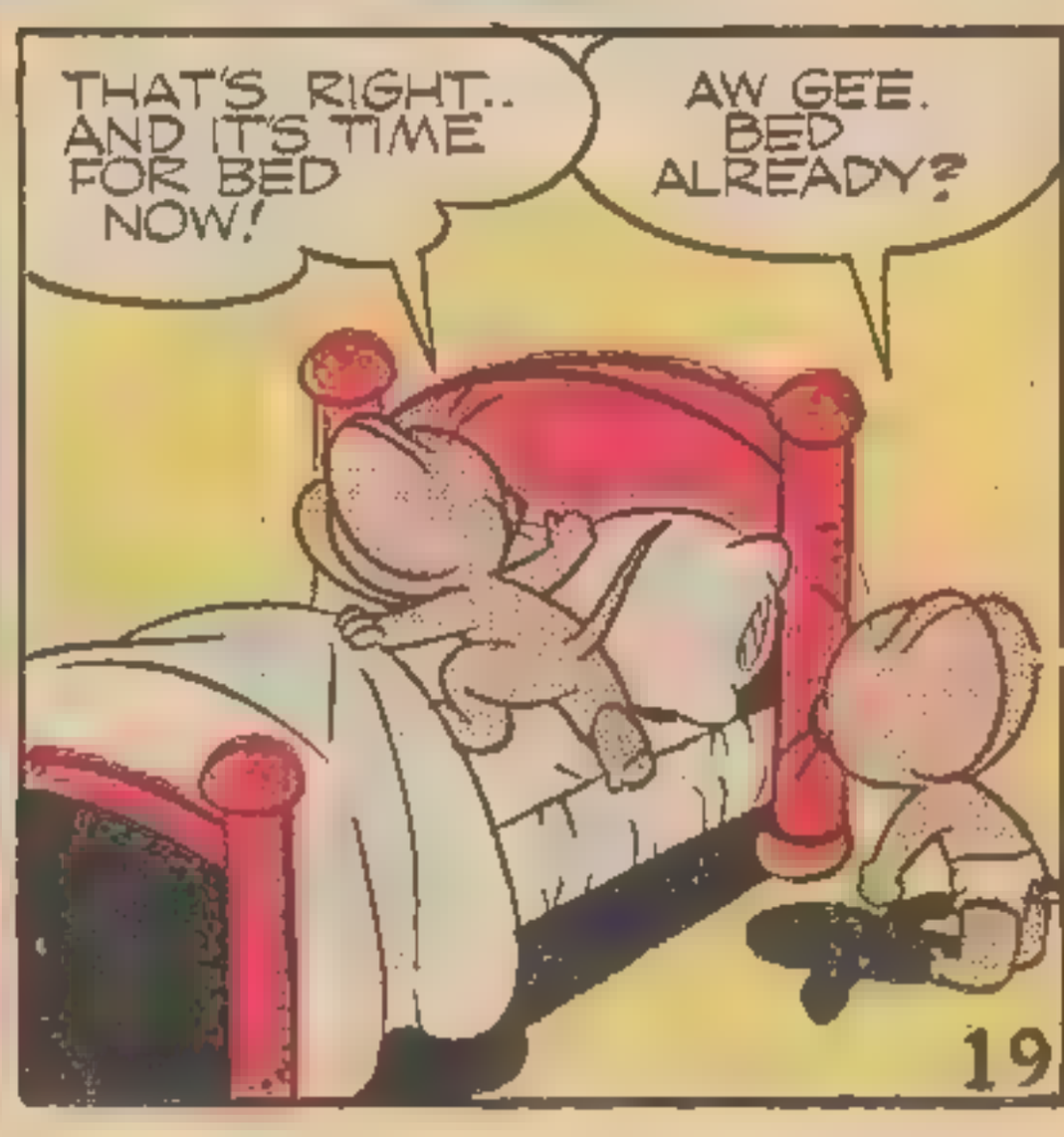

GOSH, WE'RE LUCKY WE HAD THIS OPENING TO ESCAPE THROUGH!
HEY- LOOK AT ALL THE MACHINERY

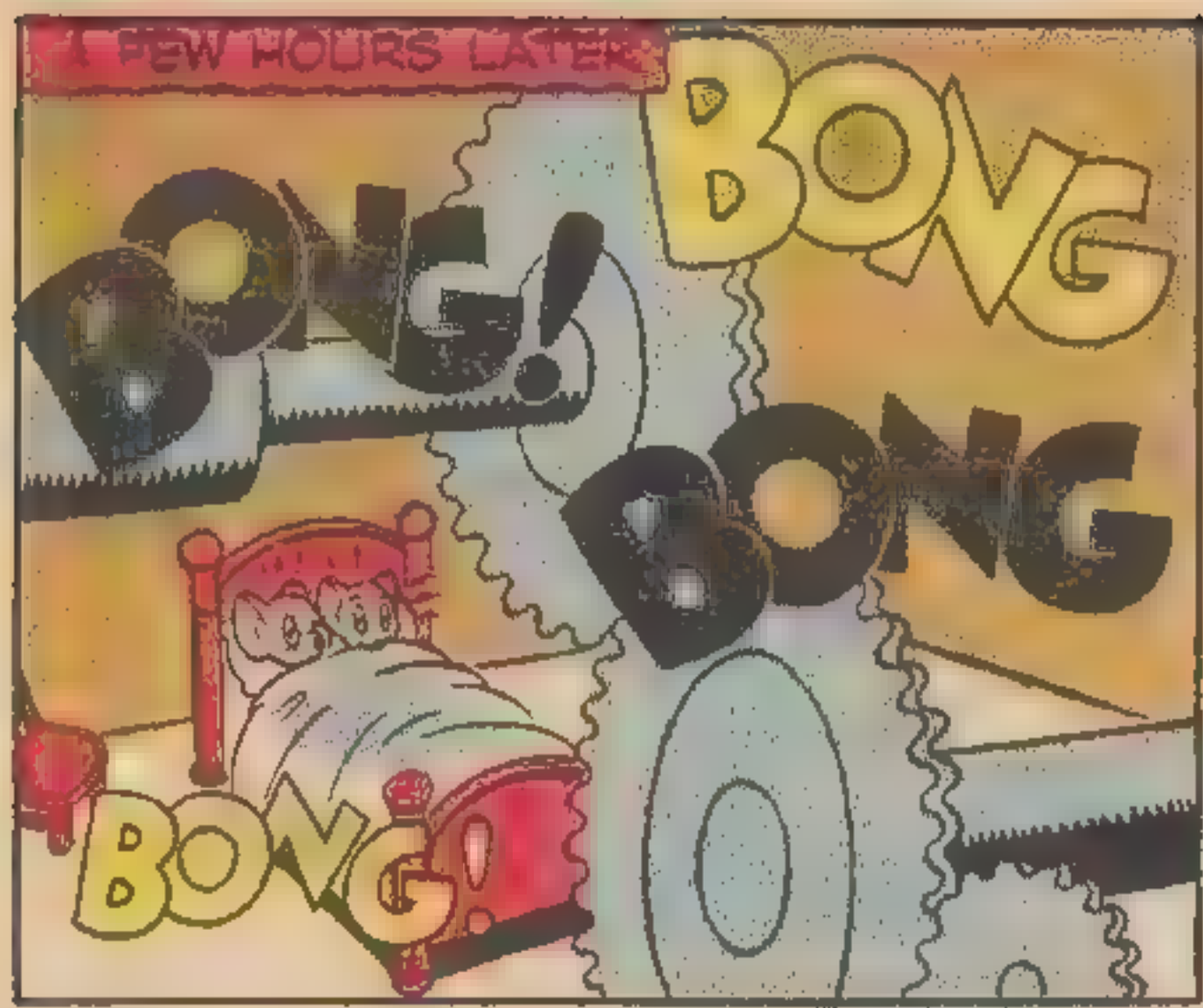

YEH, THINK OF ALL THE FUN WE COULD HAVE IF WE LIVED HERE!
WELL WHY NOT?

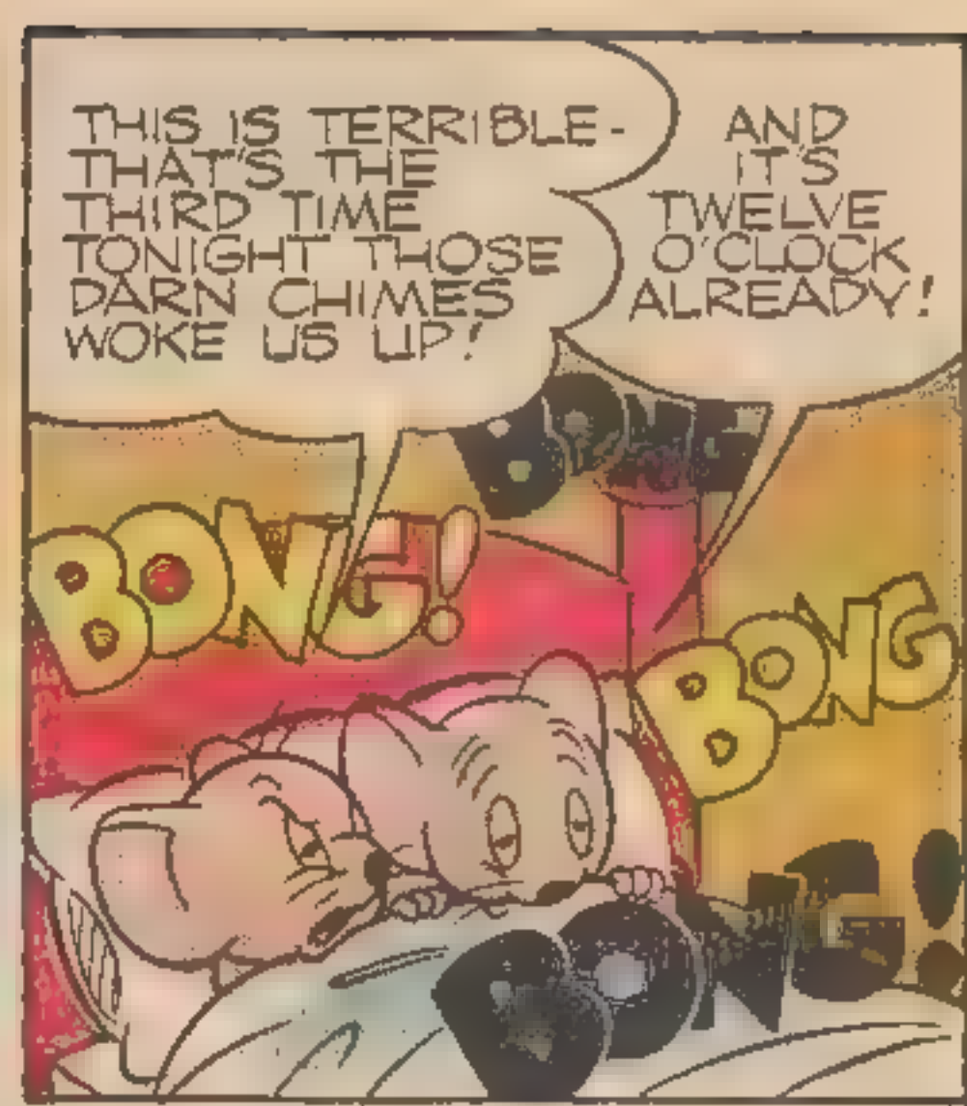

COME ON-LET'S GO! WE CAN MOVE OUR FURNITURE UP HERE IN NO TIME!
OKE!

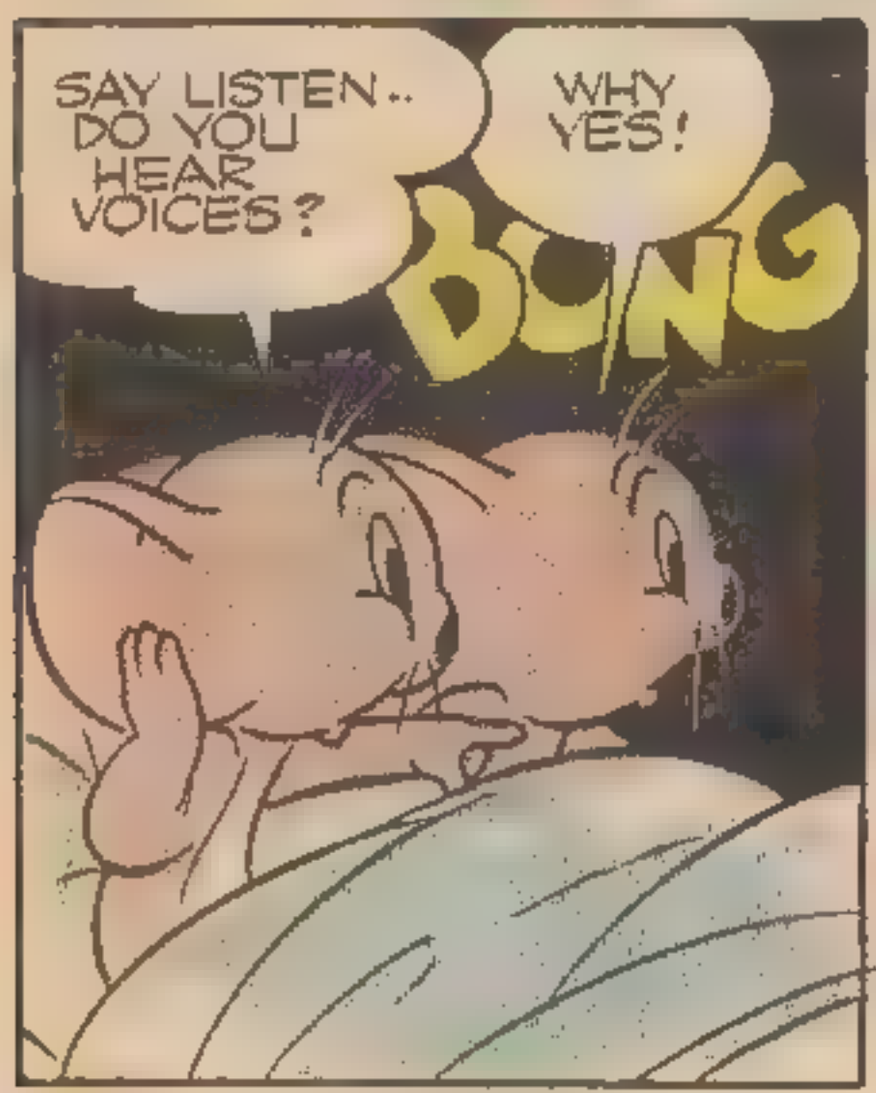

IT'LL BE JUST LIKE LIVING IN AN AMUSEMENT PARK
BOY! WONT THAT BE WONDERFUL?

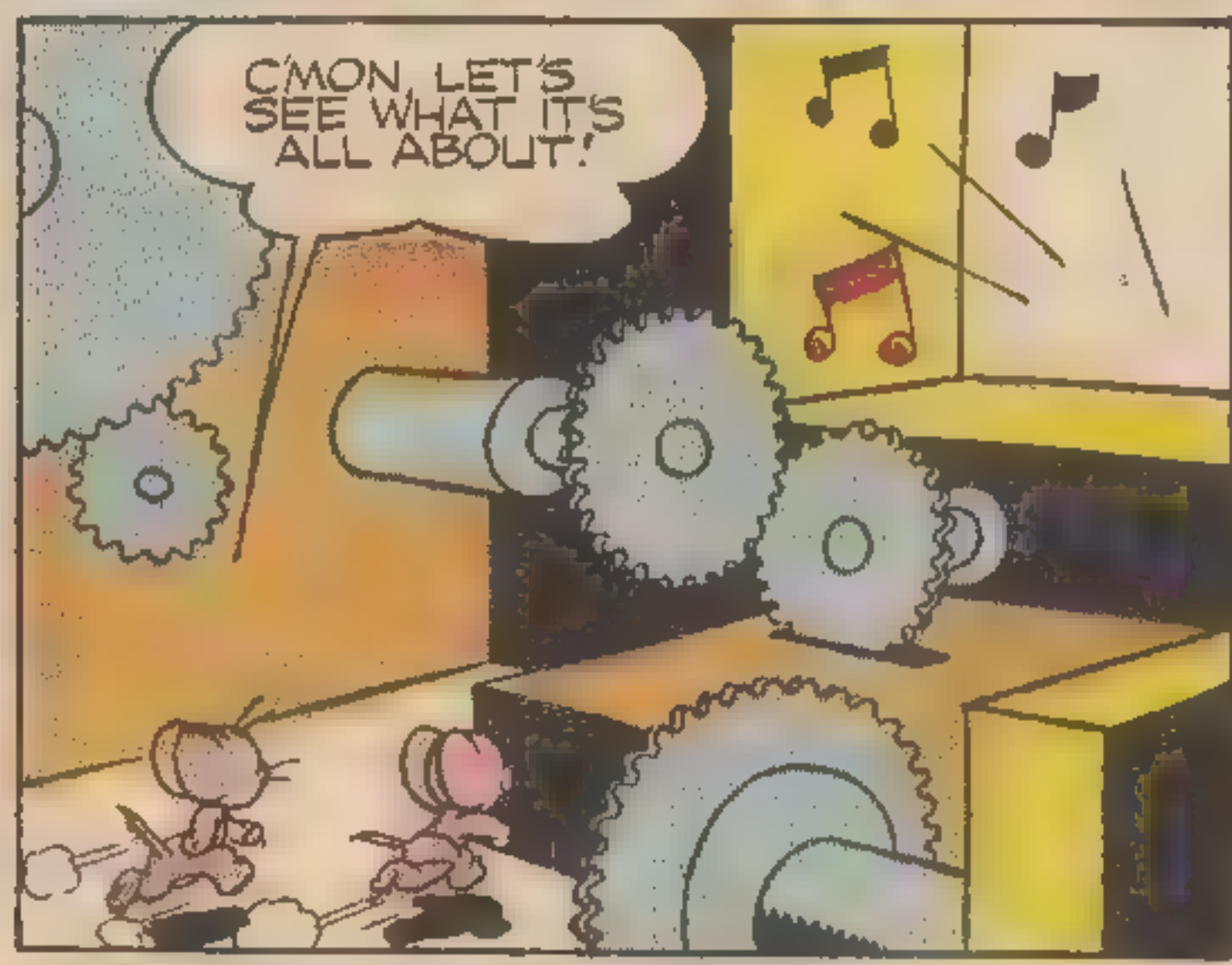

GEE, WE'RE GONNA HAVE A GREAT TIME HERE!
YUP AND WE'LL ALWAYS KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS!

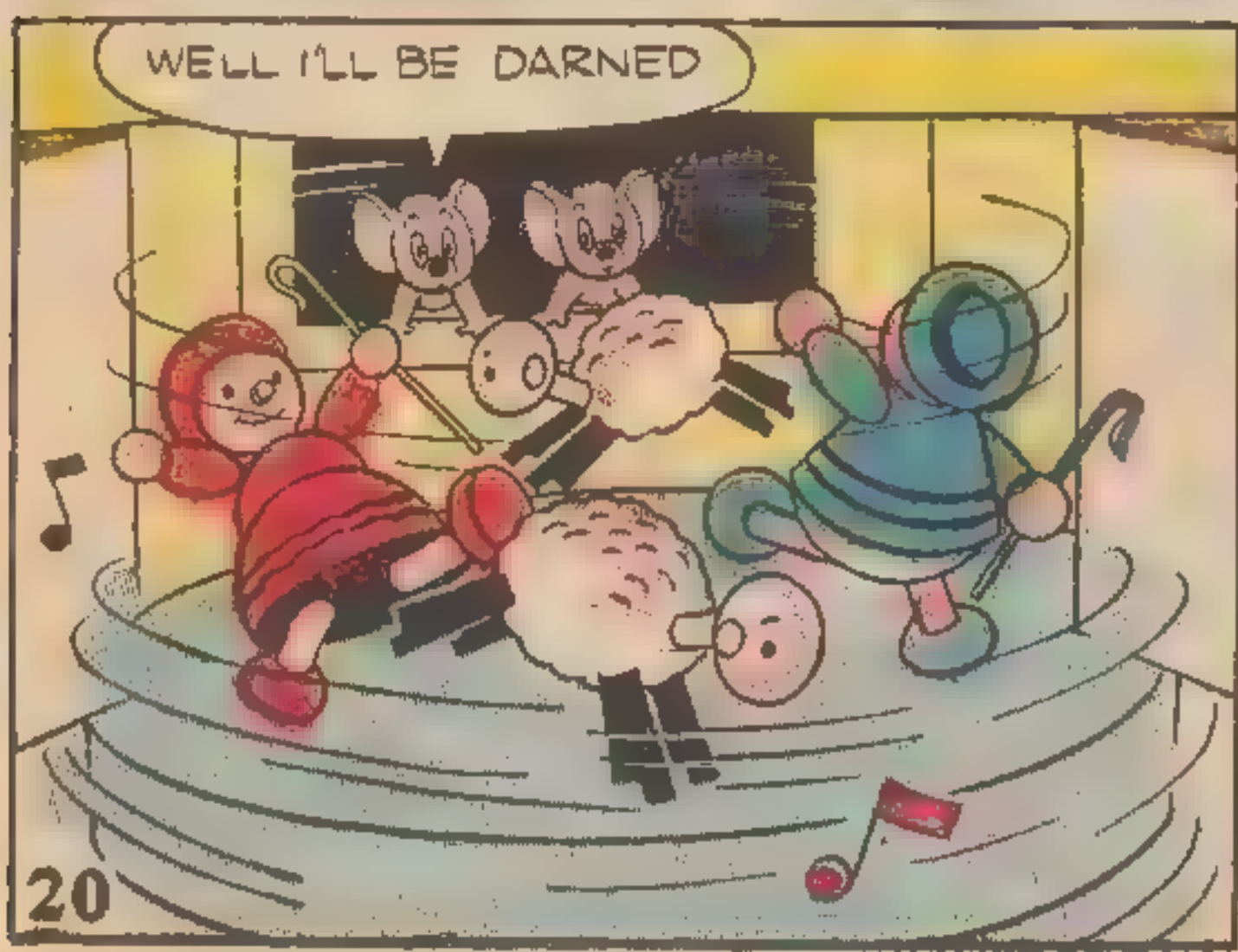

THAT'S RIGHT.. AND IT'S TIME FOR BED NOW!
AW GEE. BED ALREADY?


A FEW HOURS LATER...
BONG!
BONG
BONG
BONG!

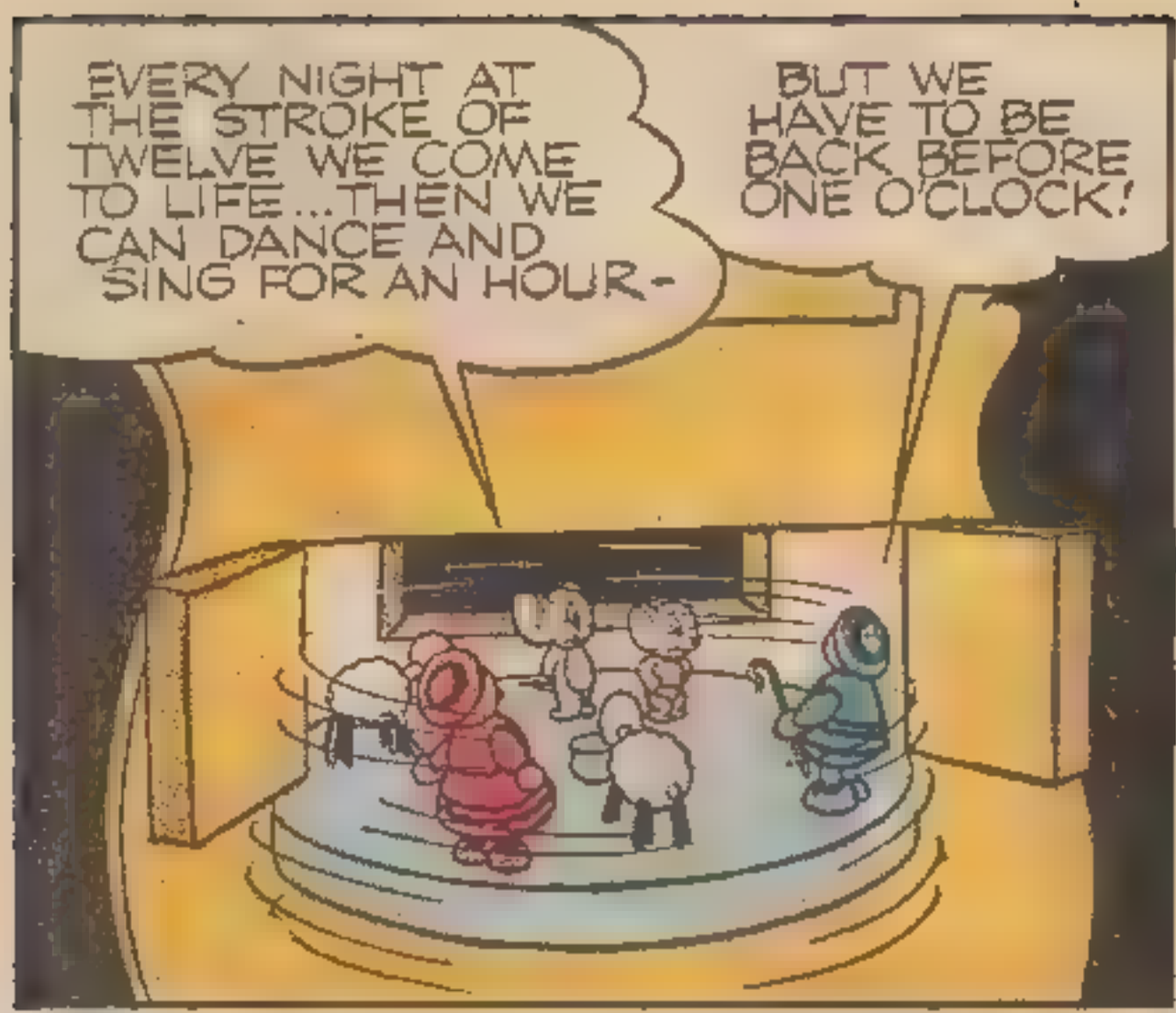

THIS IS TERRIBLE - THAT'S THE THIRD TIME TONIGHT THOSE DARN CHIMES WOKE US UP!
AND IT'S TWELVE O'CLOCK ALREADY!
BONG!
BONG
BONG!

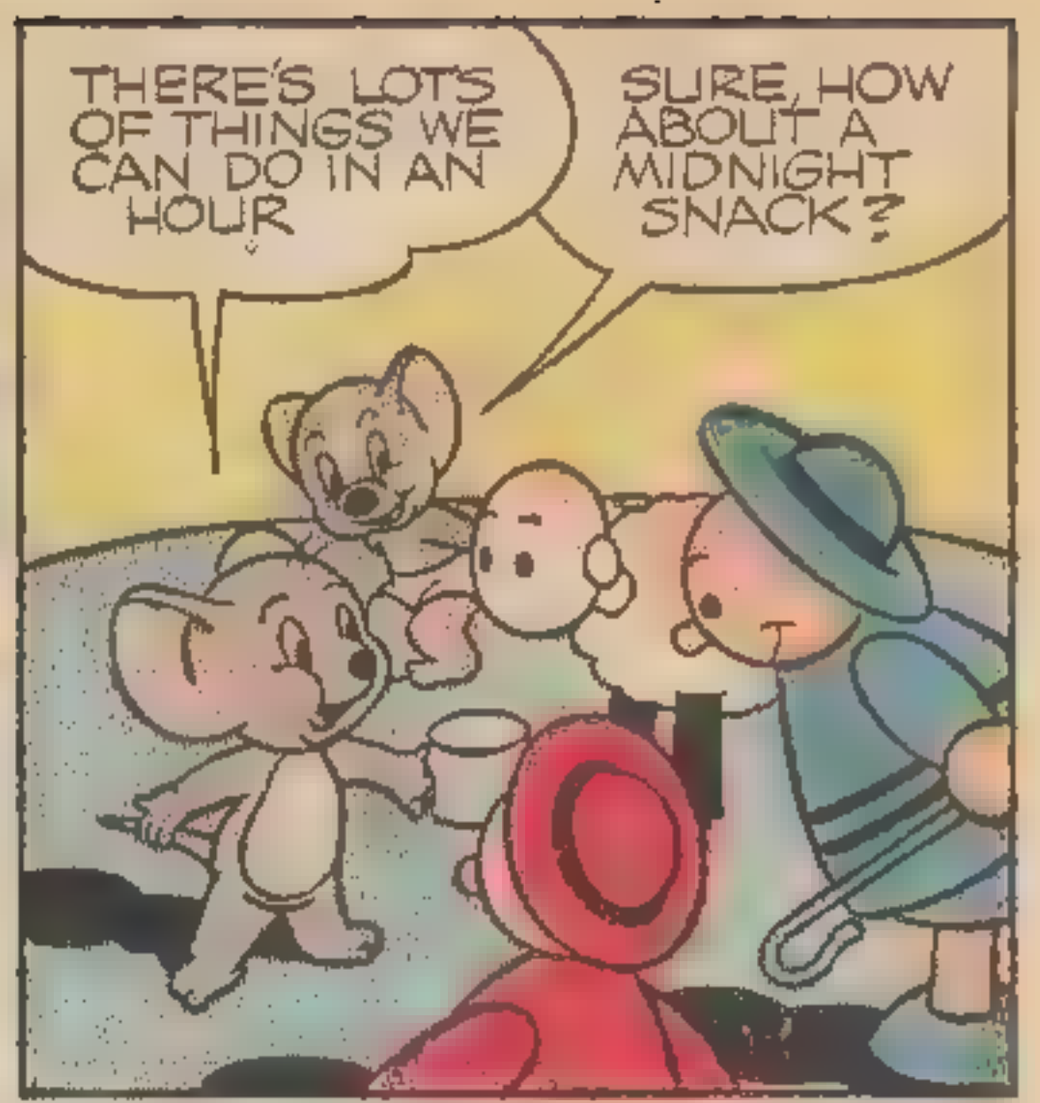

SAY LISTEN.. DO YOU HEAR VOICES?
WHY, YES!
BONG

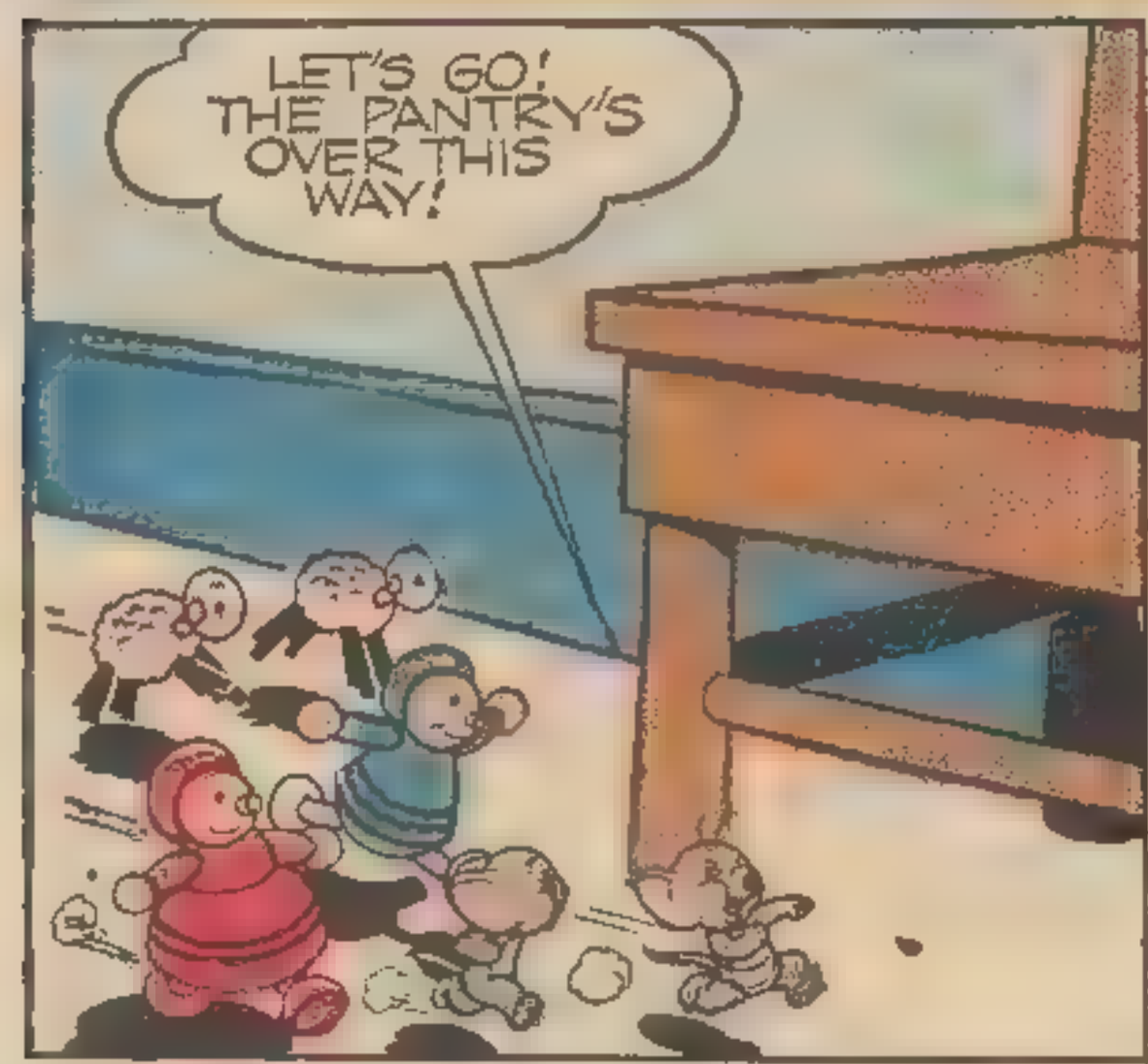

C'MON, LET'S SEE WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!


WELL I'LL BE DARNED

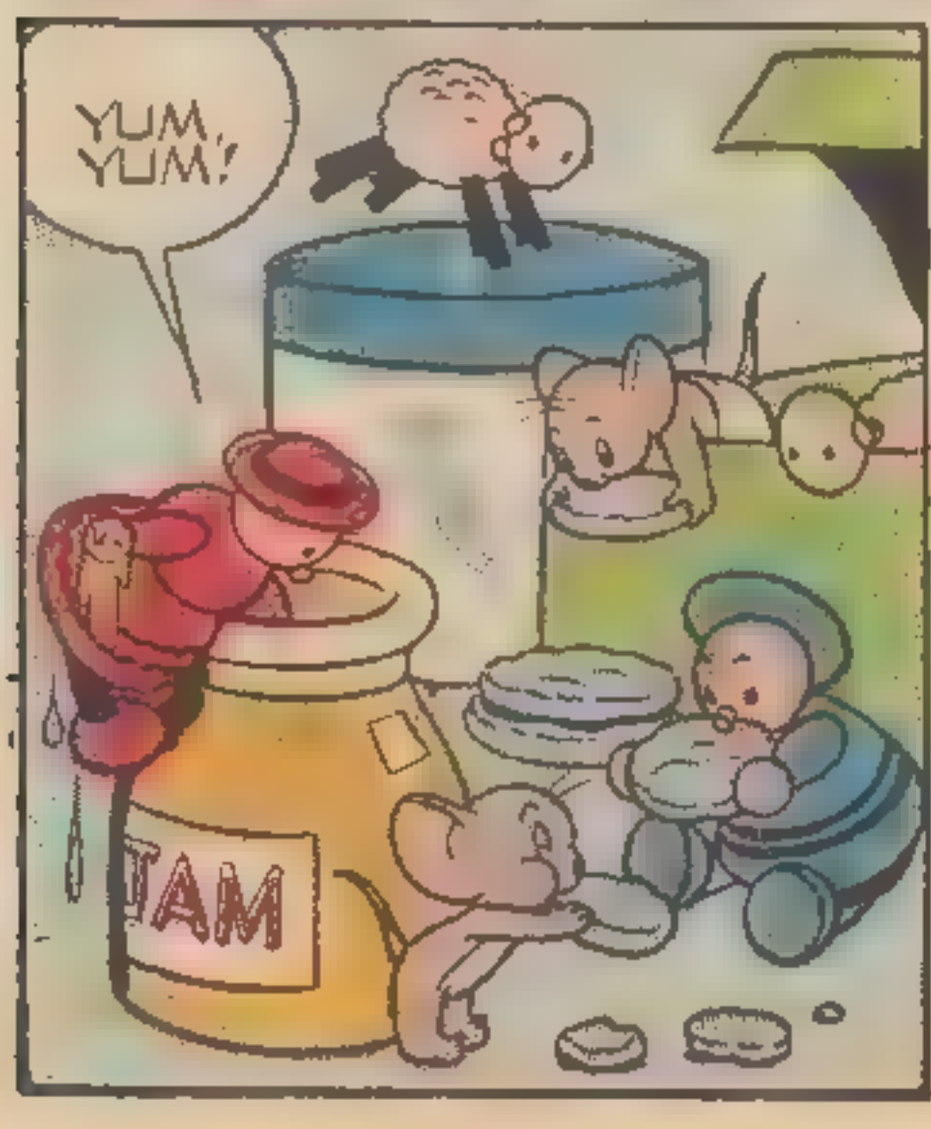
LOOK AT THE CUTE LITTLE MICE...LET'S ASK THEM TO PLAY WITH US!

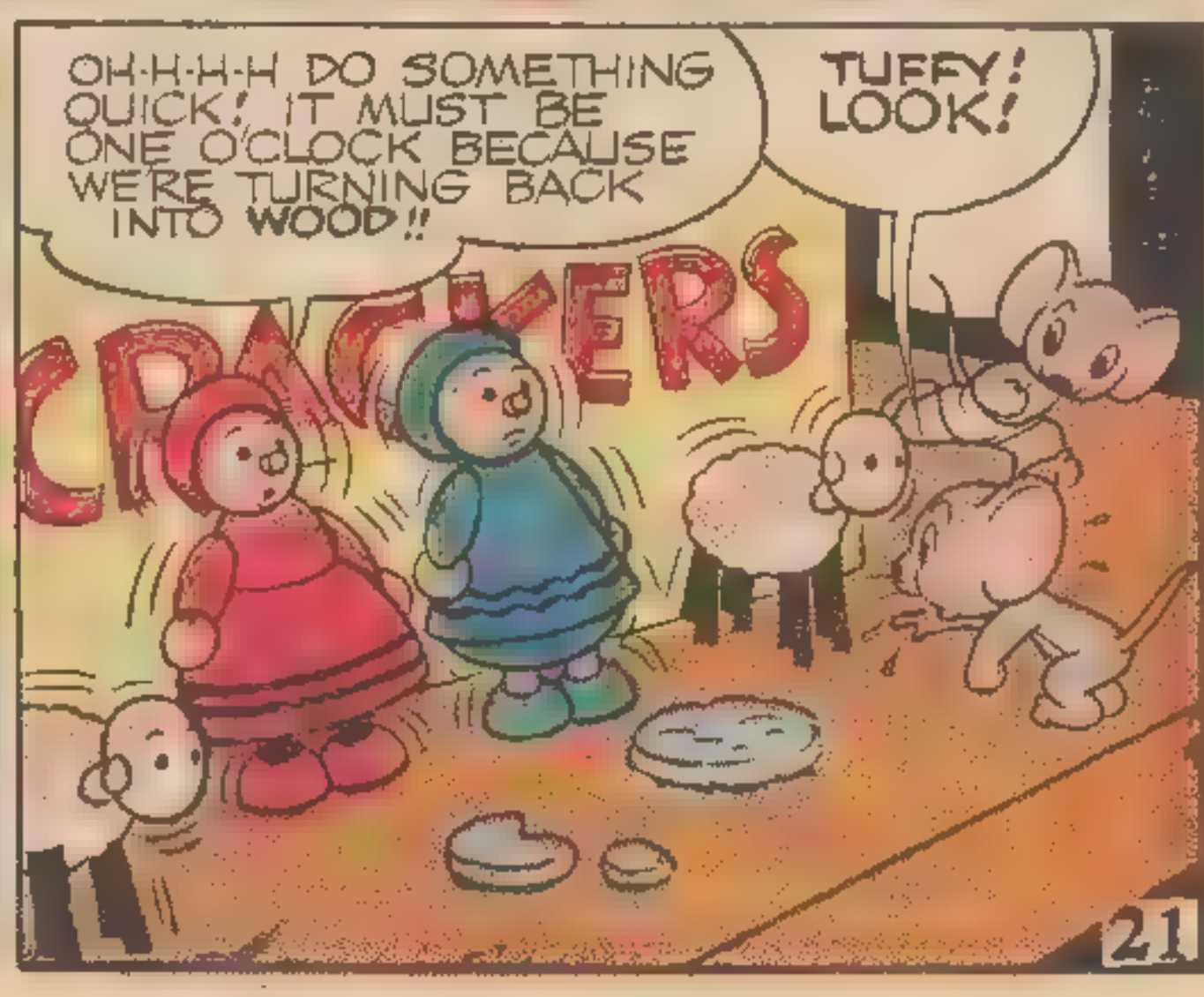

EVERY NIGHT AT THE STROKE OF TWELVE WE COME TO LIFE...THEN WE CAN DANCE AND SING FOR AN HOUR-
BUT WE HAVE TO BE BACK BEFORE ONE O'CLOCK!

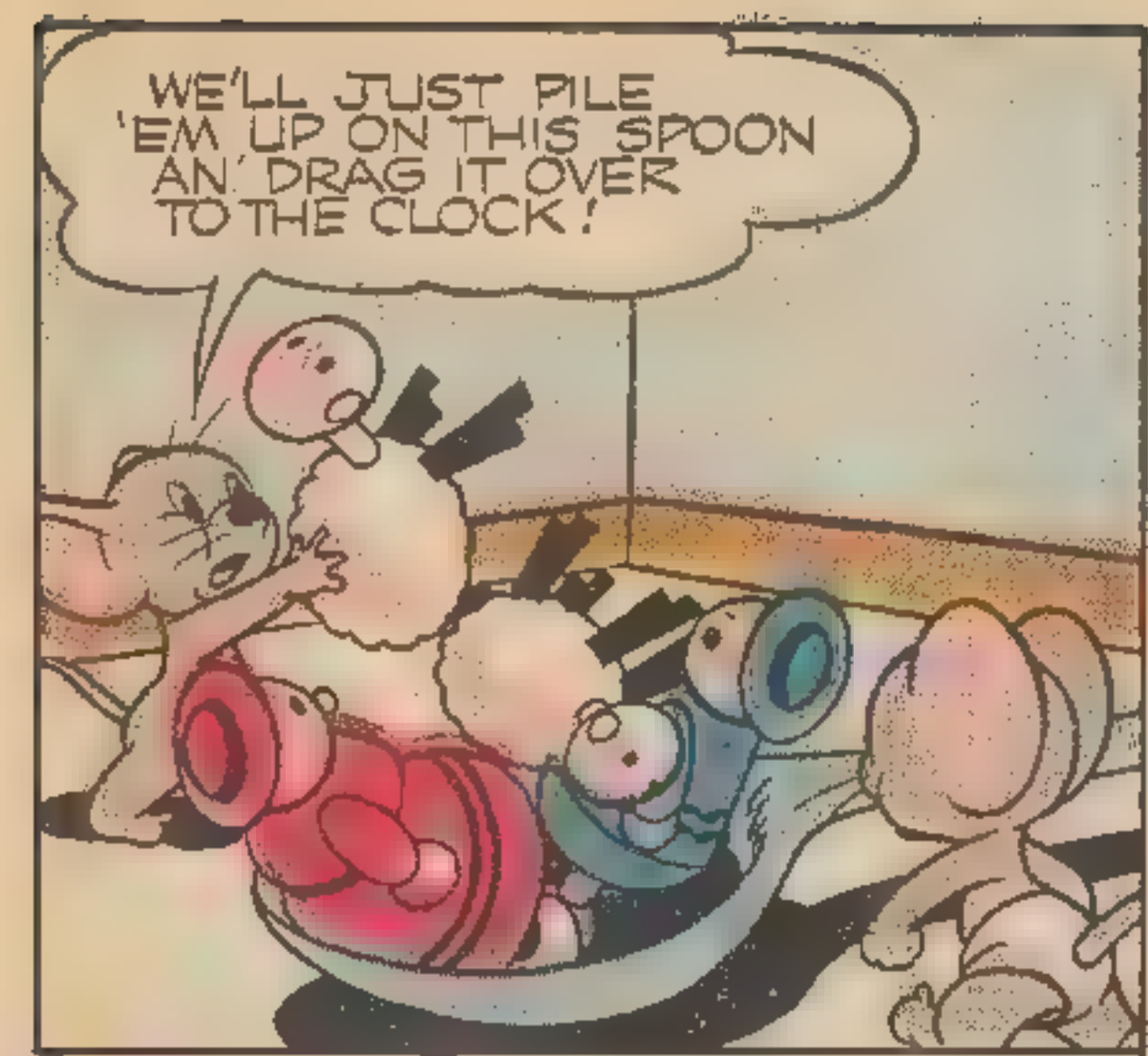

THERE'S LOTS OF THINGS WE CAN DO IN AN HOUR
SURE, HOW ABOUT A MIDNIGHT SNACK?

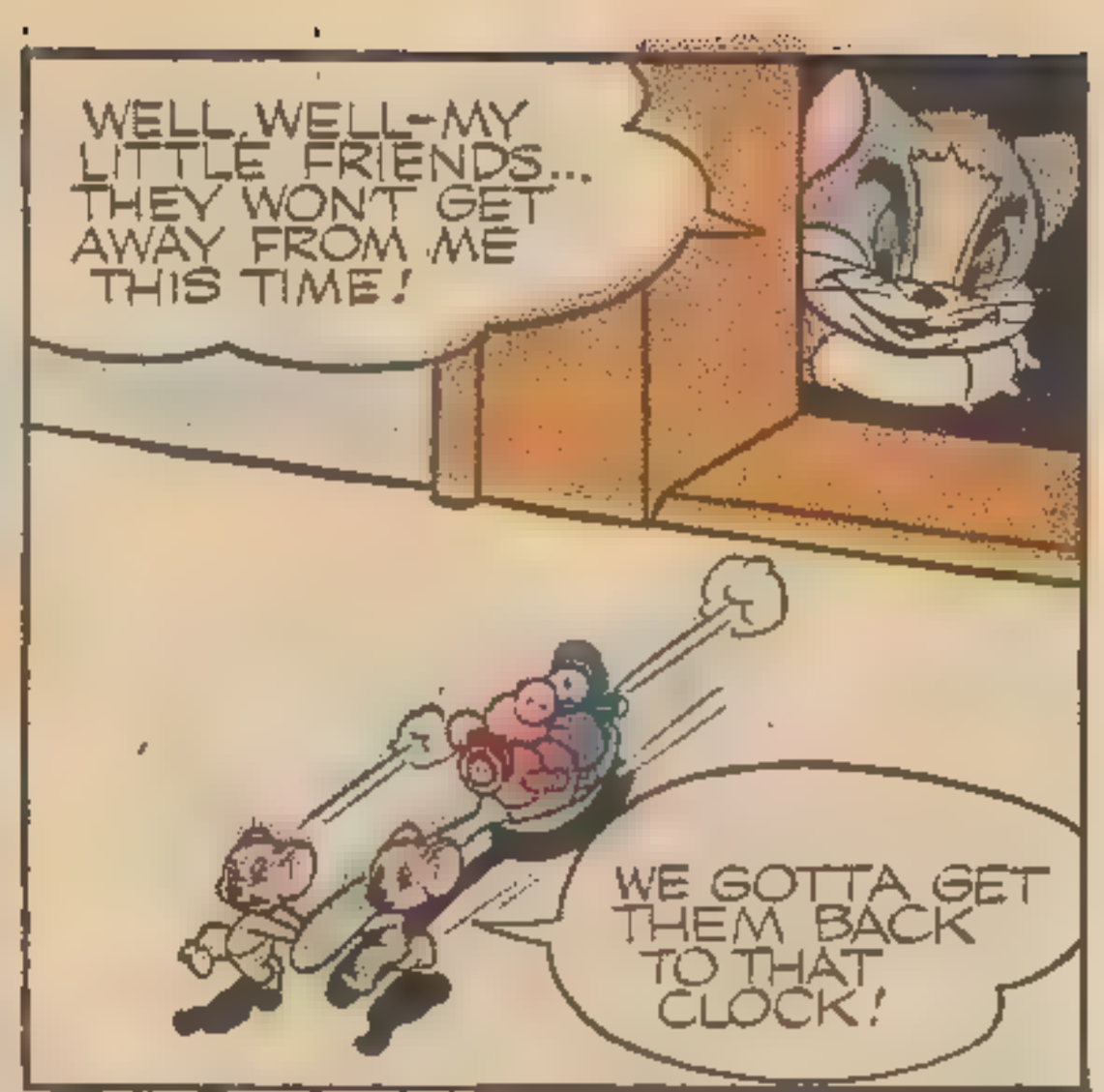

LET'S GO! THE PANTRY'S OVER THIS WAY!

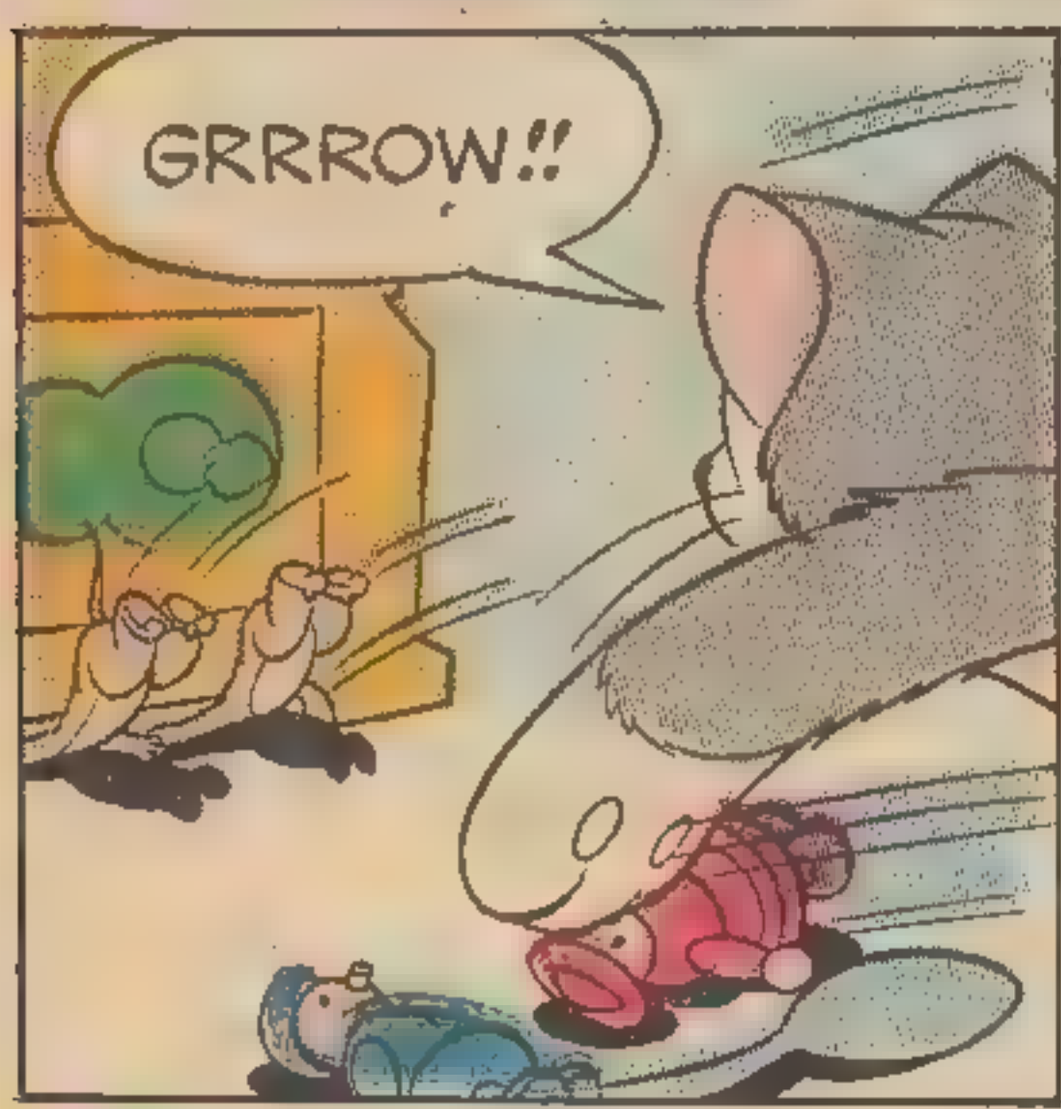
HERE WE ARE... JAM, COOKIES, CHEESE, EVERYTHING!

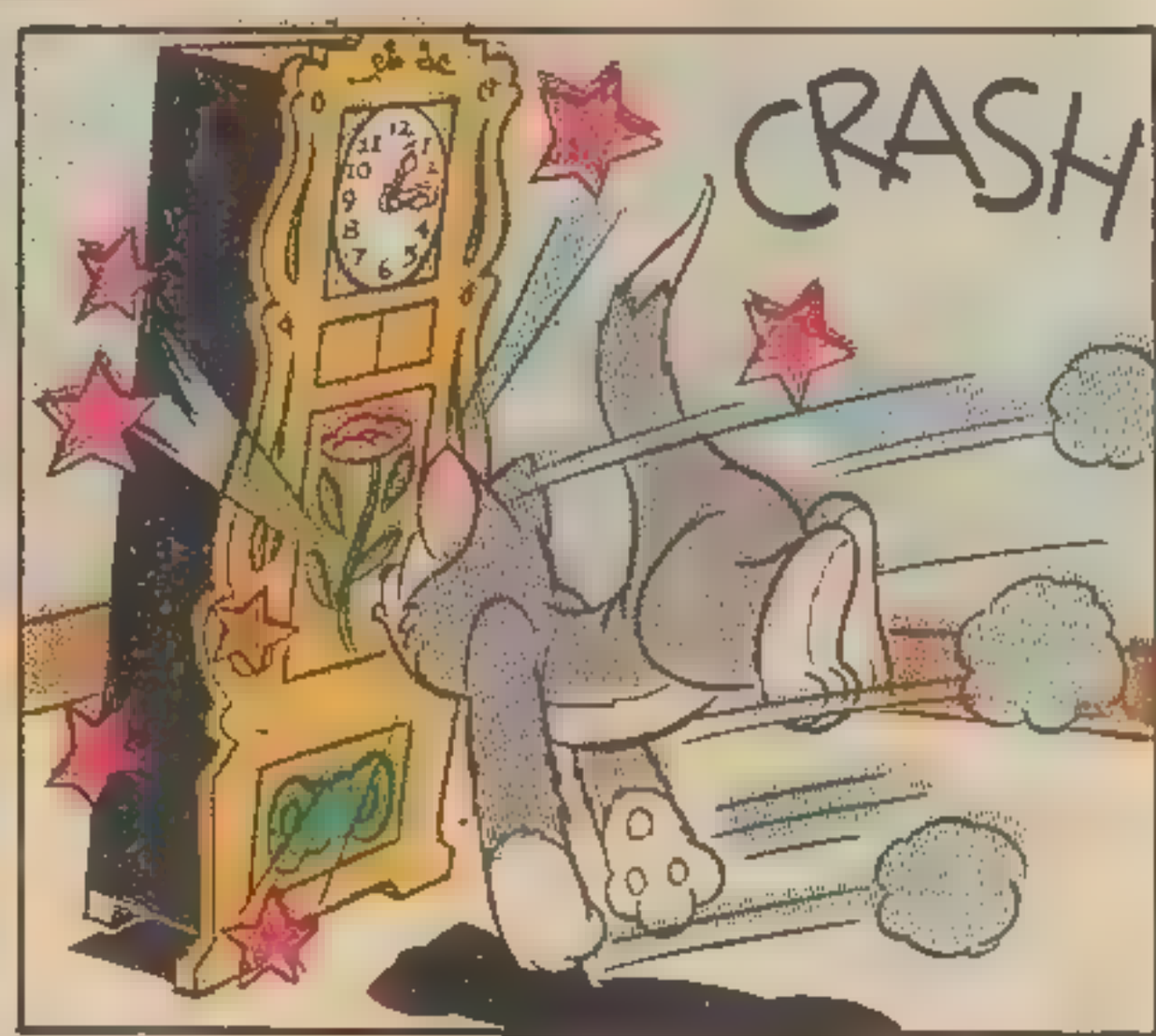

YUM, YUM!
JAM

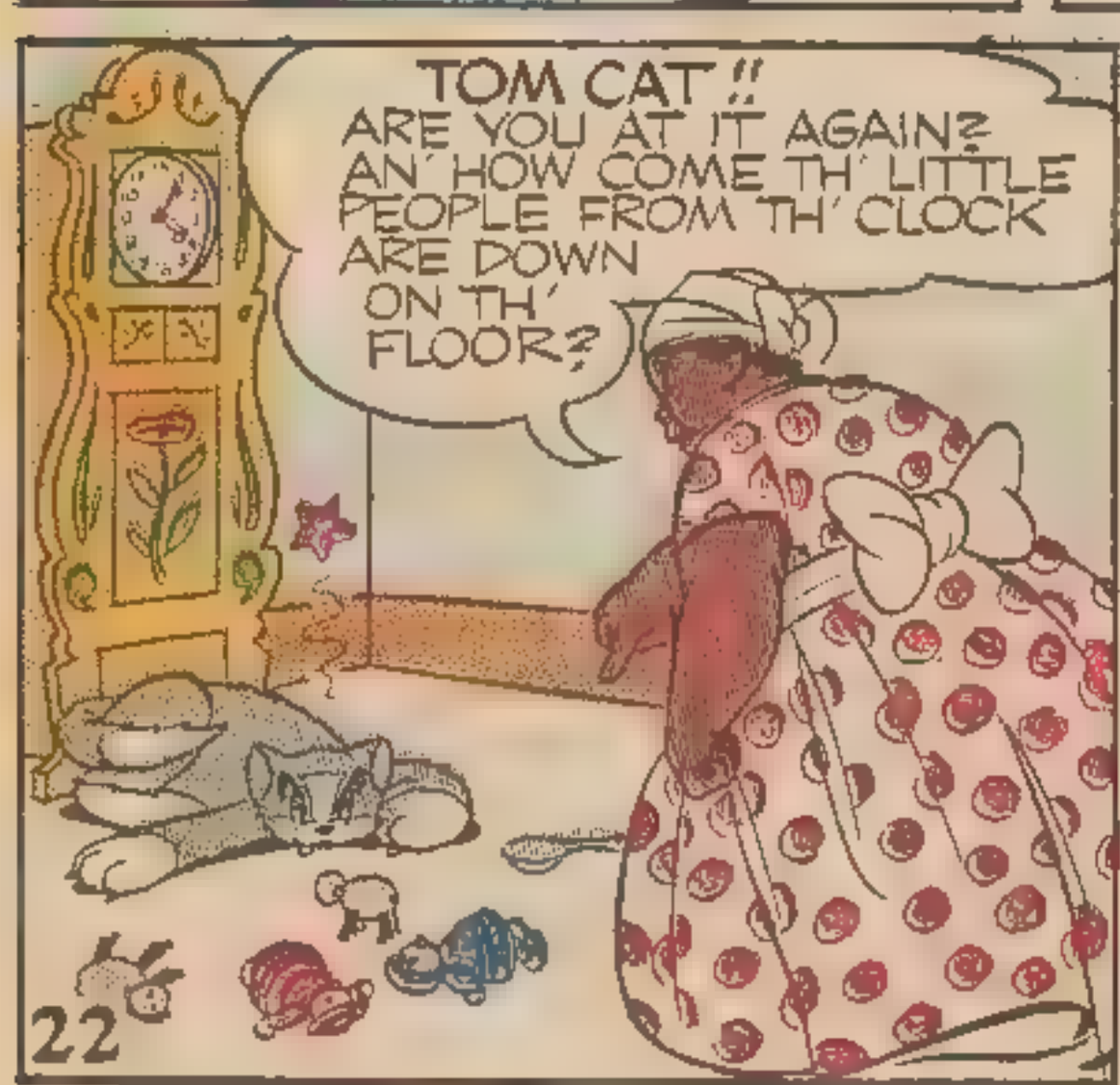

OH-H-H-H DO SOMETHING QUICK! IT MUST BE ONE O'CLOCK BECAUSE WE'RE TURNING BACK INTO WOOD!!
TUFFY! LOOK!
PACIFIERS

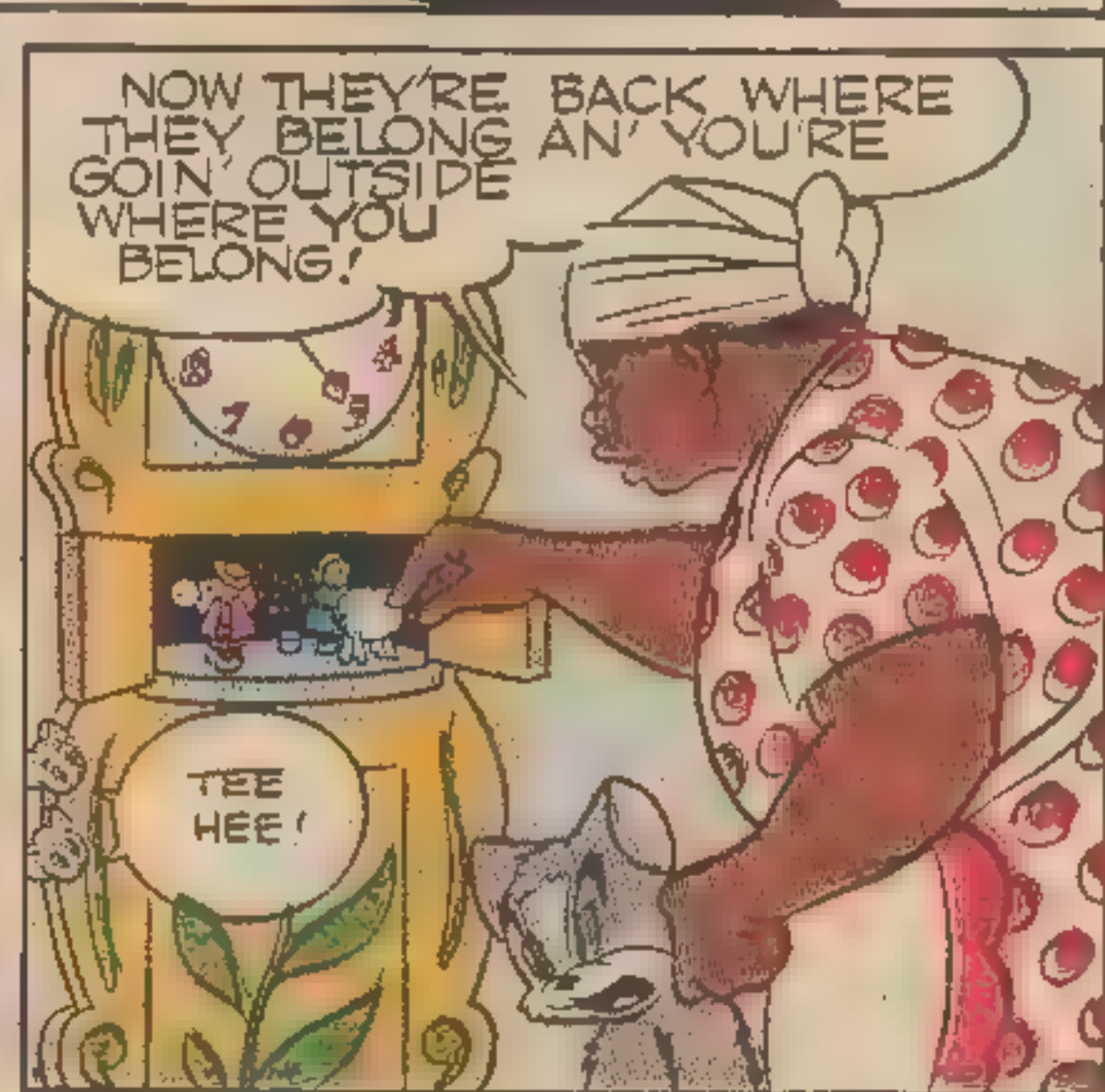

WE'LL JUST PILE 'EM UP ON THIS SPOON AN' DRAG IT OVER TO THE CLOCK!


WELL, WELL-MY LITTLE FRIENDS... THEY WON'T GET AWAY FROM ME THIS TIME!
WE GOTTA GET THEM BACK TO THAT CLOCK!


GRRROW!!


CRASH


TOM CAT!! ARE YOU AT IT AGAIN? AN' HOW COME TH' LITTLE PEOPLE FROM TH' CLOCK ARE DOWN ON TH' FLOOR?


NOW THEY'RE BACK WHERE THEY BELONG AN' YOU'RE GOIN' OUTSIDE WHERE YOU BELONG!
TEE HEE!

Flip and Dip

No letters today—just the **Jungle Times** and a couple of magazines.

Ooh, looky, Dip! Here's the **First Aid** book we sent for.

Copr 1943 by OSKAR LEBECK

Pa! Here's your paper!

Ma! Your "Foolish Fashions Magazine" has come!

Aha! The Gorillas beat the Chimps in the ninth inning.

Oh, aren't the new hats ducky!

Let's look at our book now, Dip.

Tee-hee! See the funny pictures!

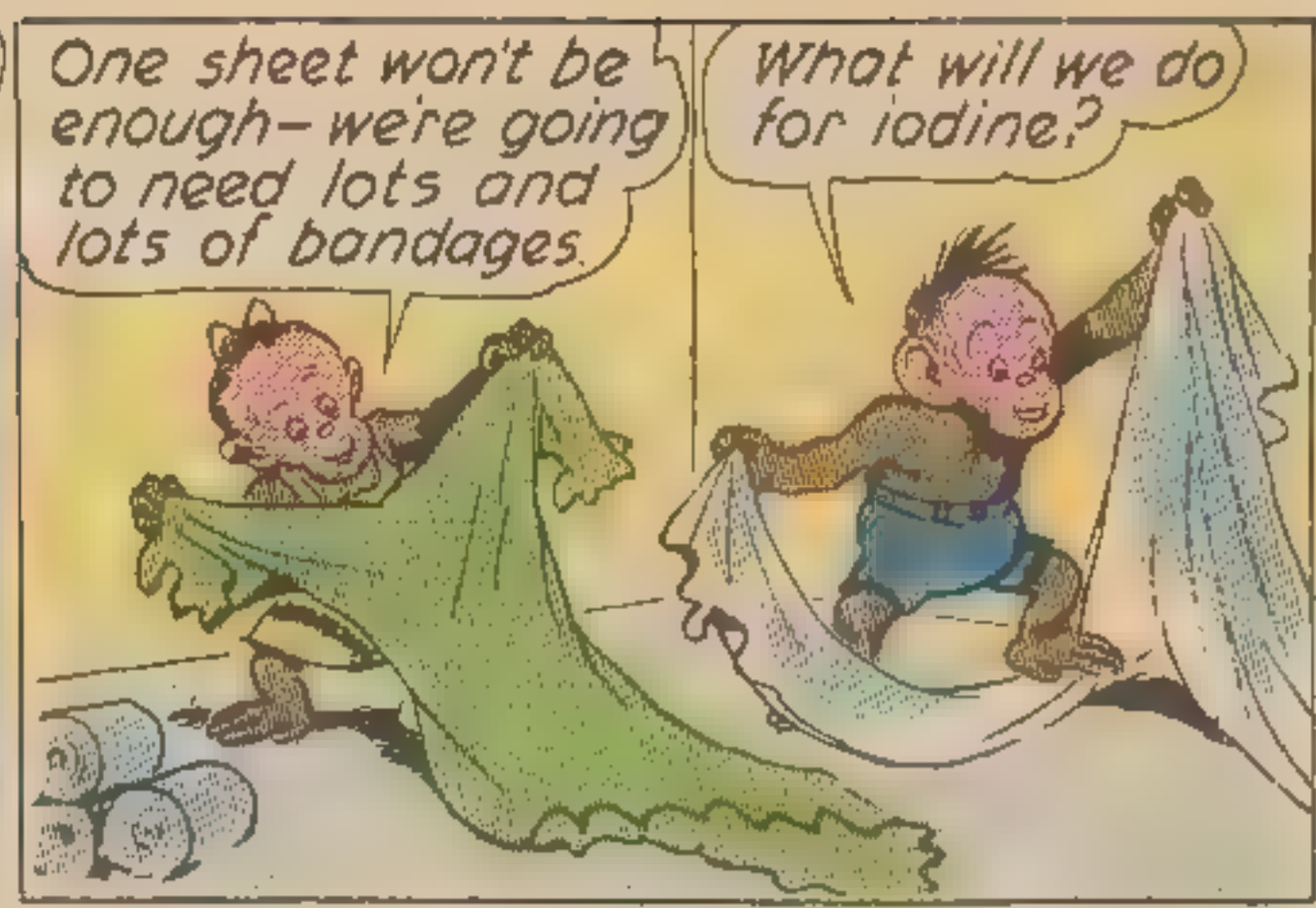
You'd look just as funny if you were tied up like that.

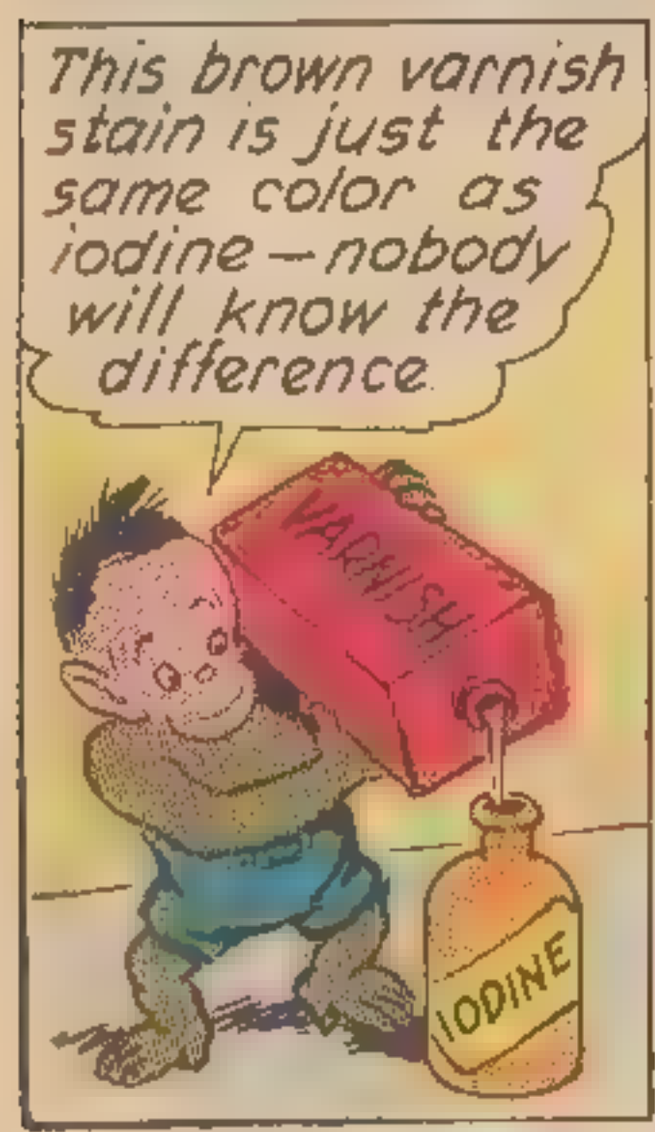
If you have no gauze just tear up a shirt or a sheet for bandages

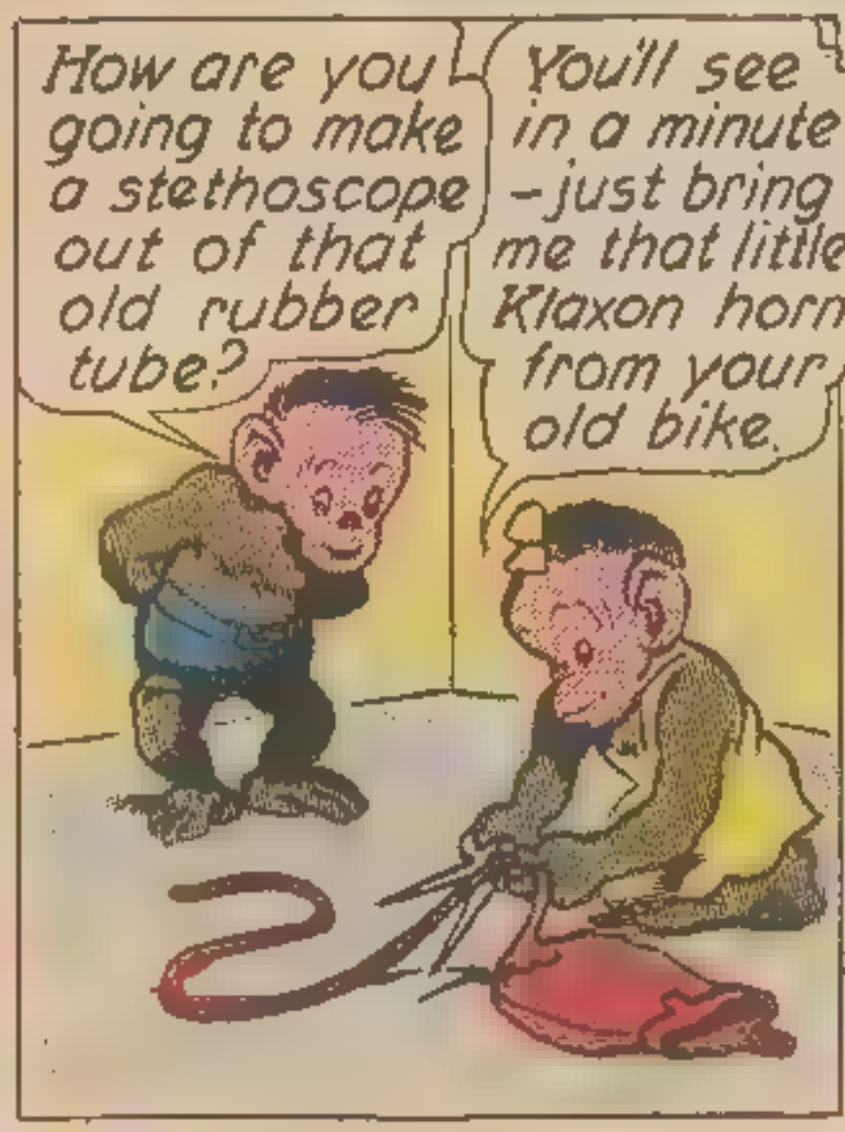
That's a great idea, Flip—Ma has lots of sheets in the closet.

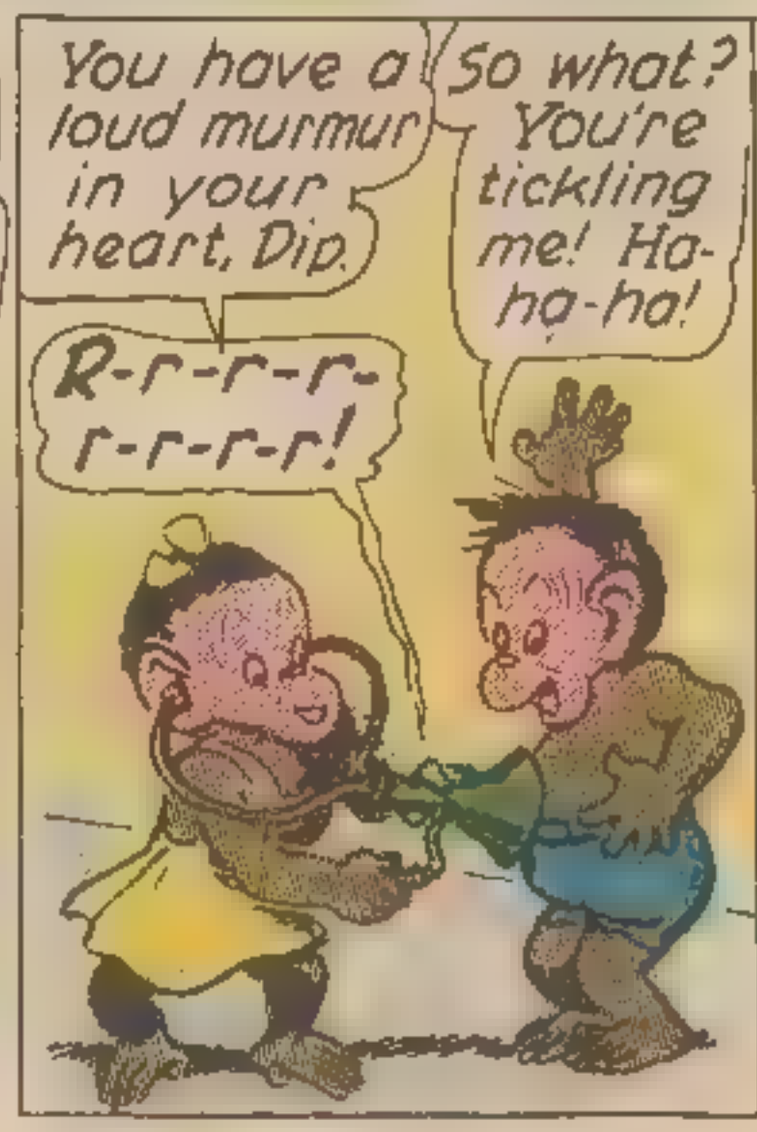
And I know where she keeps Pa's shirts!

Here's Ma's best nightgown–it would make prettier bandages than an old shirt.

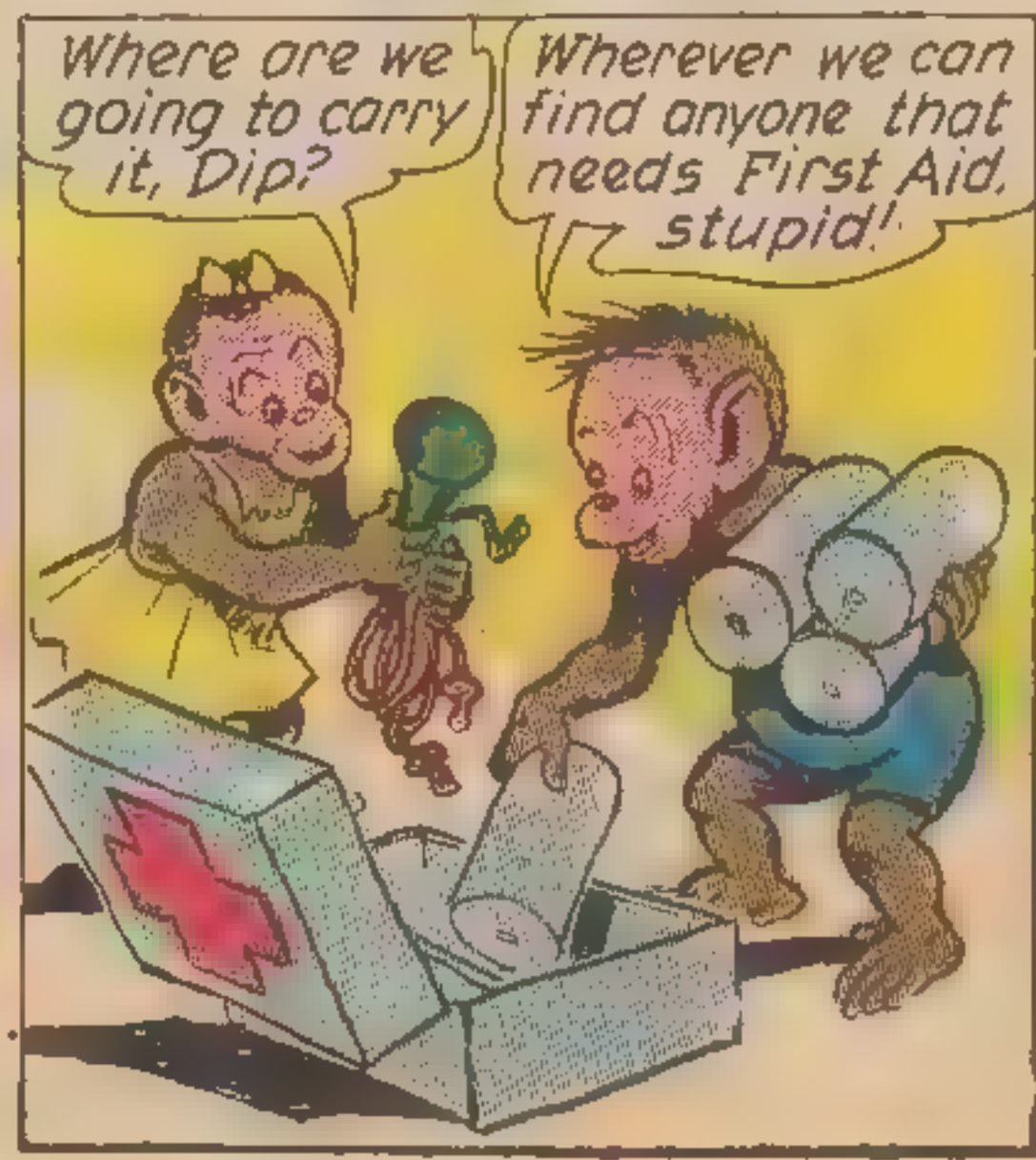

One sheet won't be enough– we're going to need lots and lots of bandages.
What will we do for iodine?

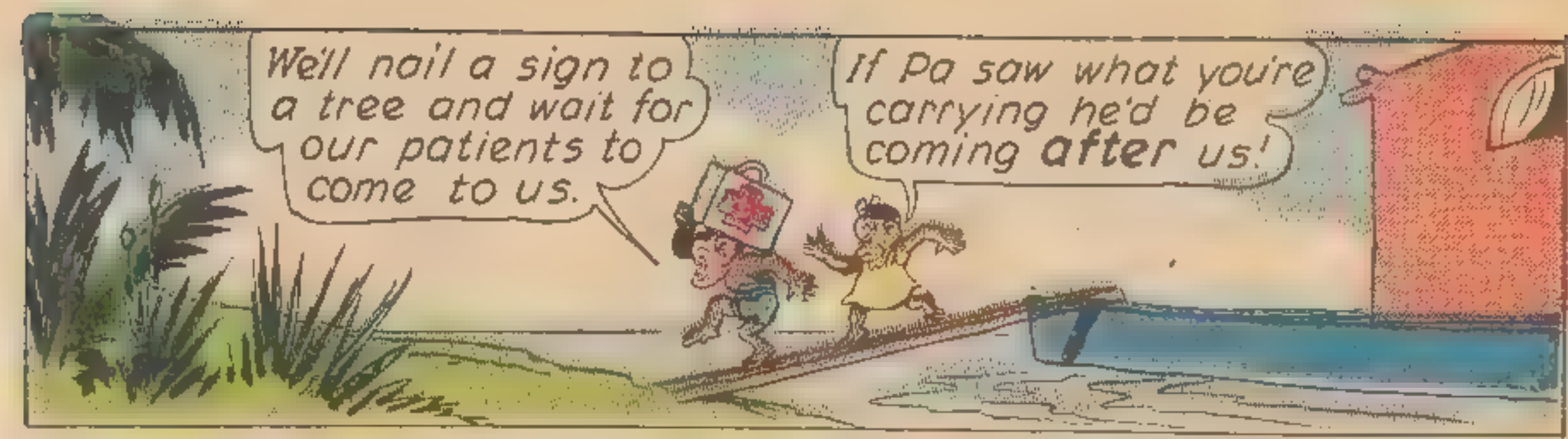

This brown varnish stain is just the same color as iodine—nobody will know the difference.
VARNISH
IODINE


How are you going to make a stethoscope out of that old rubber tube?
You'll see in a minute –just bring me that little Klaxon horn from your old bike.


You have a loud murmur in your heart, Dip.
So what? You're tickling me! Ha-ha-ha!
R-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!

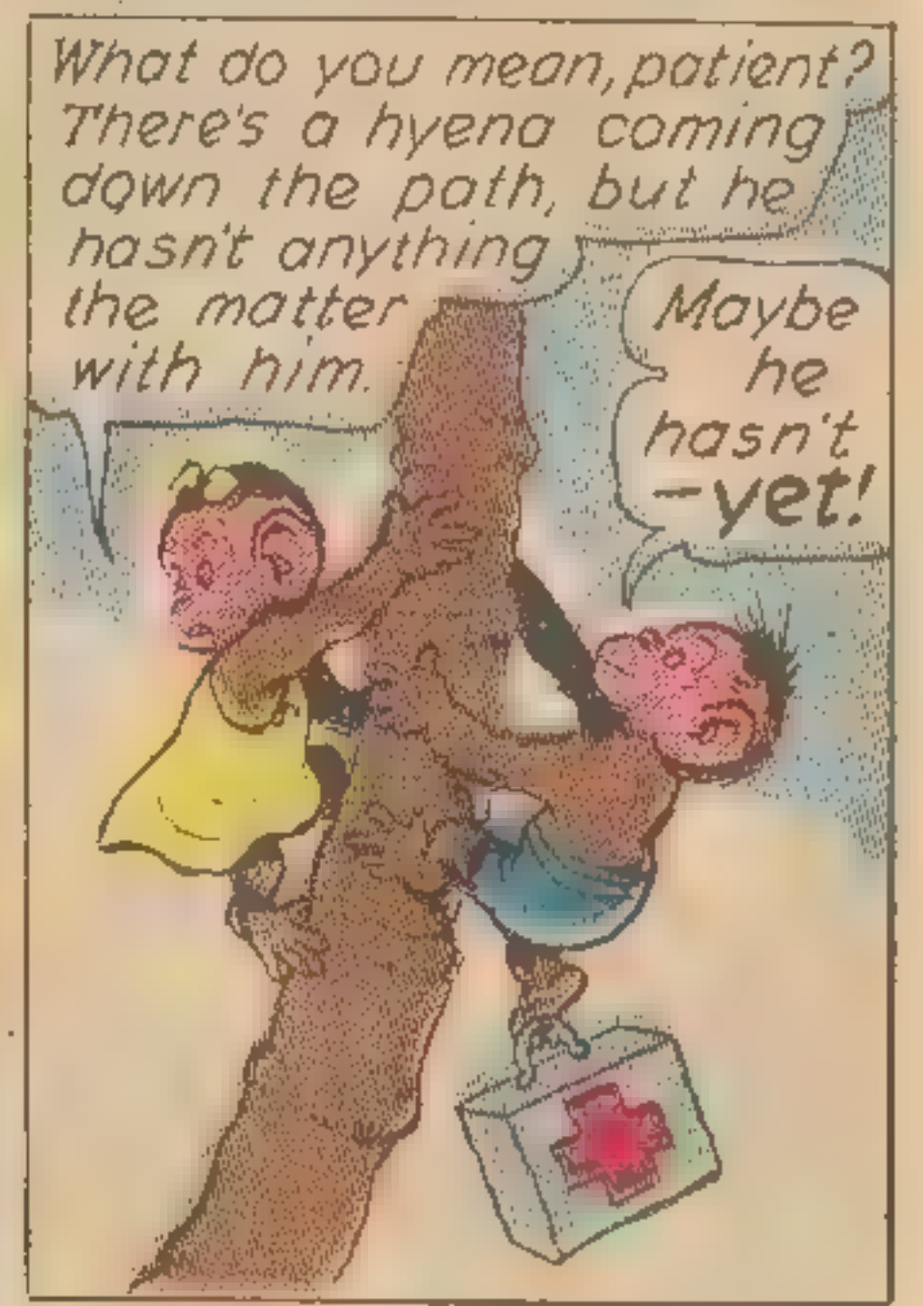
Say! Pa will be awful mad if he catches you—that's his new traveling case!
I know-but we have to carry our outfit in something.


Where are we going to carry it, Dip?
Wherever we can find anyone that needs First Aid, stupid!


We'll nail a sign to a tree and wait for our patients to come to us.
If Pa saw what you're carrying he'd be coming **after** us!

Say, this waiting isn't any fun, Flip—nobody has even seen our sign.
If we don't get somebody to practice on pretty soon, we might as well give up.
FIRST AID

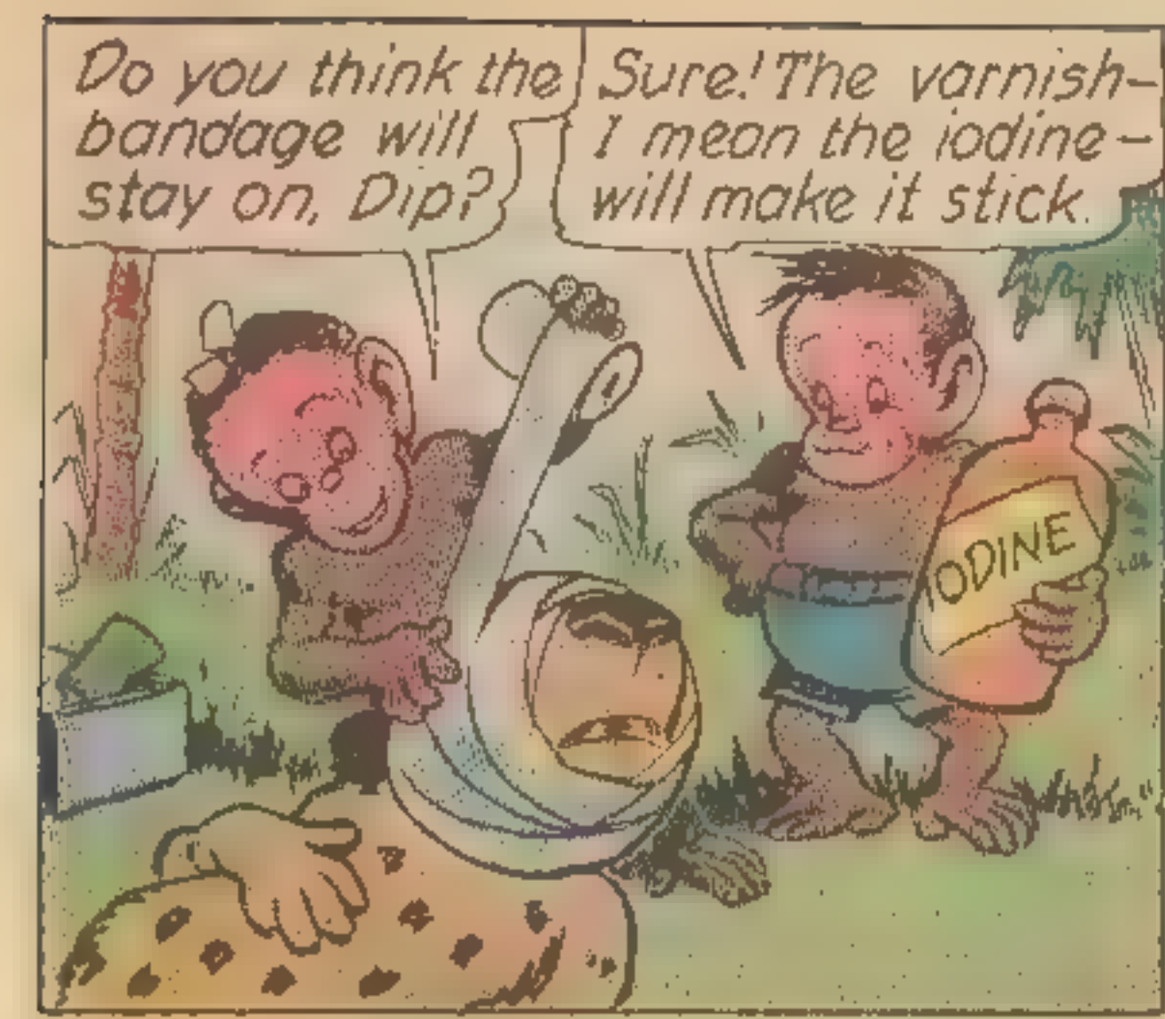
Wait! Here comes our first patient.


What do you mean, patient? There's a hyena coming down the path, but he hasn't anything the matter with him.
Maybe he hasn't —yet!

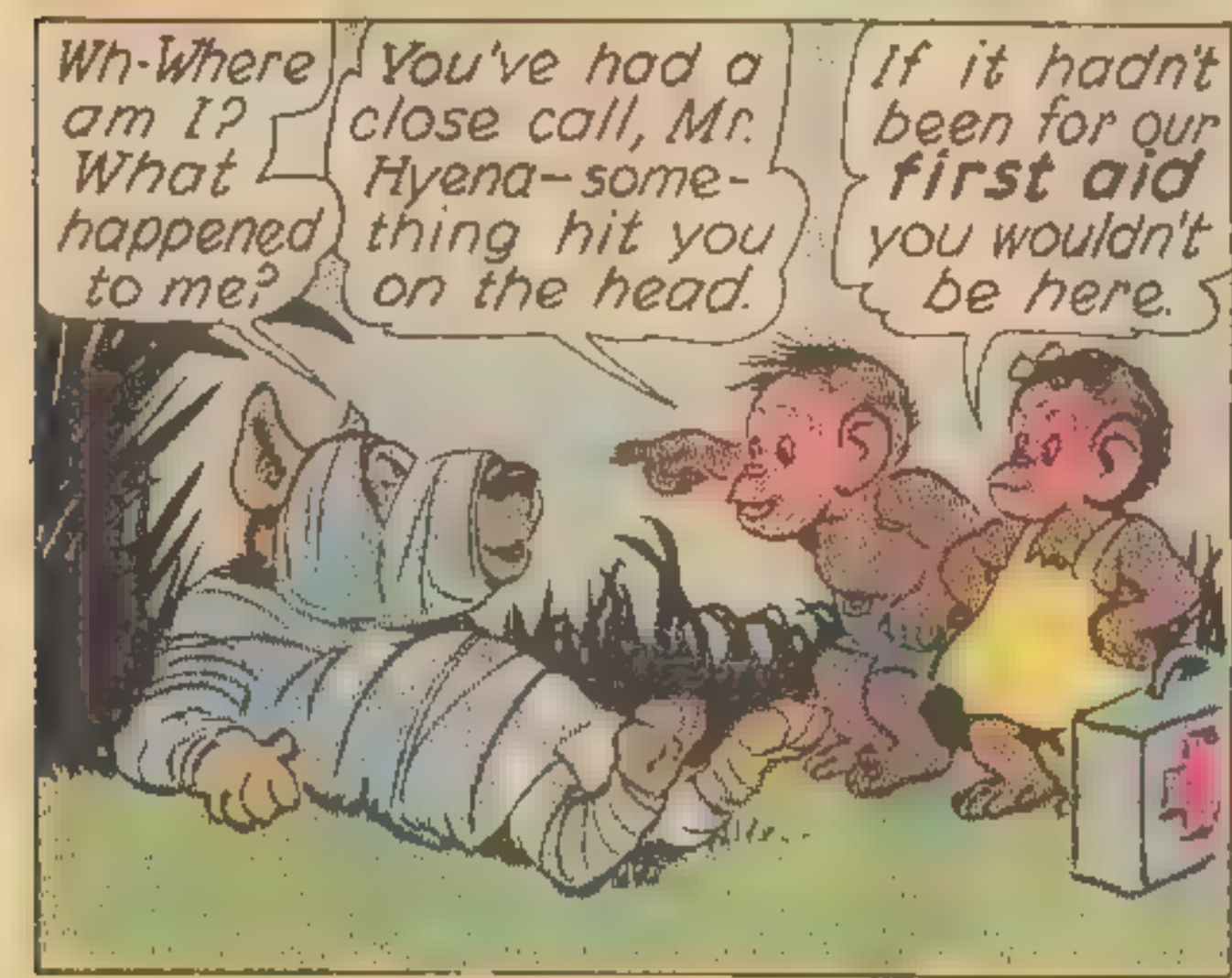
Ha-ha-ho-ho-ho! That's the funniest thing I've seen—what's a First Aid sign doing here?
FIRST AID

PLUNK

Swell shot, Dip! We'll bandage him up before he wakes.
He'll be a perfect patient—he won't even wiggle!

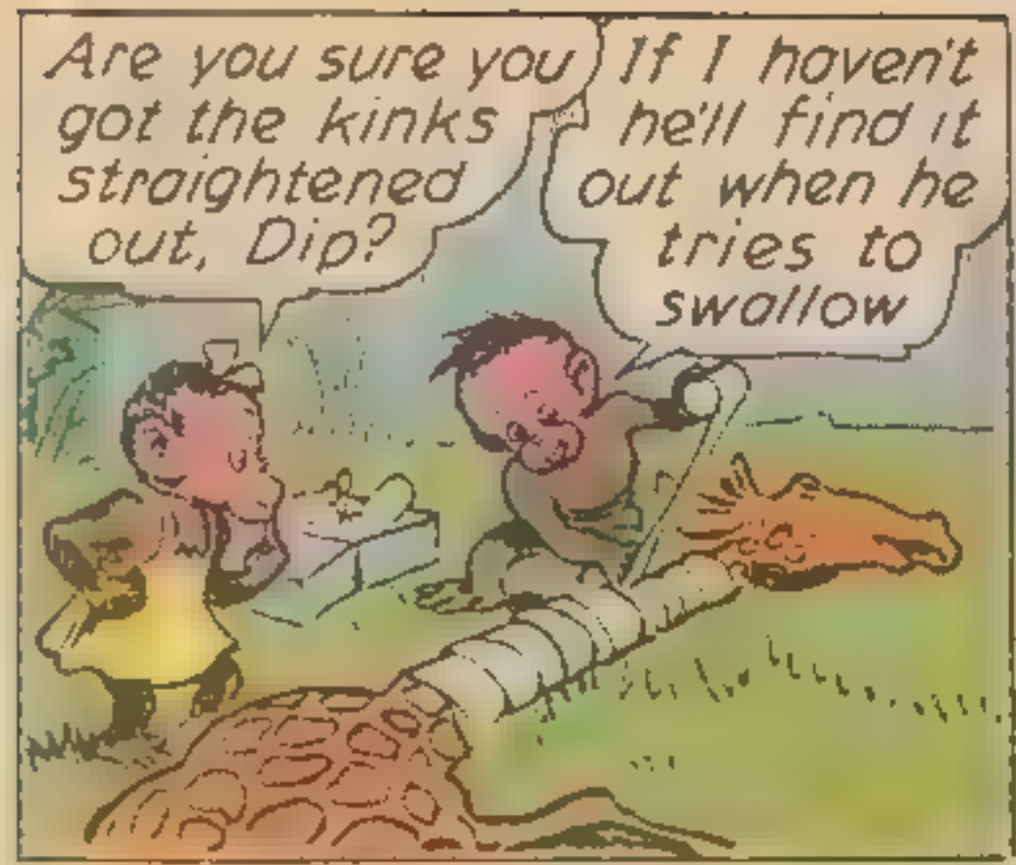

Do you think the bandage will stay on, Dip?
Sure! The varnish– I mean the iodine– will make it stick.
IODINE

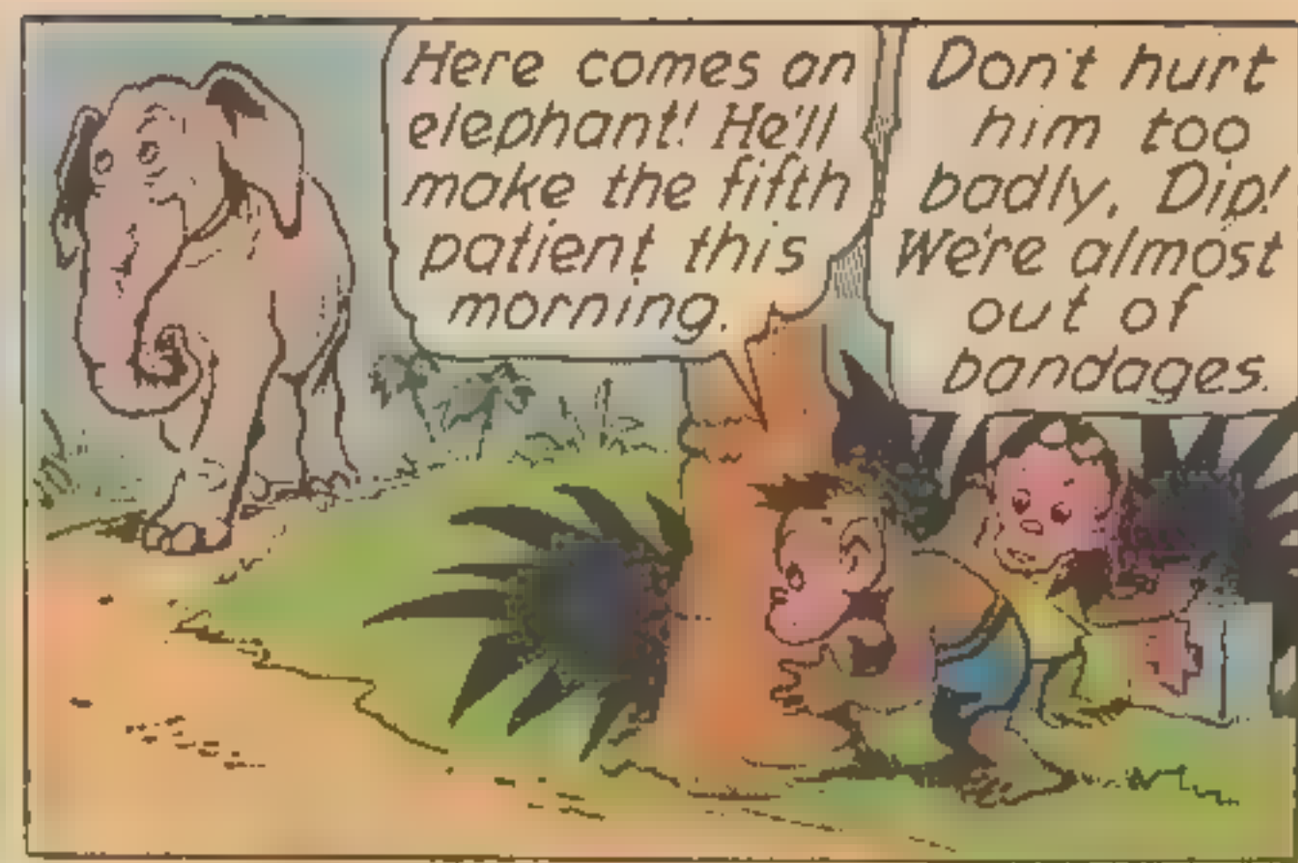
We'll put his tail in splints – just for practice.
He'll think it's broken until he takes the bandage off.

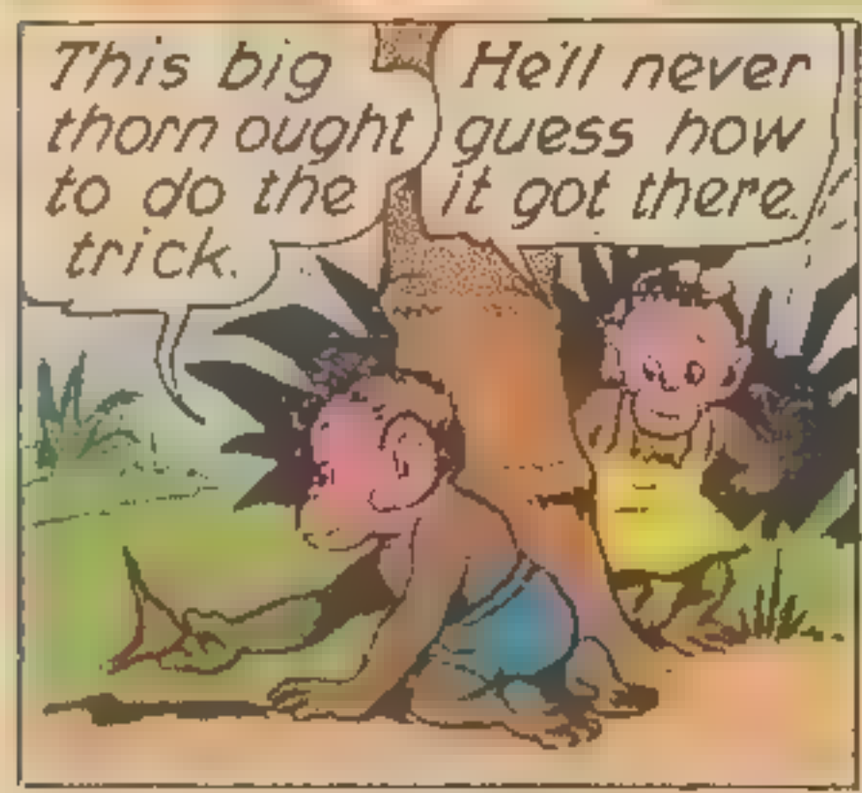

Wh-Where am I? What happened to me?
You've had a close call, Mr. Hyena– something hit you on the head.
If it hadn't been for our **first aid** you wouldn't be here.

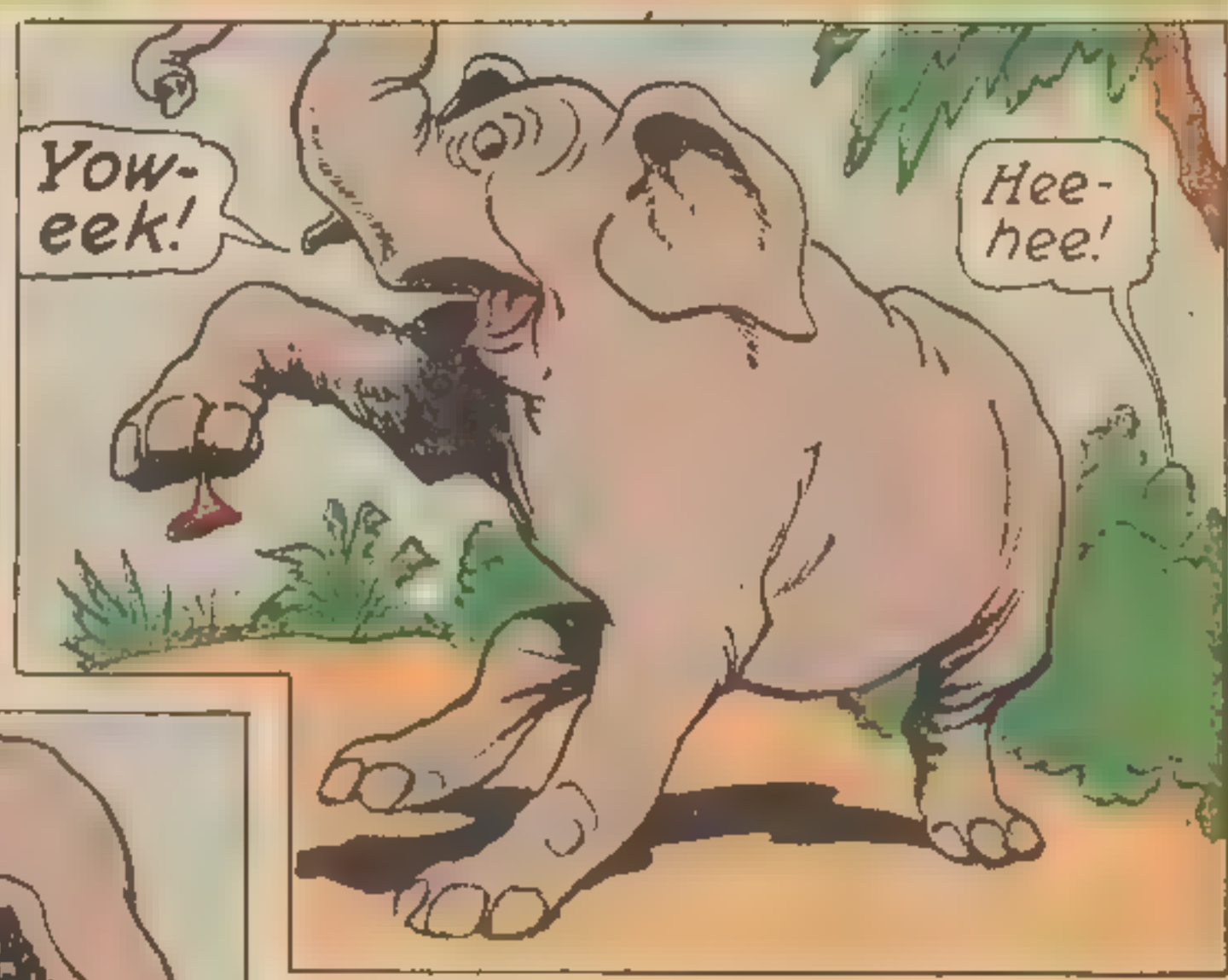
That was a swell job for our first case.
Yeah– if we don't find any accidents we can always make em.

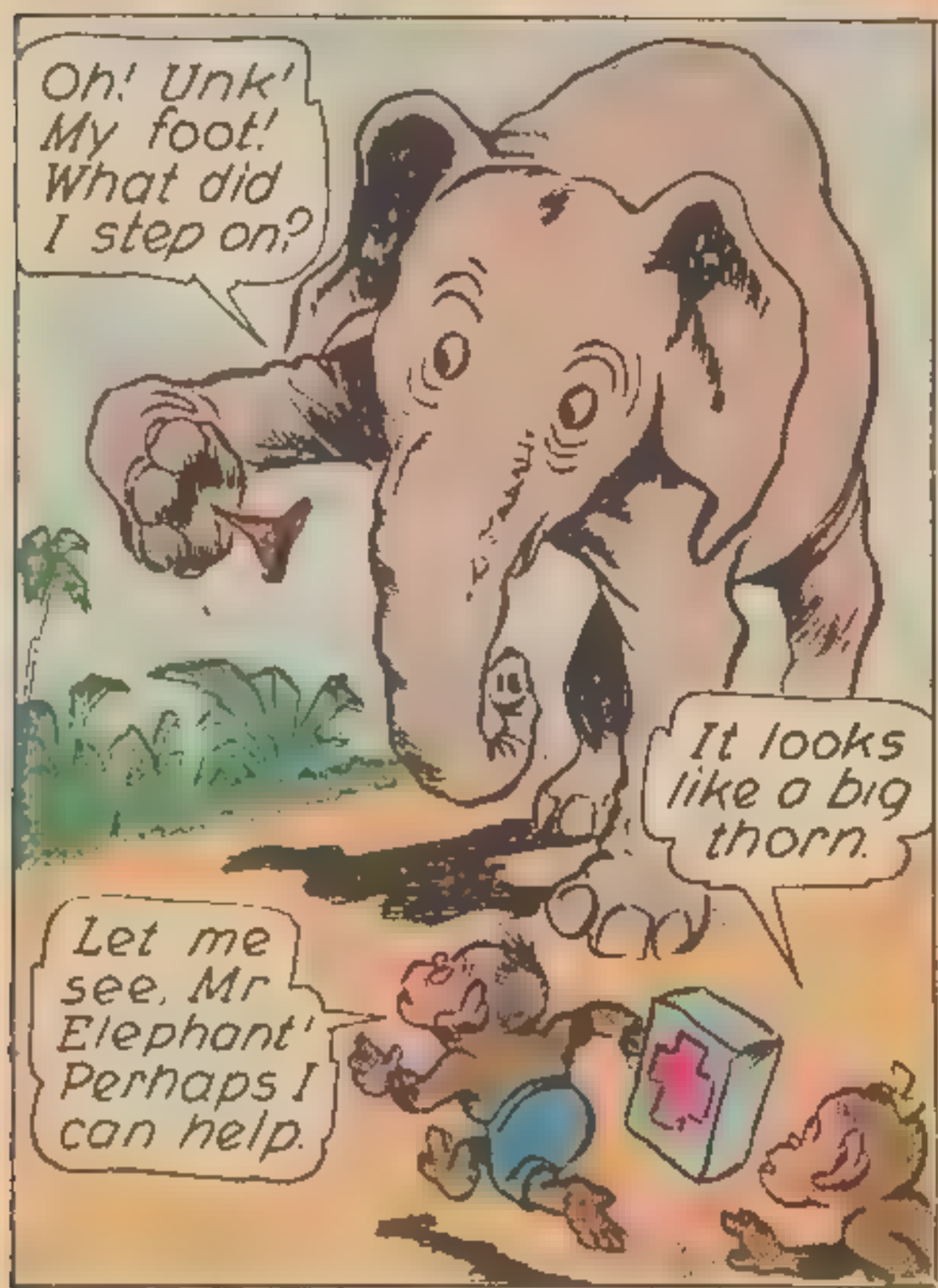
Unk!
Here's case number two with a badly sprained neck.

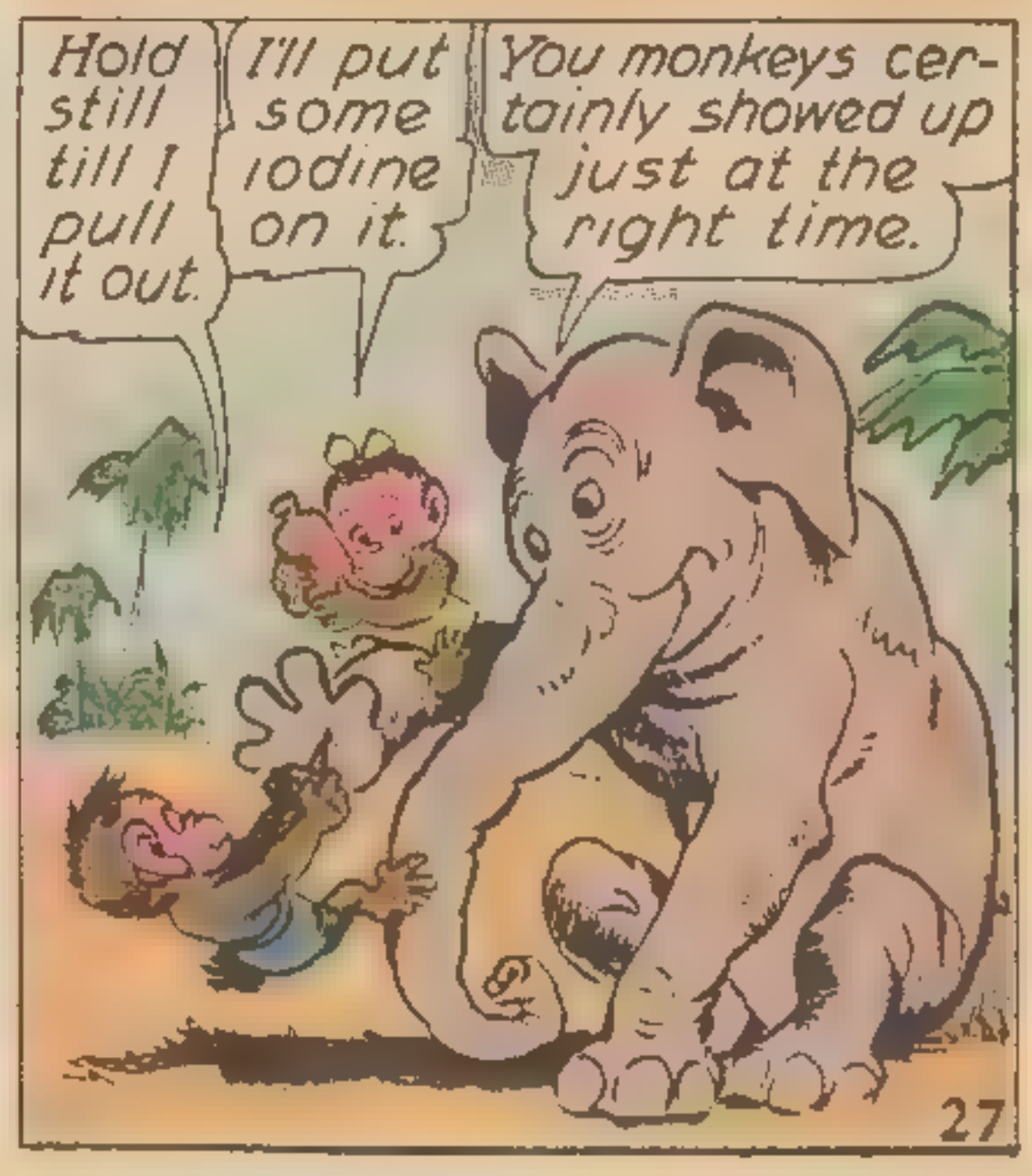

Are you sure you got the kinks straightened out, Dip?
If I haven't he'll find it out when he tries to swallow

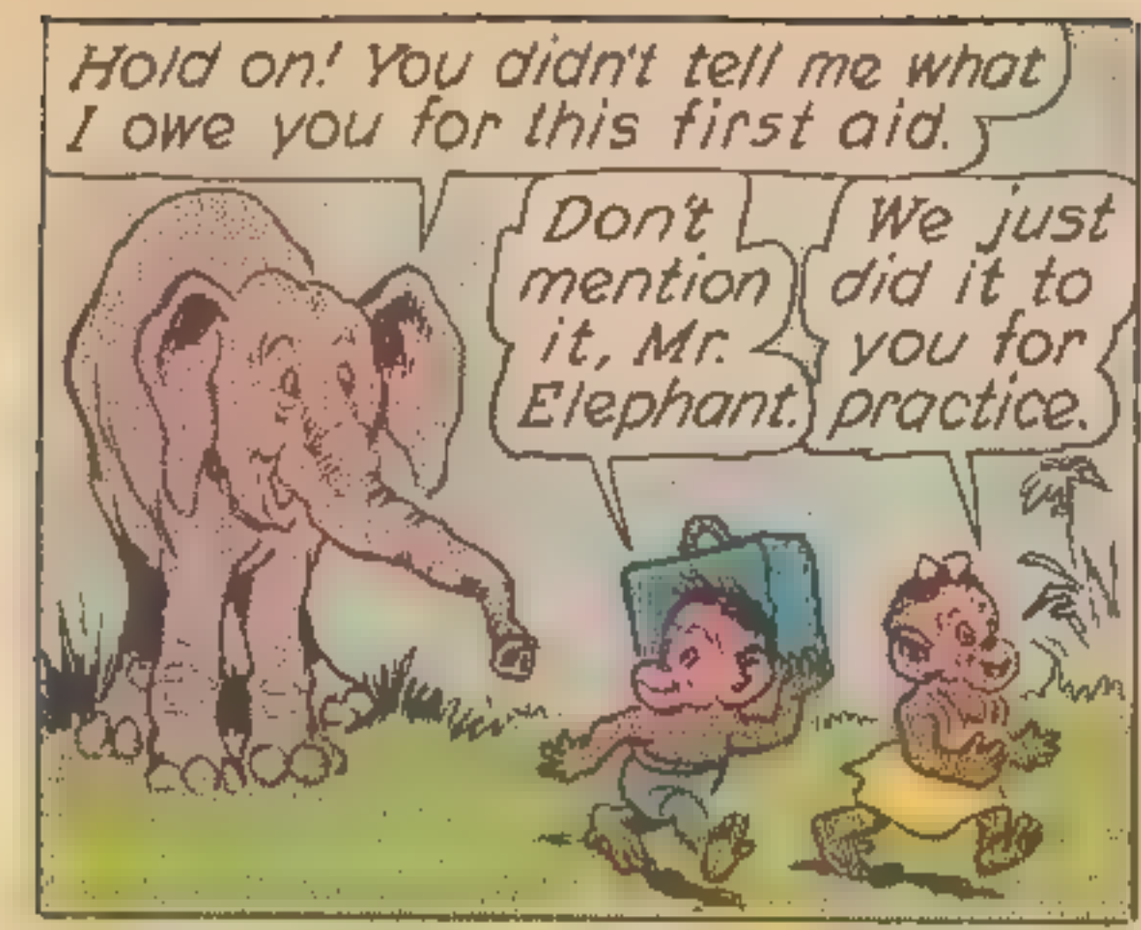

Here comes an elephant! He'll make the fifth patient this morning.
Don't hurt him too badly, Dip! We're almost out of bandages.

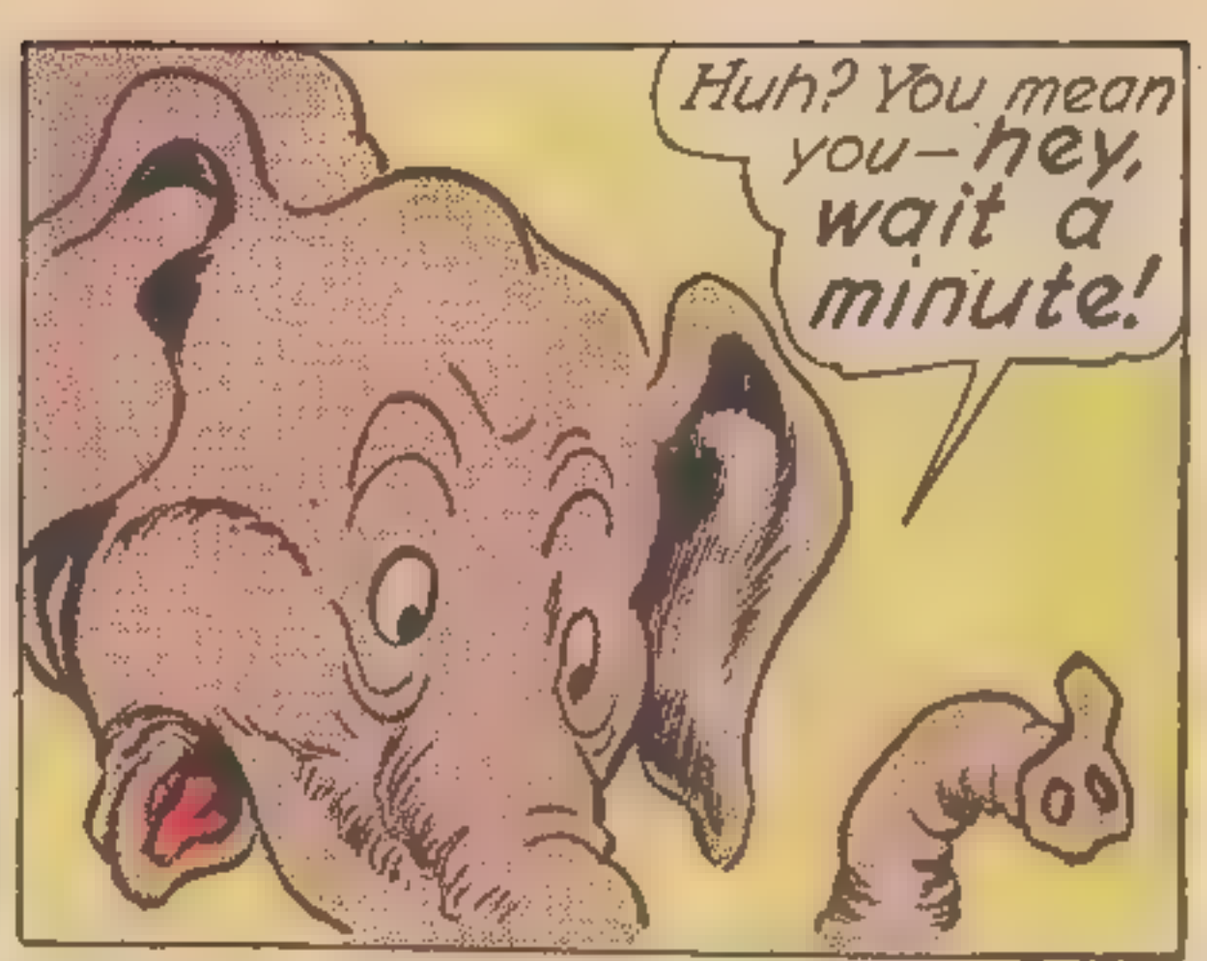

This big thorn ought to do the trick.
He'll never guess how it got there.


Yow-eek!
Hee-hee!

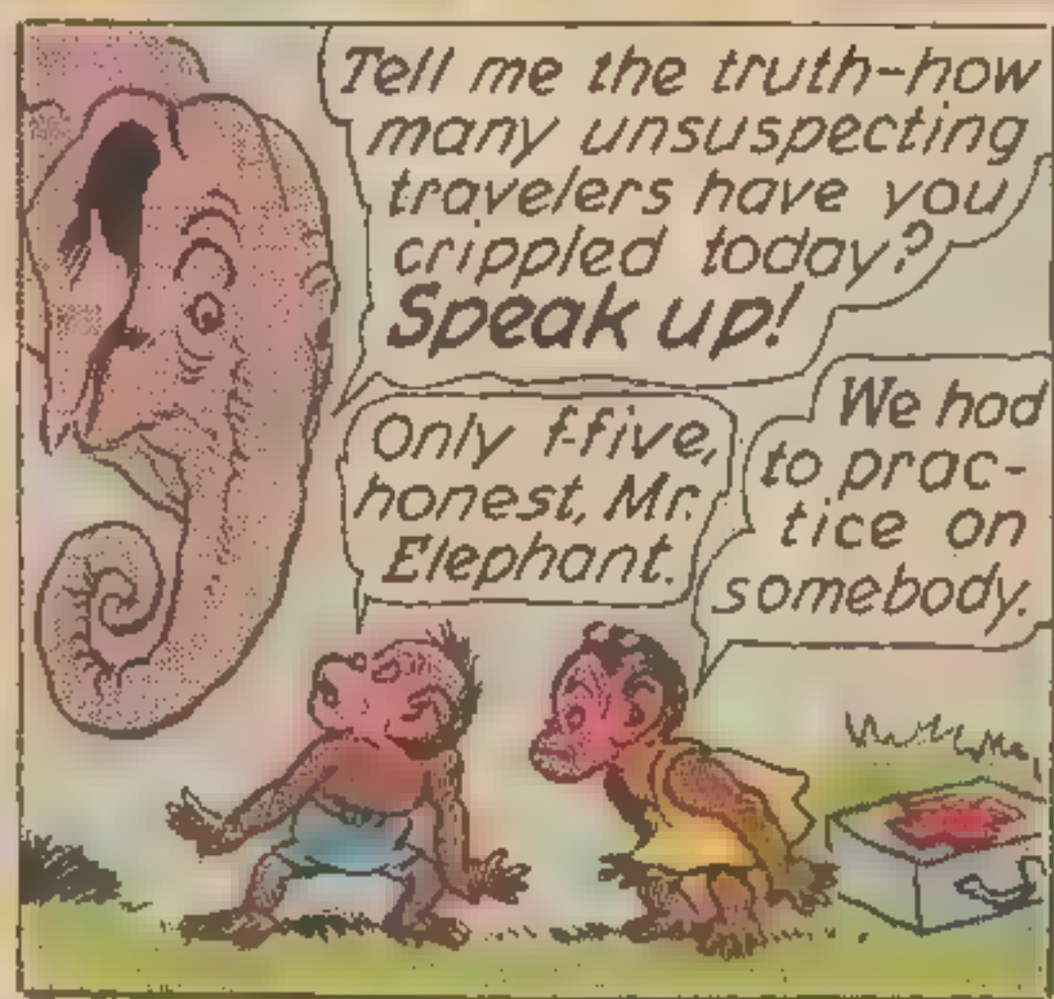

Oh! Unk! My foot! What did I step on?
It looks like a big thorn.
Let me see, Mr Elephant! Perhaps I can help.


Hold still till I pull it out.
I'll put some iodine on it.
You monkeys certainly showed up just at the right time.

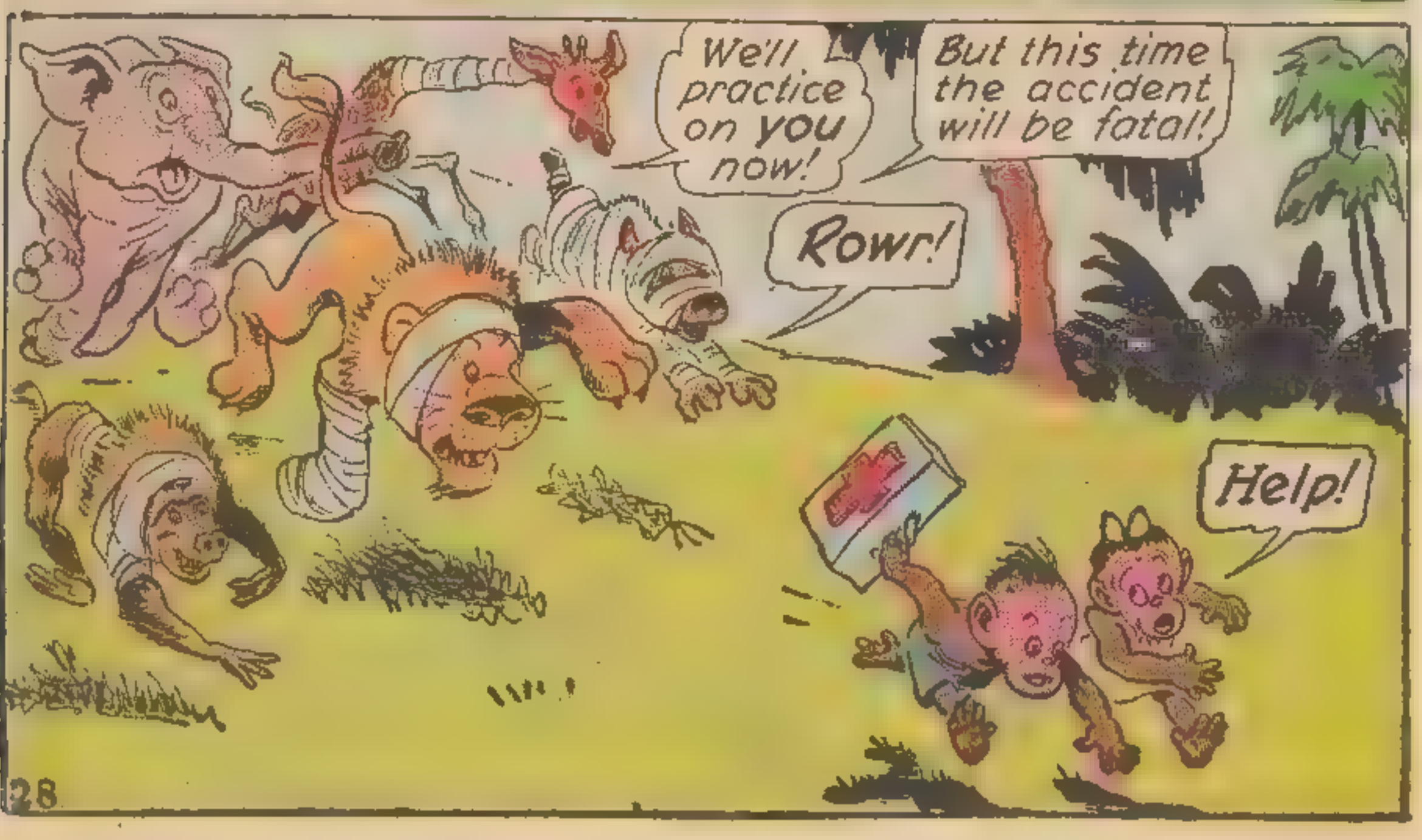

Hold on! You didn't tell me what I owe you for this first aid.
Don't mention it, Mr. Elephant.
We just did it to you for practice.

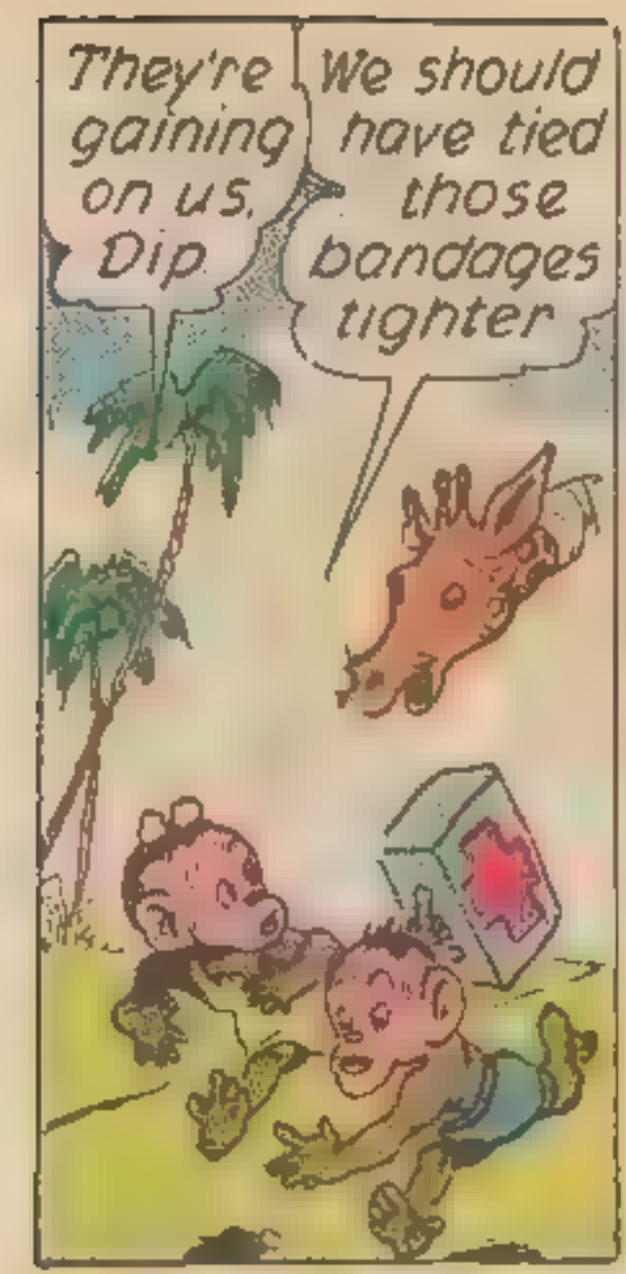

Huh? You mean you—hey, wait a minute!

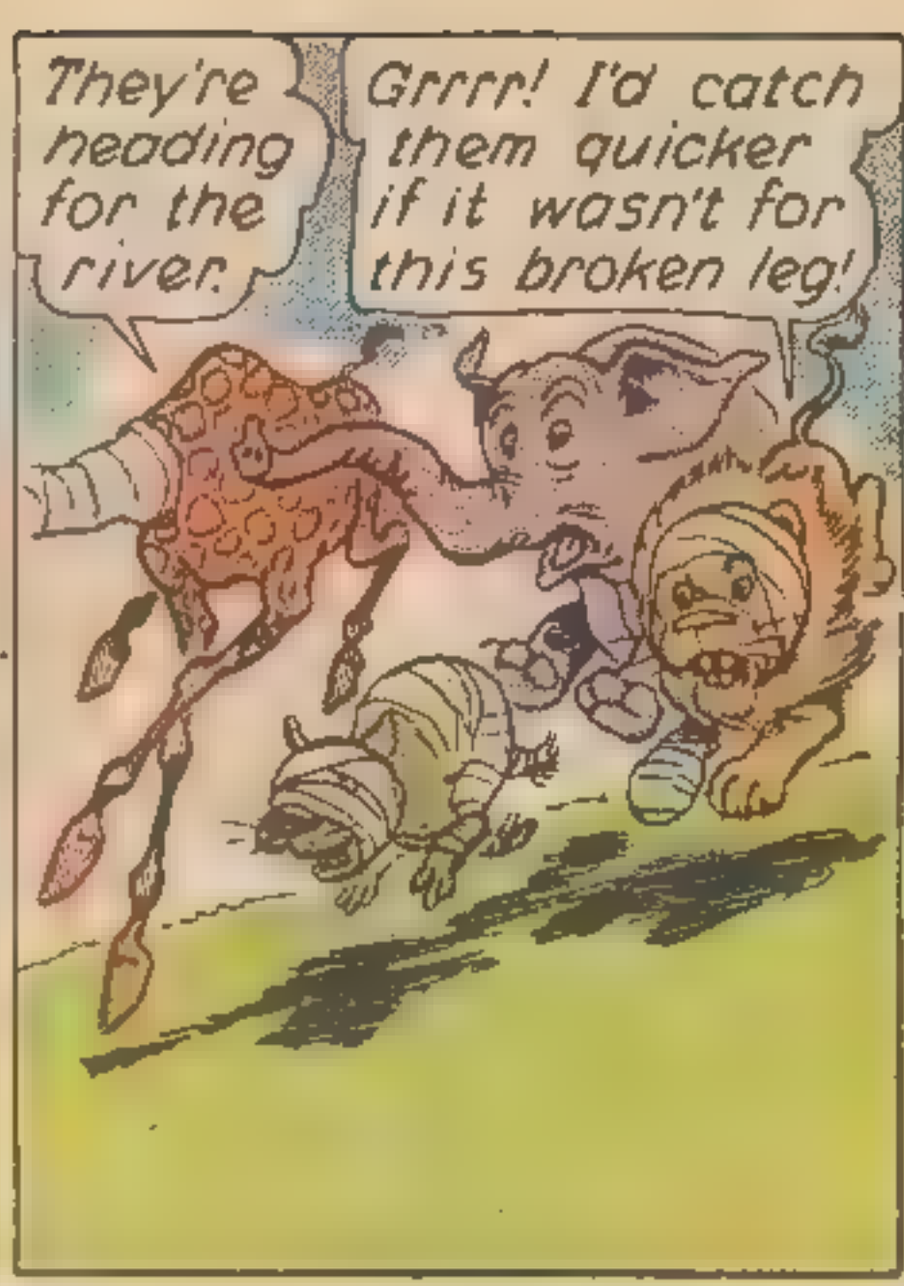
How about that thorn in the path? Maybe you did that to me for practice, too.

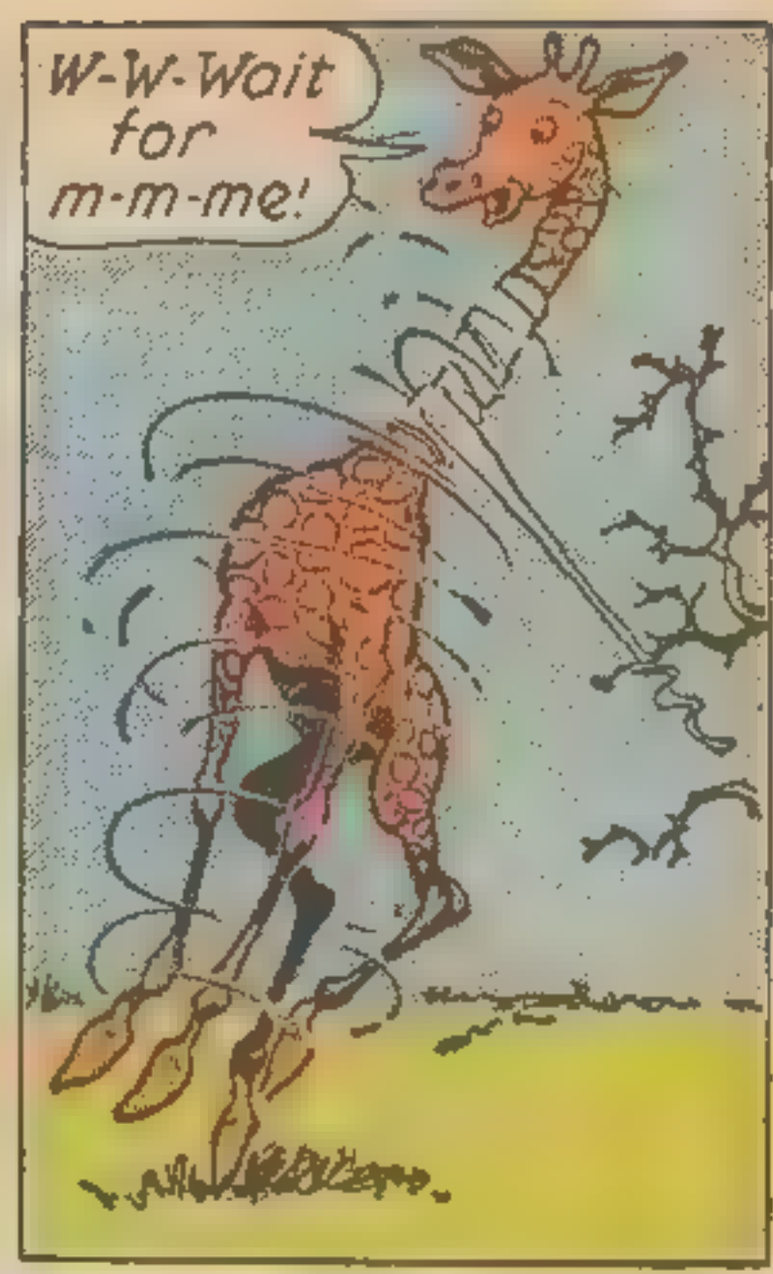

Tell me the truth—how many unsuspecting travelers have you crippled today? Speak up!
Only f-five, honest, Mr. Elephant.
We had to practice on somebody.

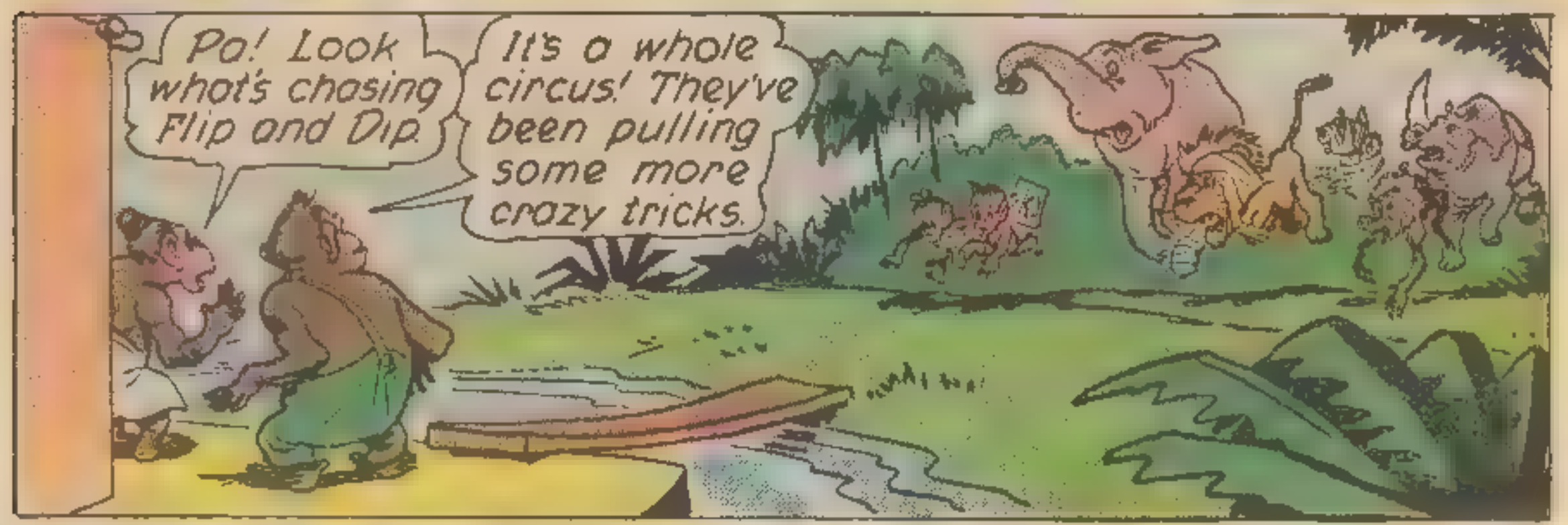
S-s-so!

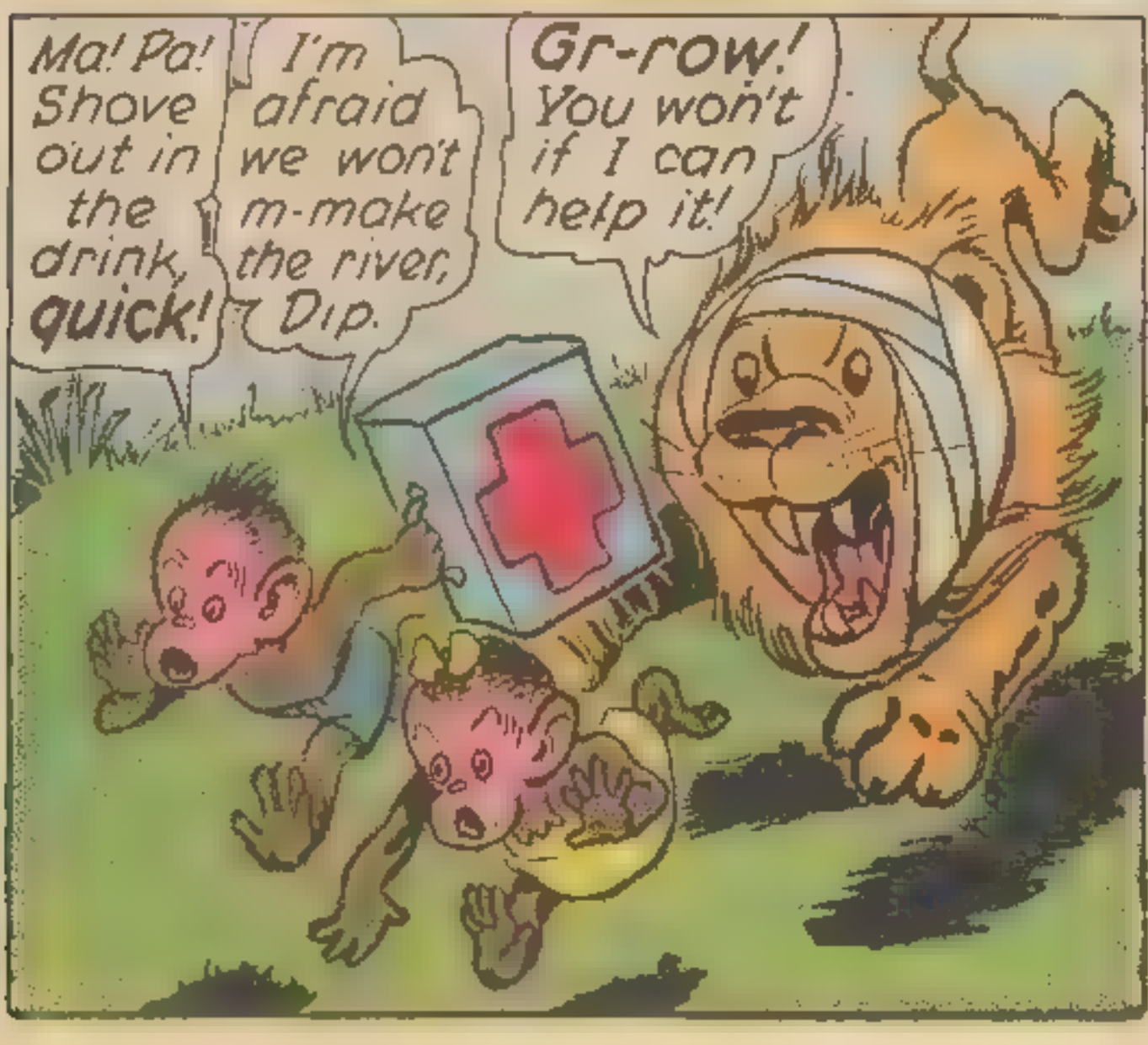

We'll practice on you now!
But this time the accident will be fatal!
Rowr!
Help!


They're gaining on us, Dip.
We should have tied those bandages tighter

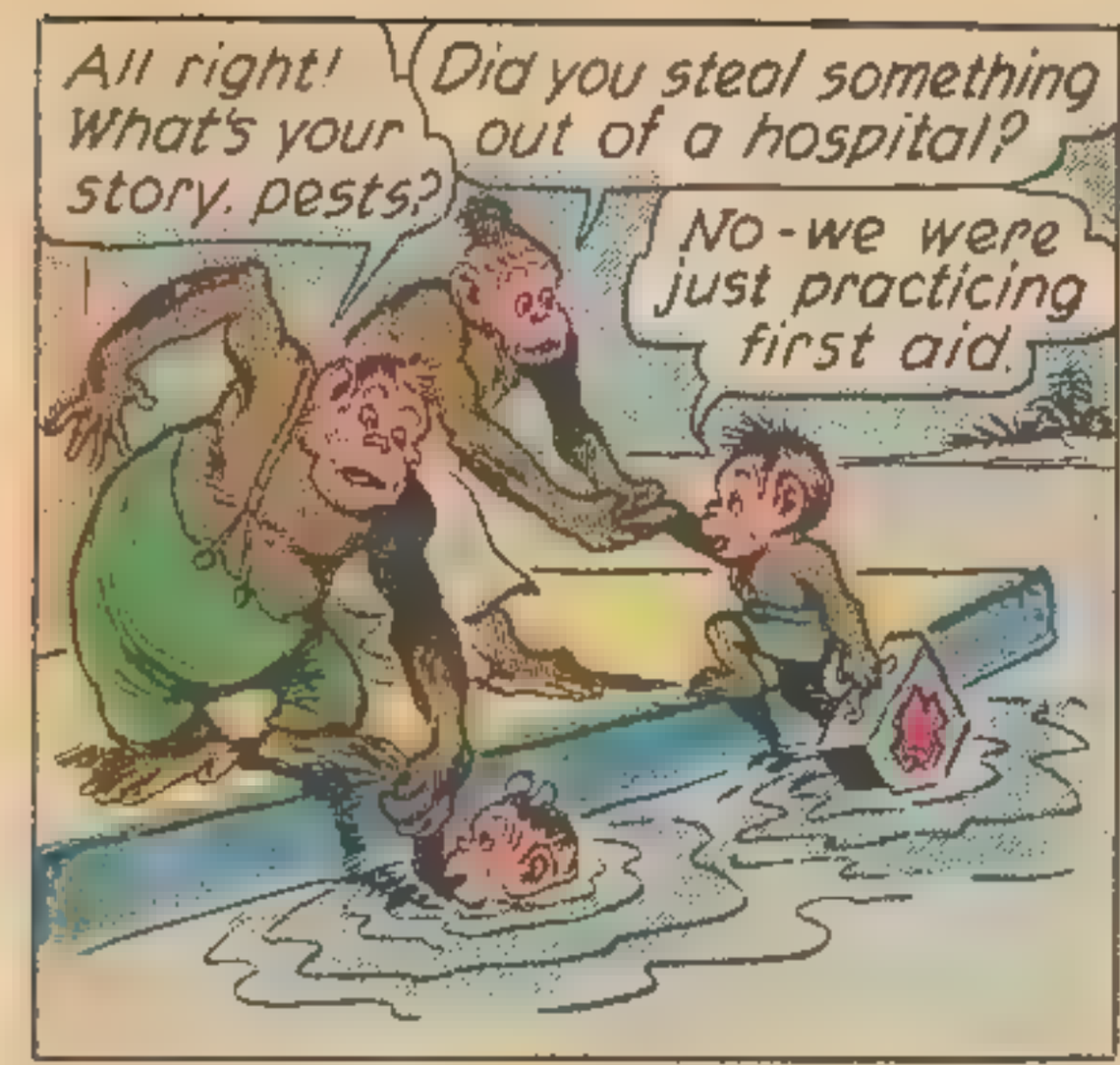

They're heading for the river.
Grrrr! I'd catch them quicker if it wasn't for this broken leg!

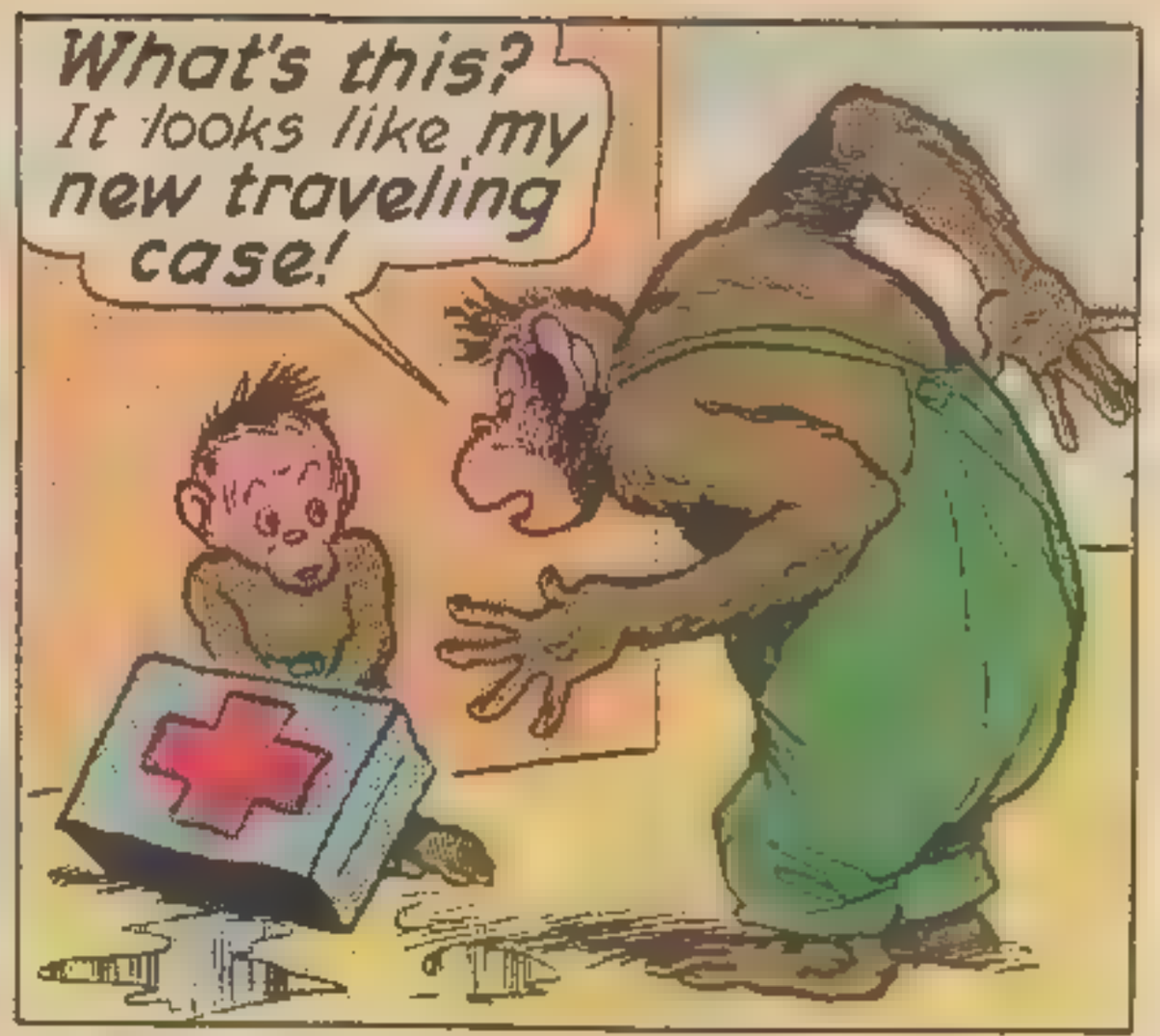

W-W-Wait for m-m-me!

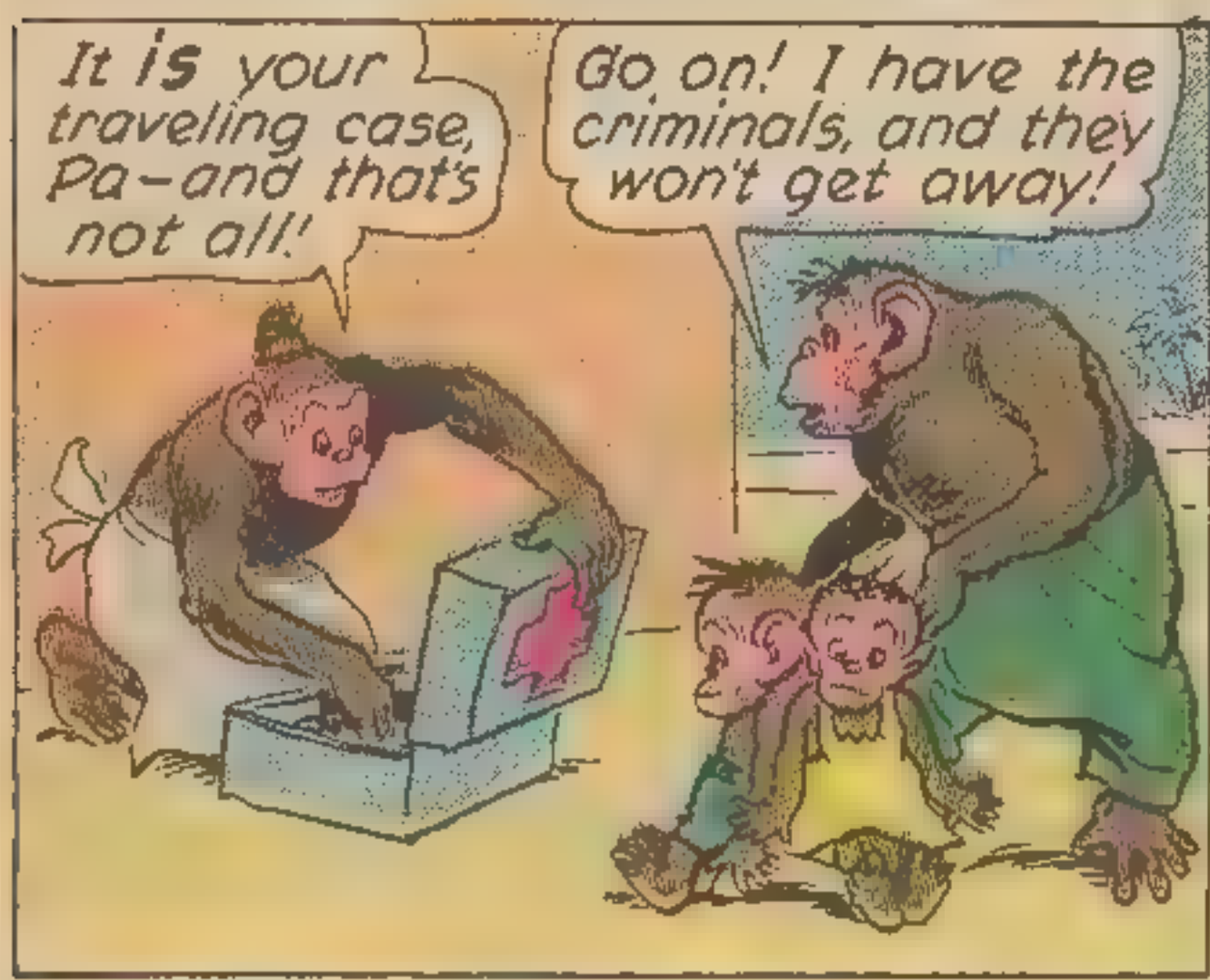

Po! Look what's chasing Flip and Dip.
It's a whole circus! They've been pulling some more crazy tricks.

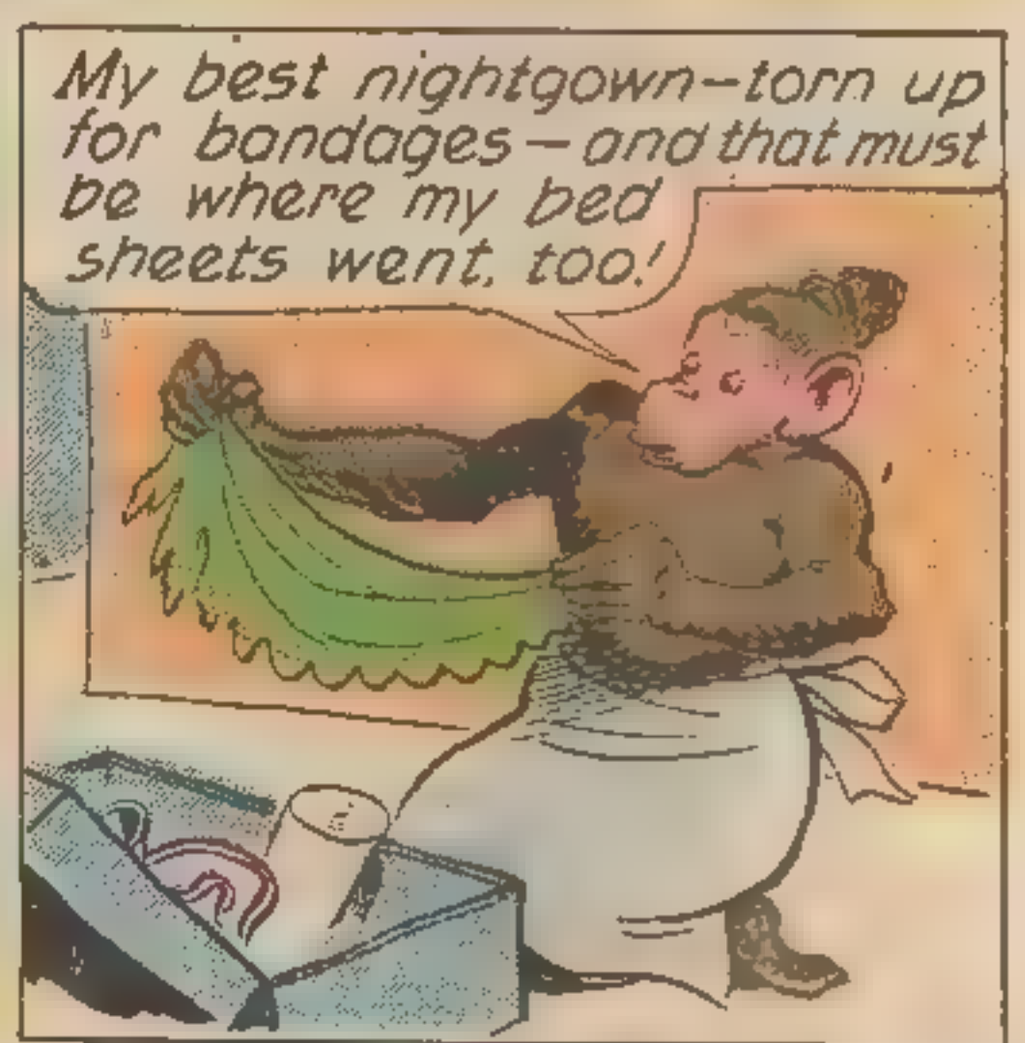

Ma! Pa! Shove out in the drink, quick!
I'm afraid we won't m-make the river, Dip.
Gr-row! You won't if I can help it!

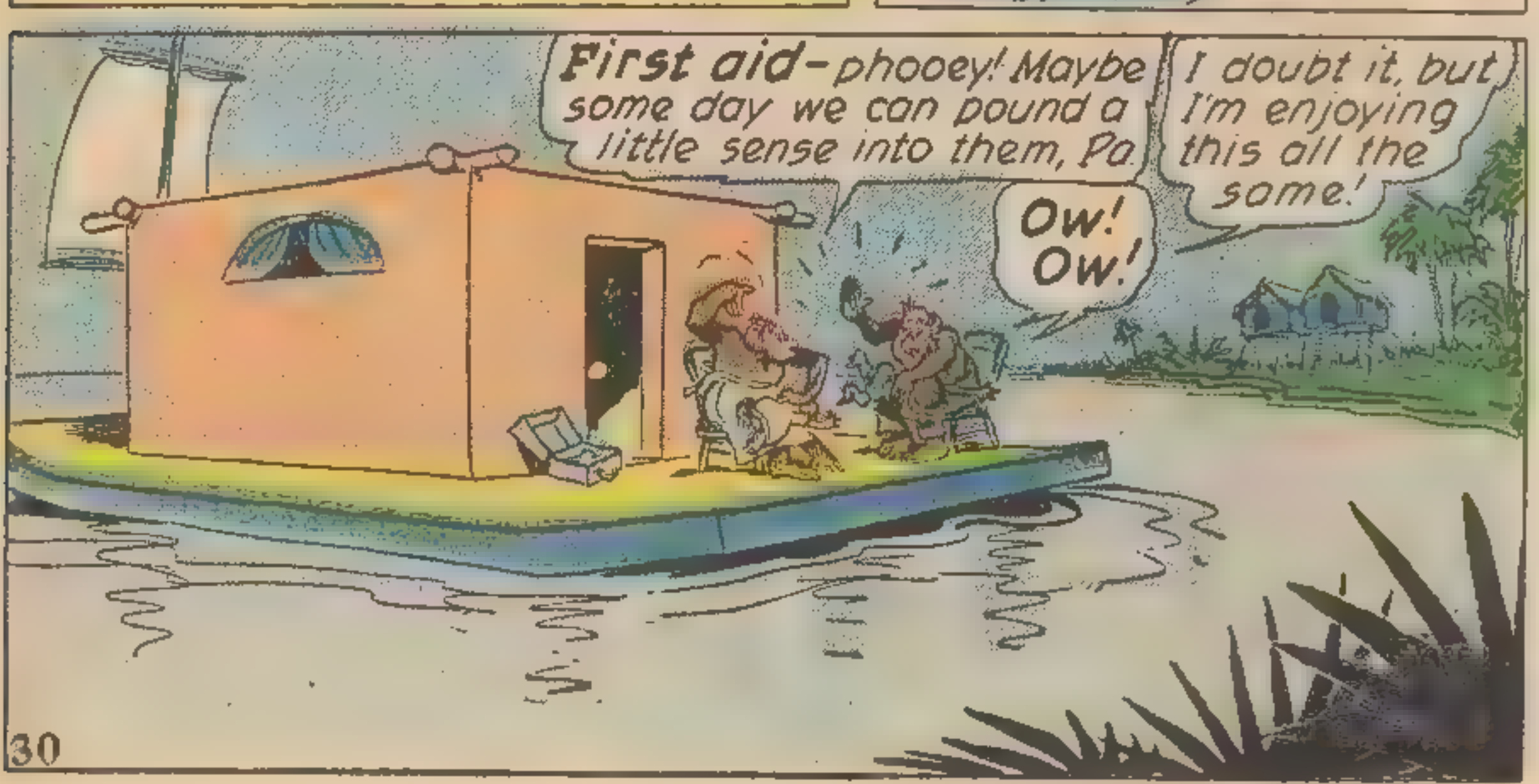
Gr-r-r!
Yeay! We're safe!
Unless they swim!

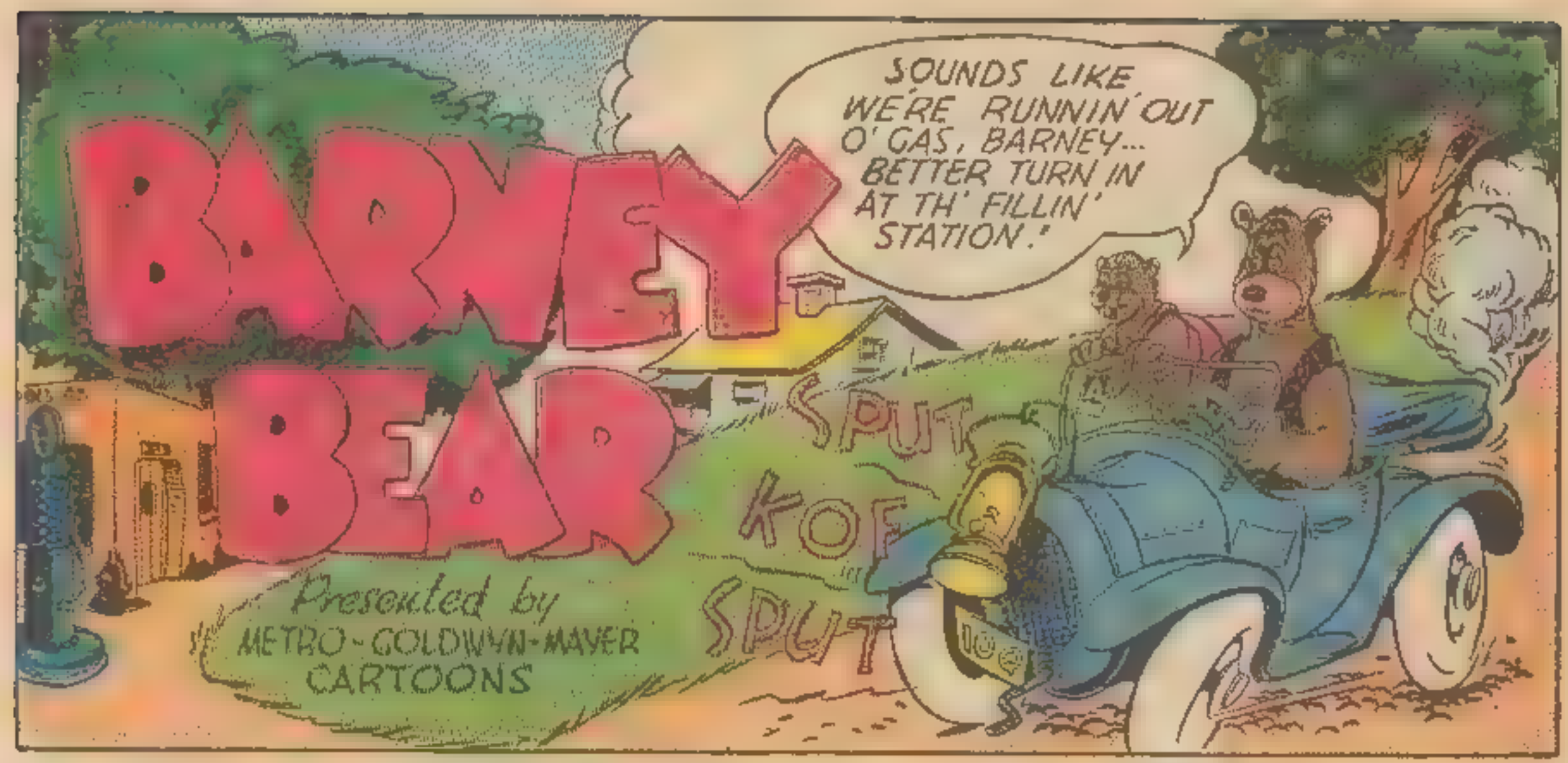

All right! What's your story, pests?
Did you steal something out of a hospital?
No-we were just practicing first aid.


What's this? It looks like my new traveling case!

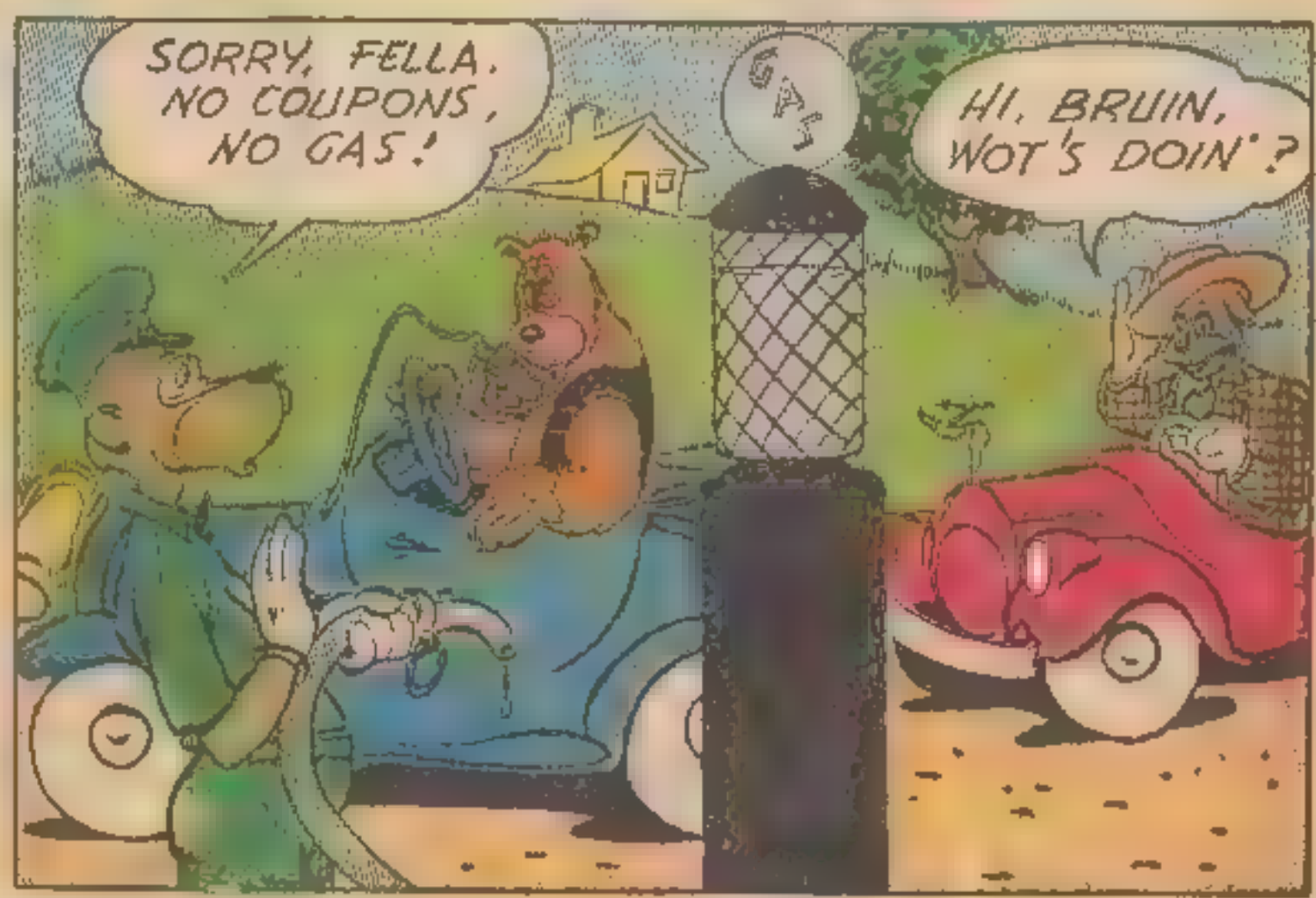

It is your traveling case, Pa-and that's not all!
Go on! I have the criminals, and they won't get away!

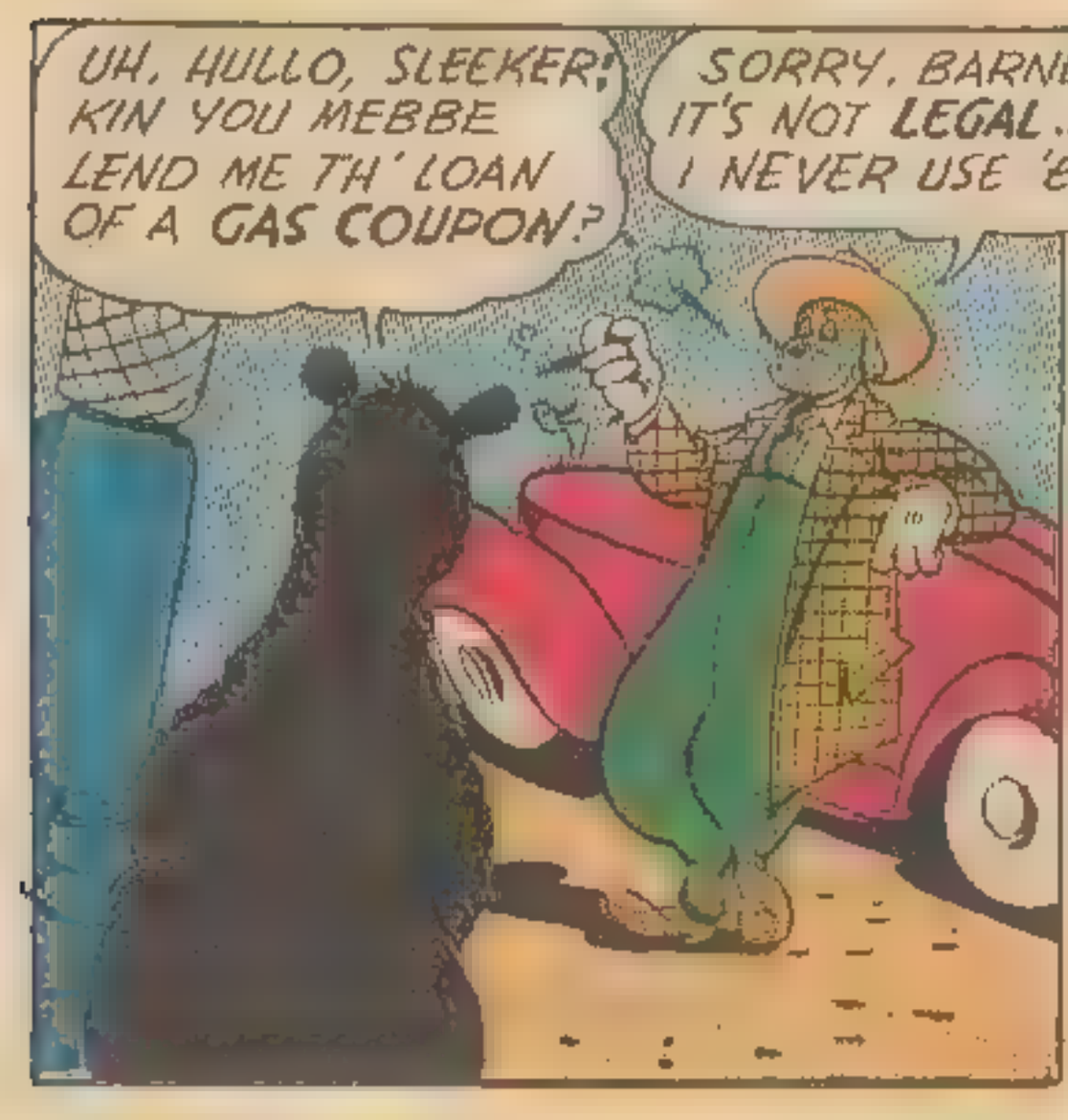

My best nightgown-torn up for bandages-and that must be where my bed sheets went, too!

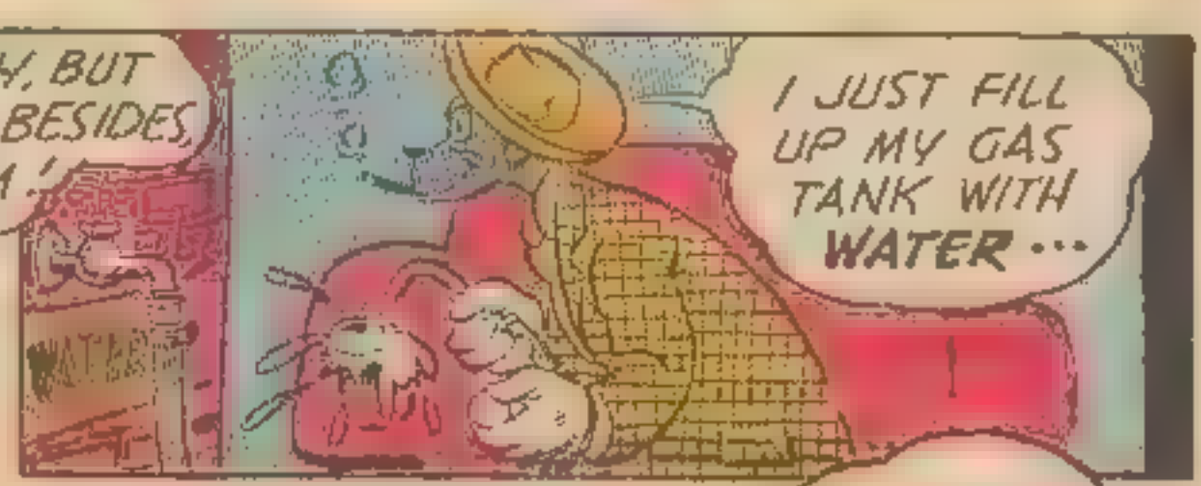

First aid-phooey! Maybe some day we can pound a little sense into them, Pa.
I doubt it, but I'm enjoying this all the some!
Ow! Ow!

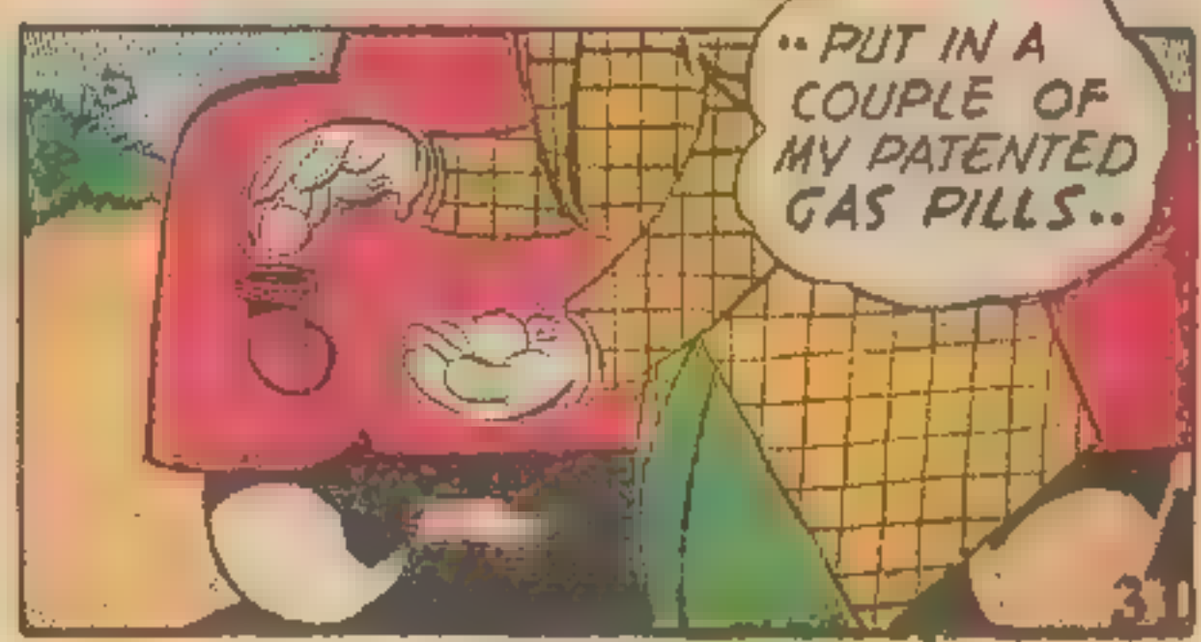

BARNEY BEAR
Presented by
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
CARTOONS
SOUNDS LIKE WE'RE RUNNIN' OUT O' GAS, BARNEY... BETTER TURN IN AT TH' FILLIN' STATION.'
SPUT
KOF
SPUT

OH, MY! AN' I'VE USED UP ALL MY RATION COUPONS!

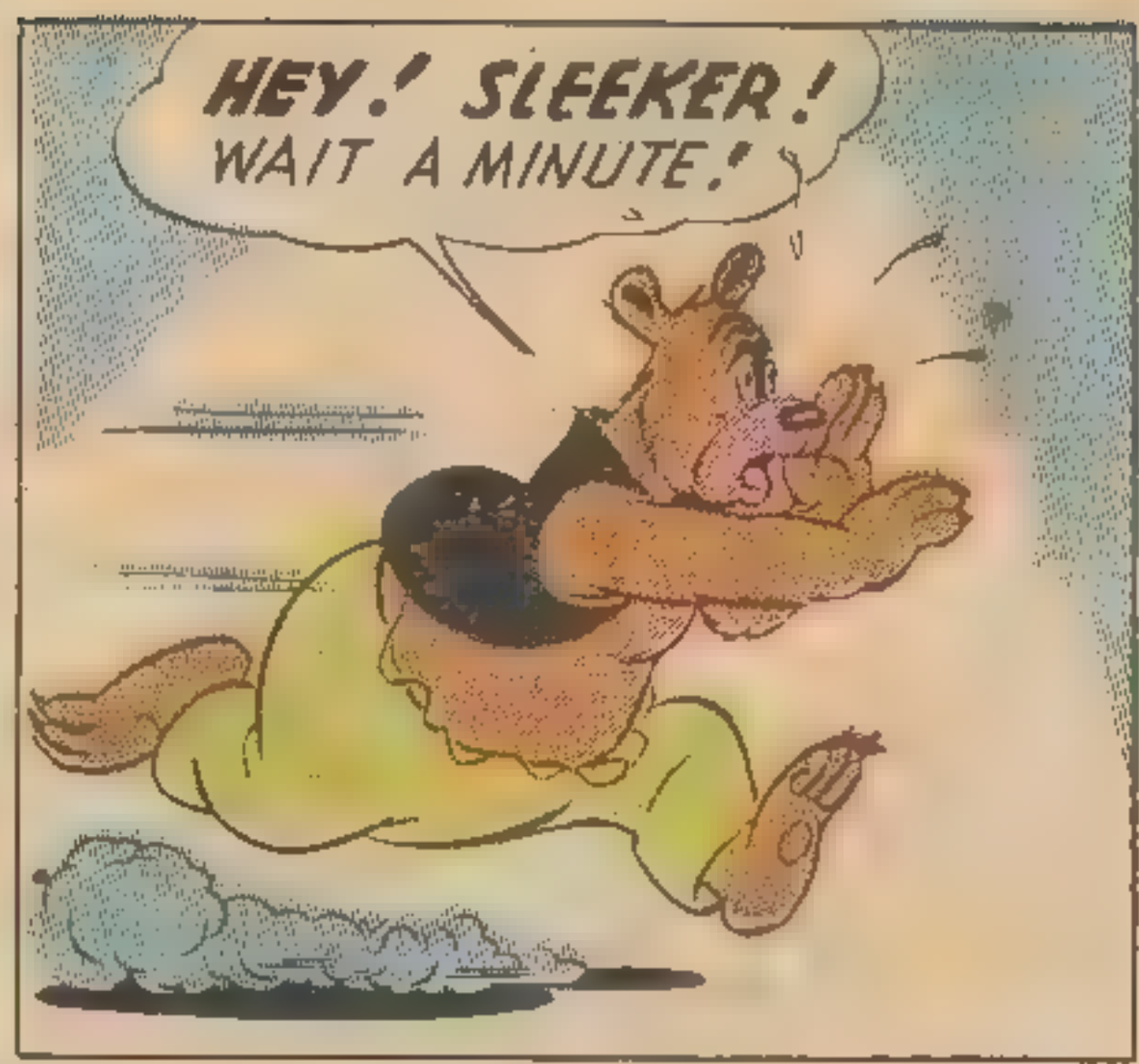

SORRY, FELLA. NO COUPONS, NO GAS!
GAS
HI, BRUIN, WOT'S DOIN'?


UH, HULLO, SLEEKER! KIN YOU MEBBE LEND ME TH' LOAN OF A GAS COUPON?
SORRY, BARNEY, BUT IT'S NOT LEGAL.. BESIDES, I NEVER USE 'EM!


I JUST FILL UP MY GAS TANK WITH WATER...

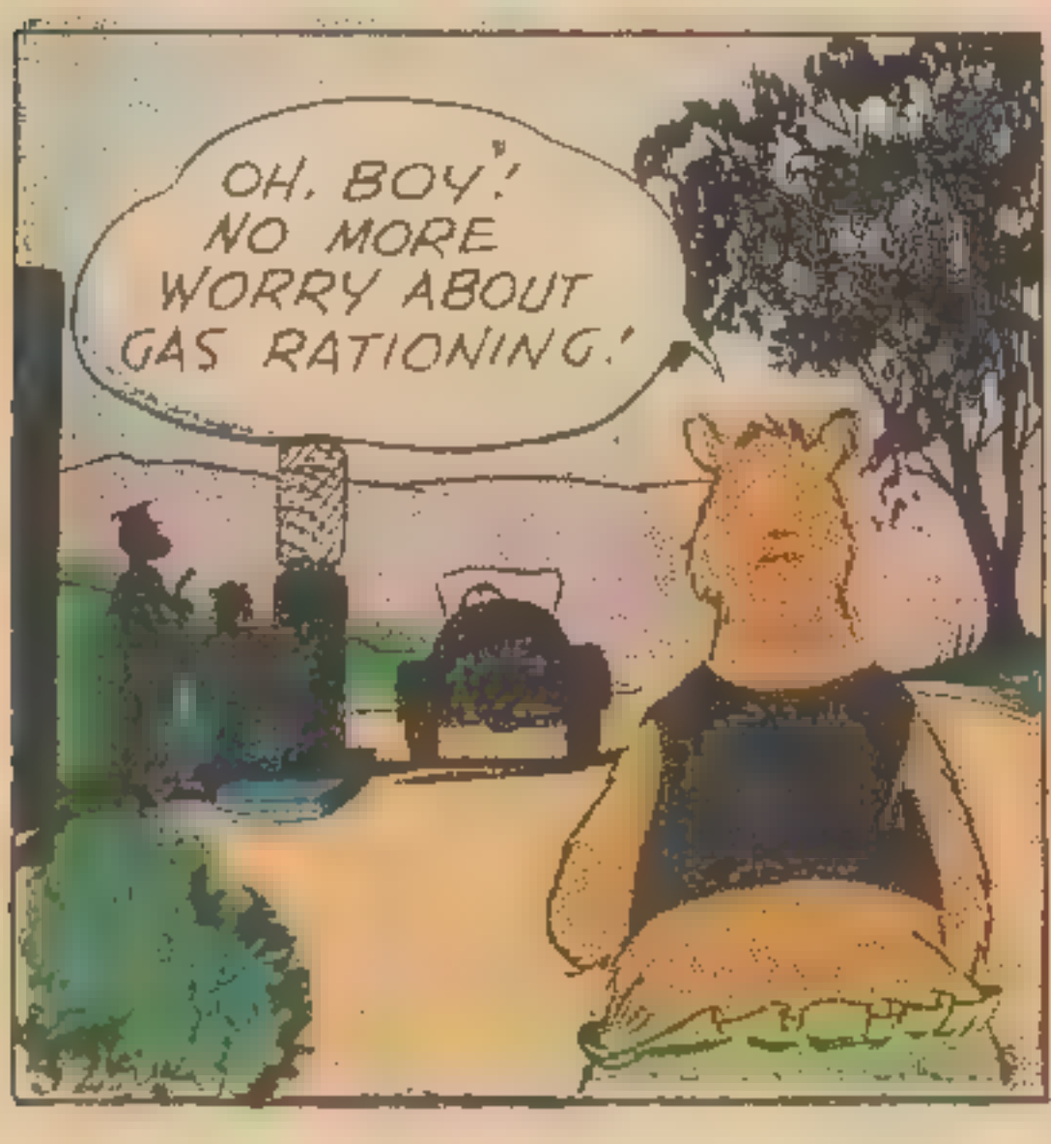

..PUT IN A COUPLE OF MY PATENTED GAS PILLS..

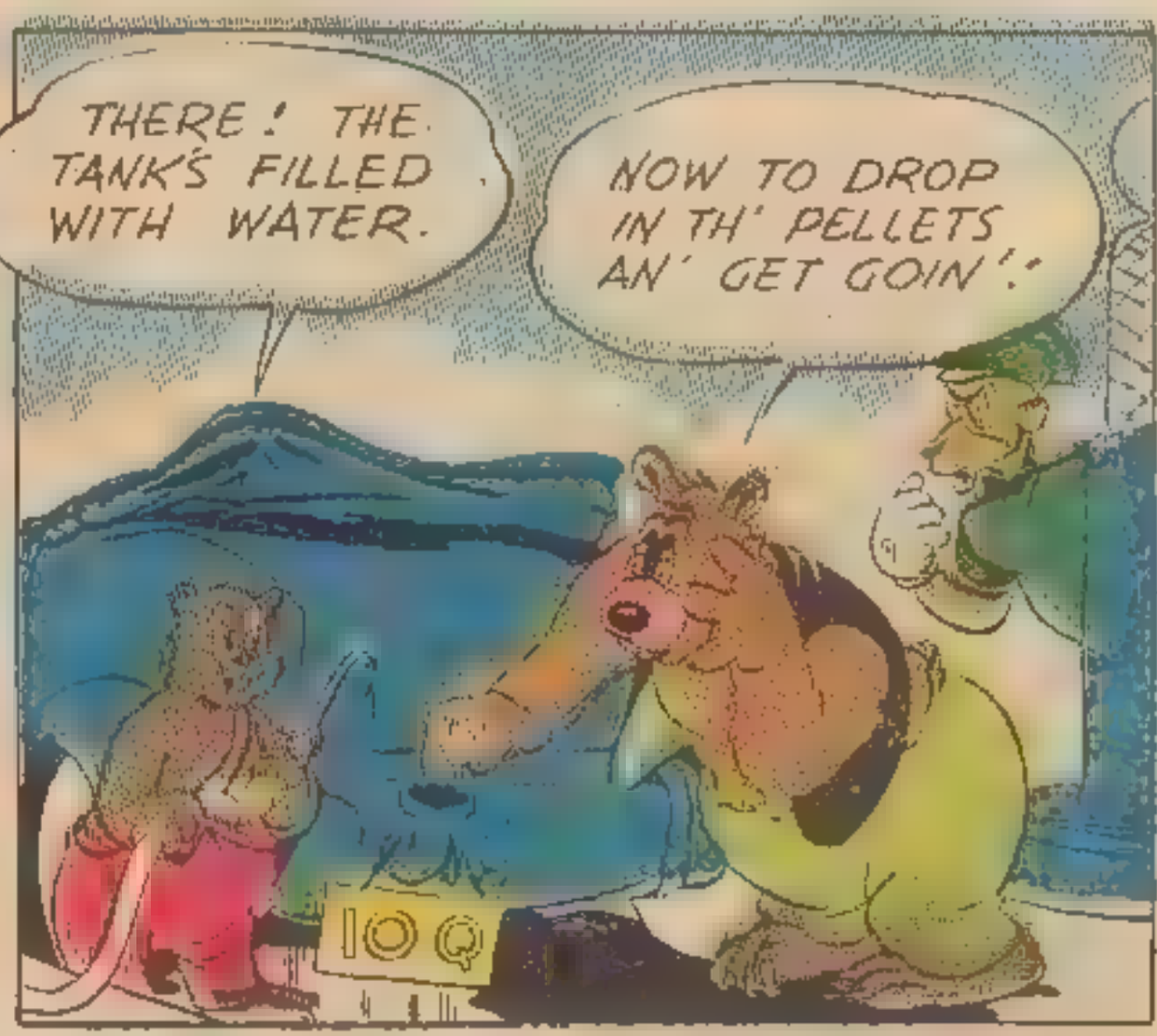
?
– AN' THEN DRIVE OFF!

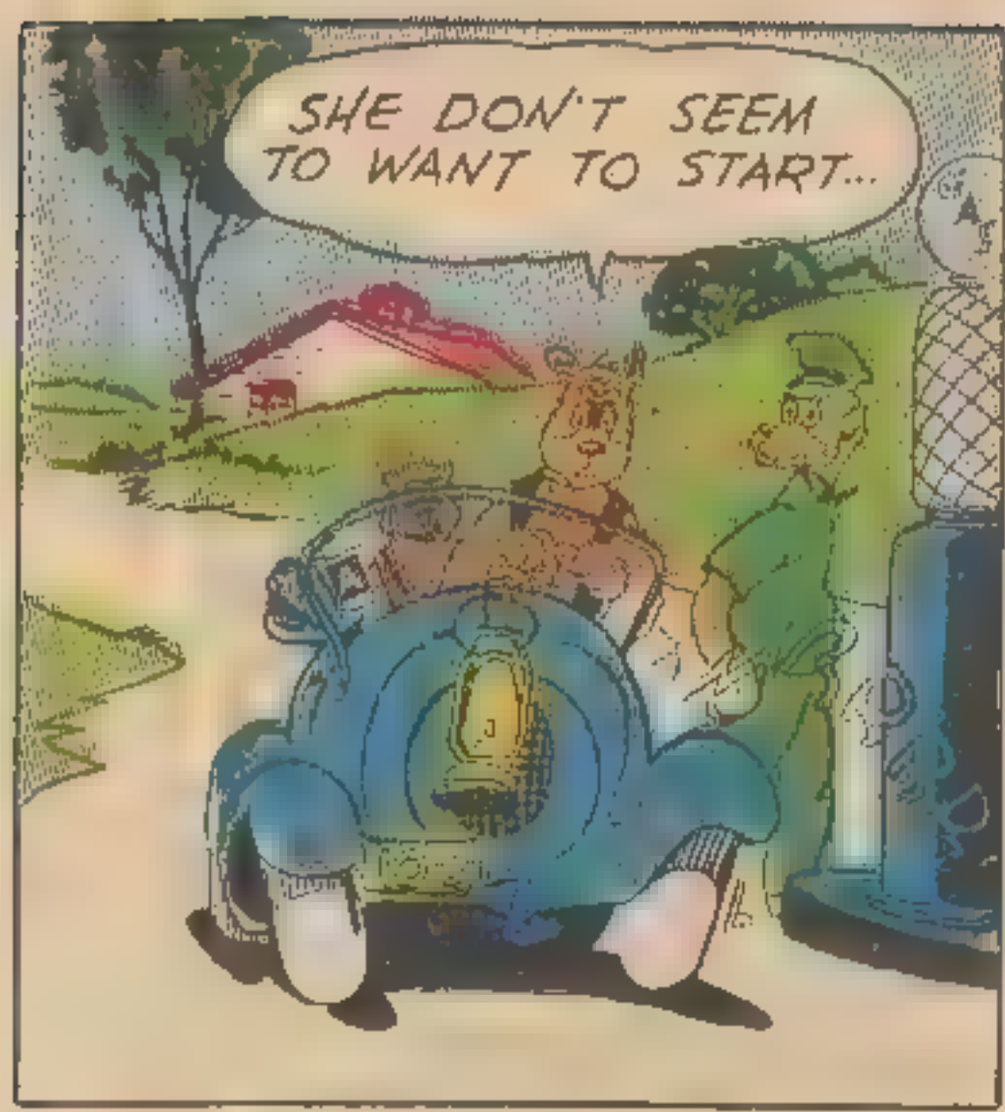

HEY! SLEEKER! WAIT A MINUTE!

THEM PILLS ARE SURE SLICK. WOULD YA SELL ME SOME, WILL YA, HUH?
I'VE GOT ONLY FIVE LEFT... AN' THEY'RE PRETTY EXPENSIVE!

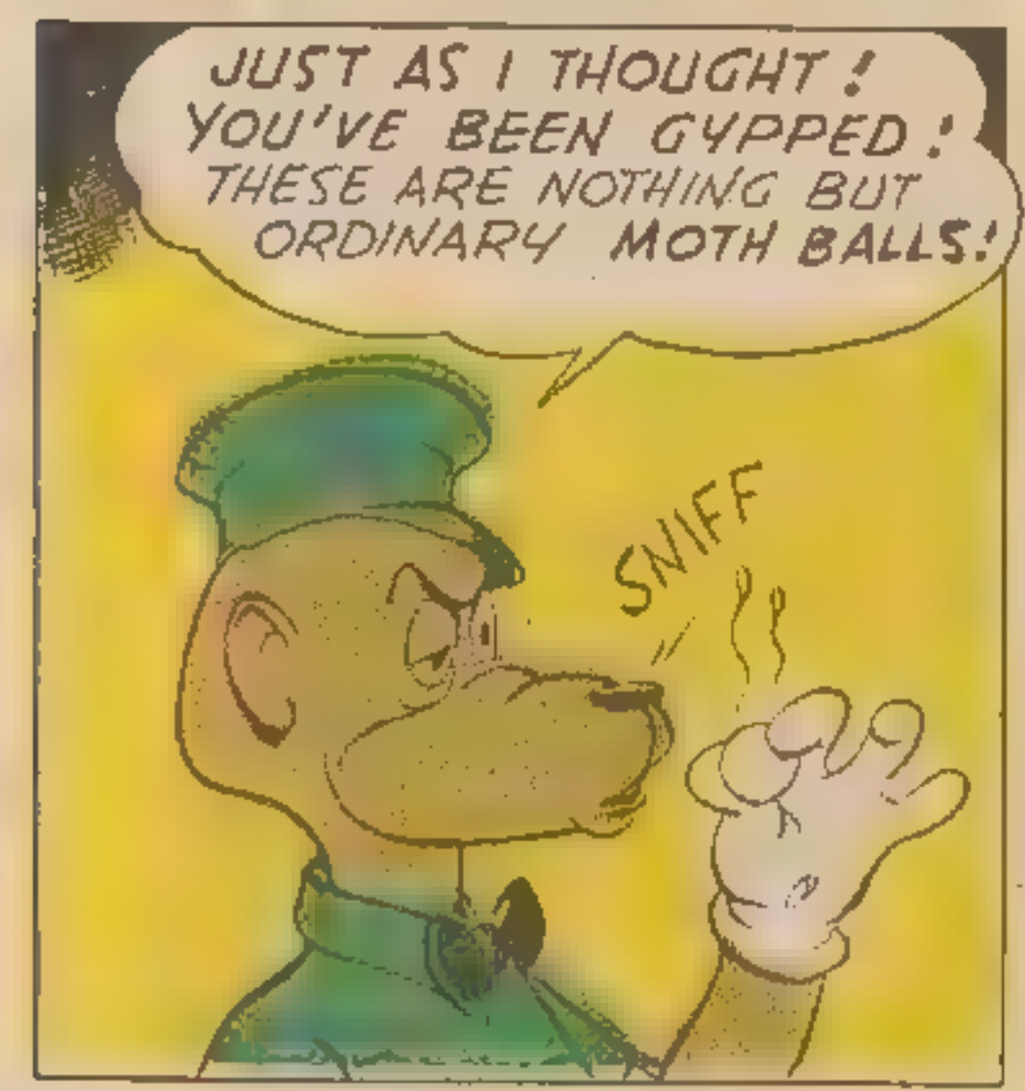
I'VE GOT TEN DOLLARS... IS THAT ENOUGH?
WELL, THAT'S JUST WHAT THEY COST ME... BUT IF IT WILL HELP YOU OUT, YOU CAN HAVE THEM.


OH, BOY! NO MORE WORRY ABOUT GAS RATIONING!

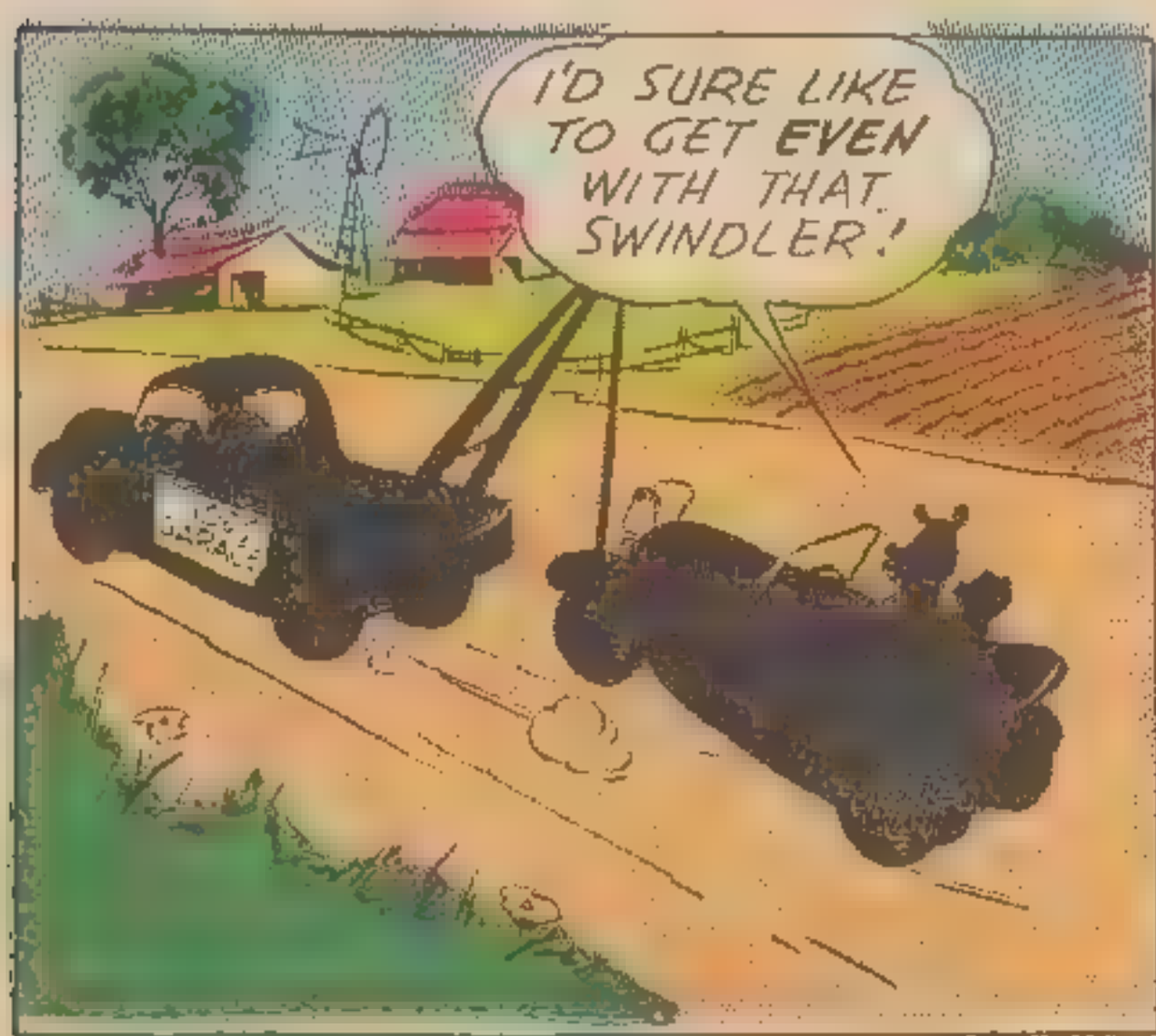

THERE! THE TANK'S FILLED WITH WATER.
NOW TO DROP IN TH' PELLETS AN' GET GOIN'!
10¢


SHE DON'T SEEM TO WANT TO START...

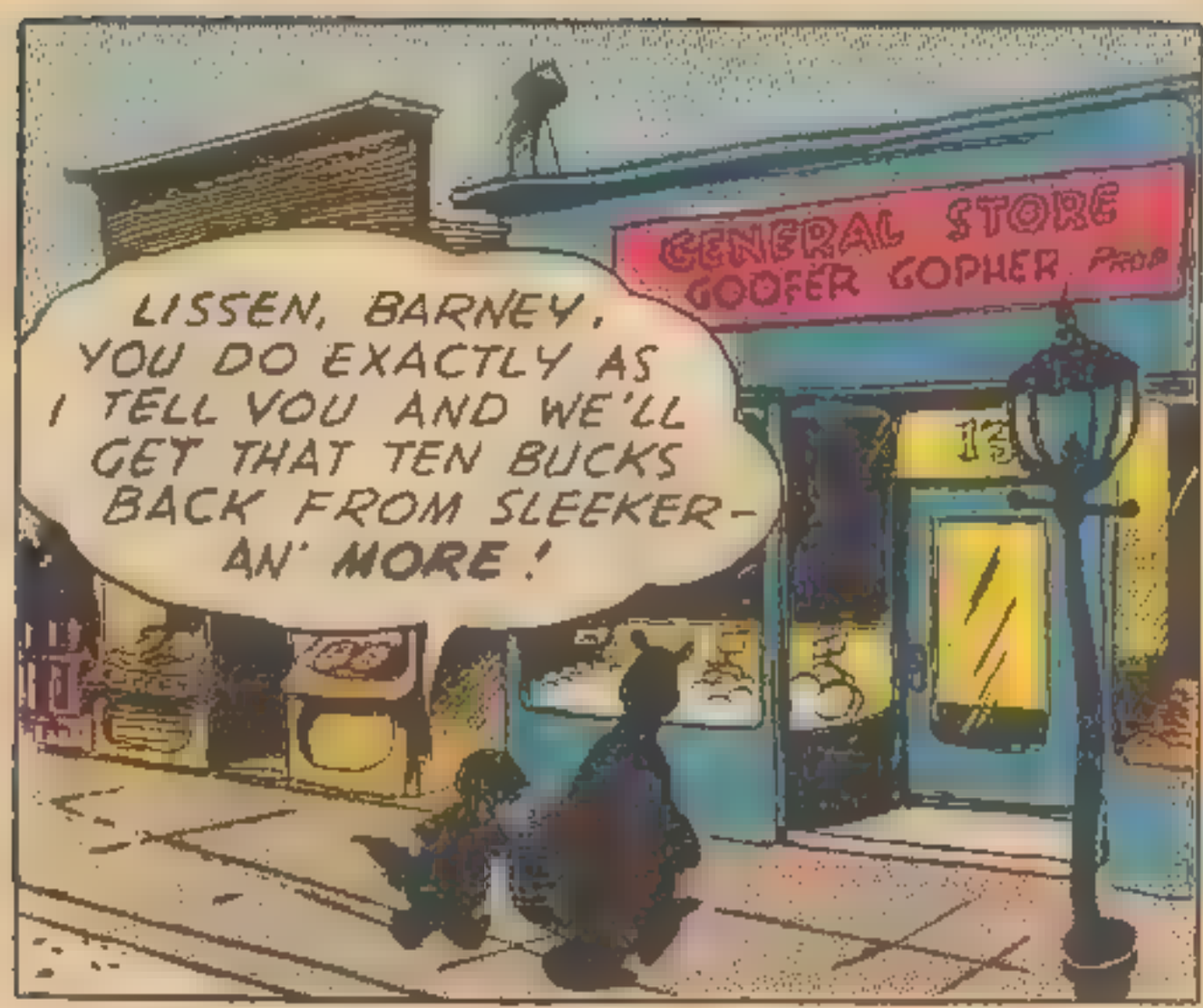
AN' NOW TH' BATTERY'S RUN DOWN.'
LET ME HAVE A LOOK AT ONE OF THOSE PILLS.
RRRR

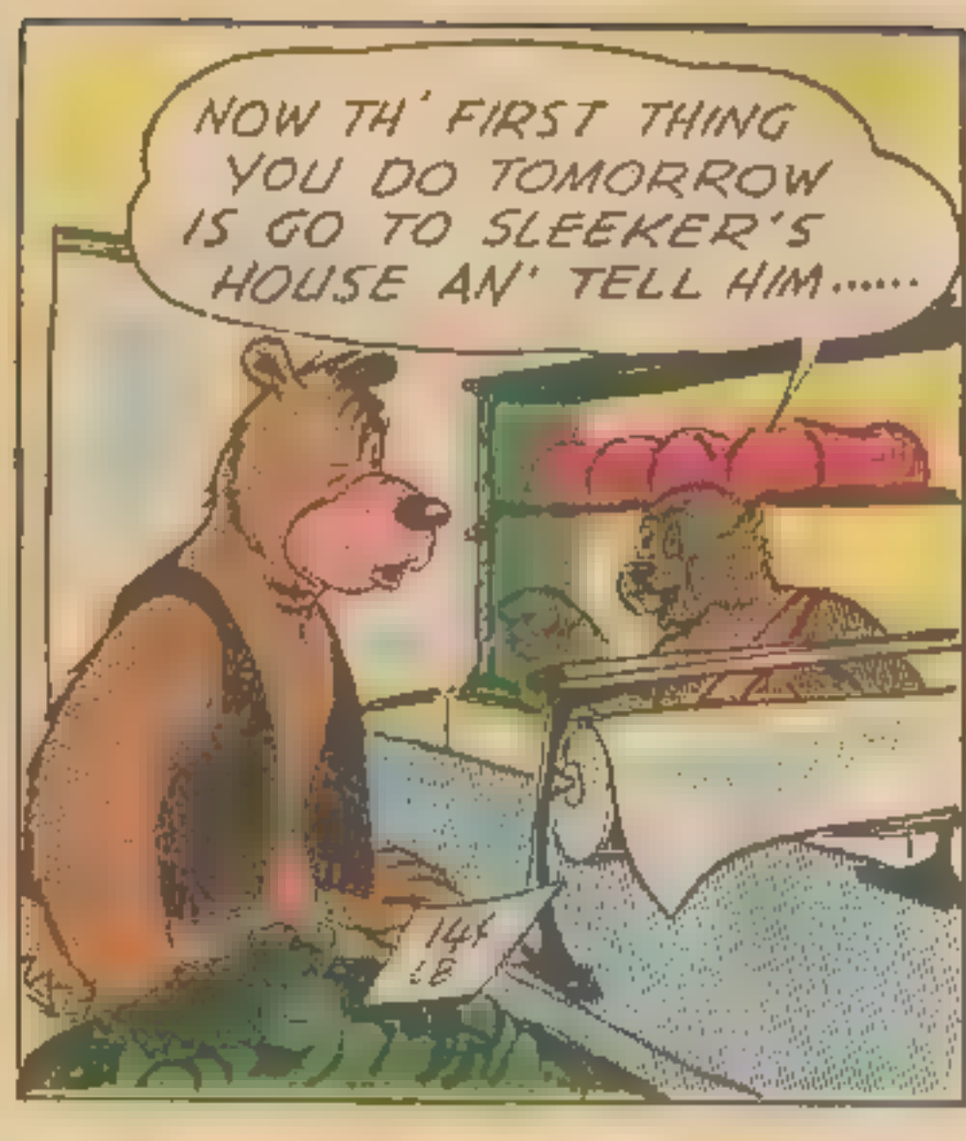

JUST AS I THOUGHT! YOU'VE BEEN GYPPED! THESE ARE NOTHING BUT ORDINARY MOTH BALLS!
SNIFF

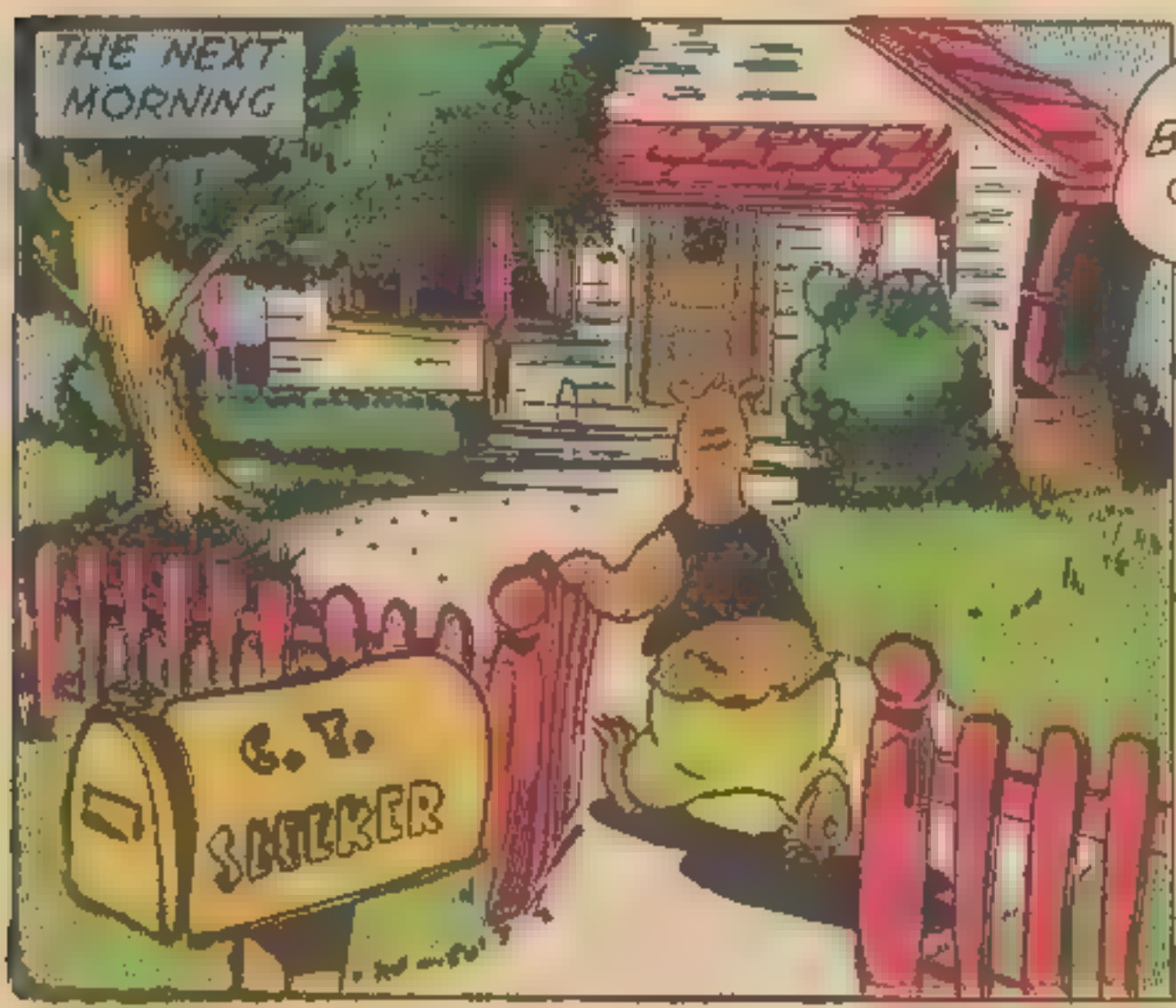
SLEEKER PROBABLY HAS A FAKE GAS TANK FIXED IN HIS CAR... SO HE CAN SWINDLE SUCKERS LIKE YOU.'


I'D SURE LIKE TO GET EVEN WITH THAT SWINDLER!

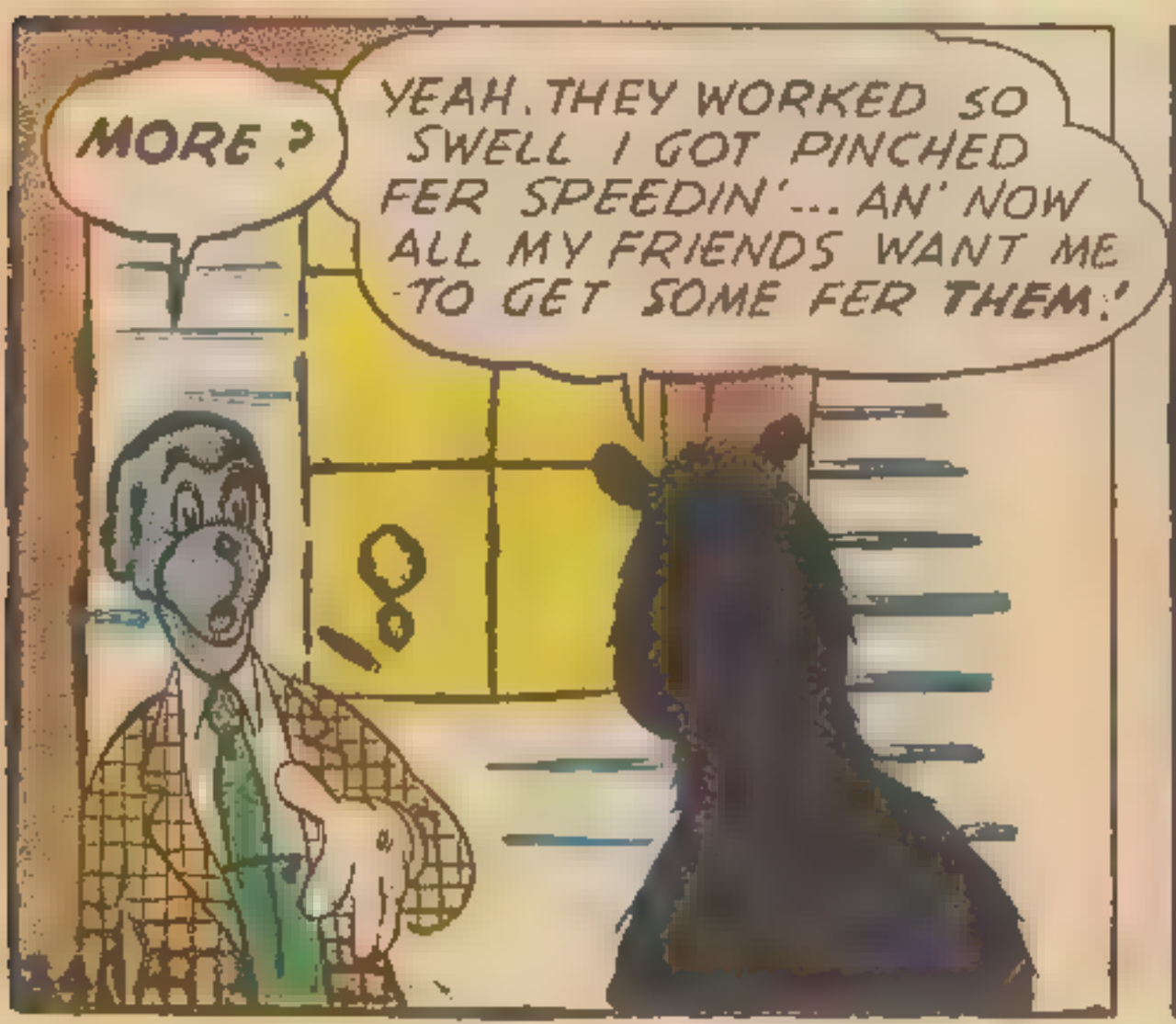
LET'S GET BACK TO MY STORE, BARNEY. I'VE GOT AN IDEA.

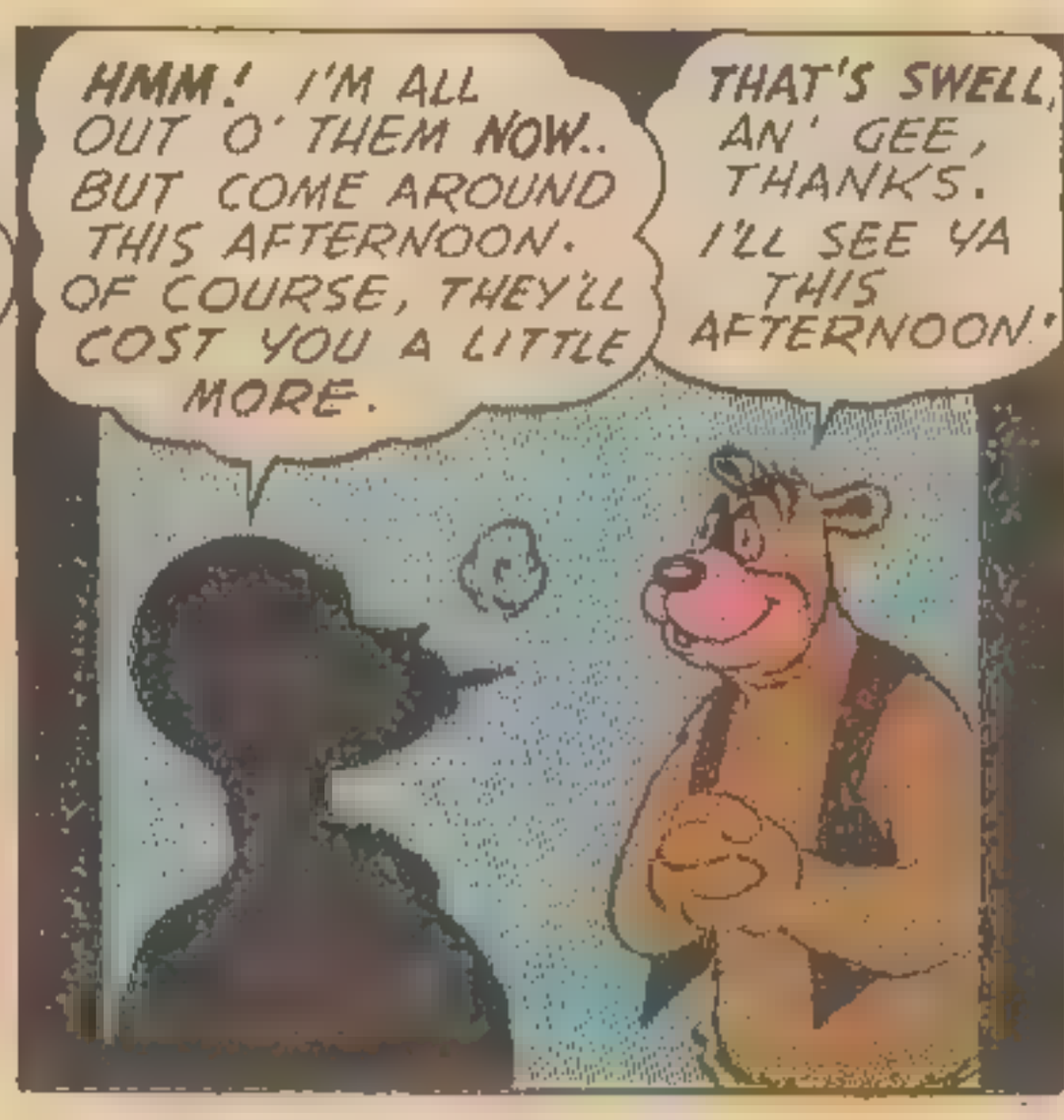

GENERAL STORE
GOOFER GOPHER PROP
LISSEN, BARNEY, YOU DO EXACTLY AS I TELL YOU AND WE'LL GET THAT TEN BUCKS BACK FROM SLEEKER- AN' MORE!


NOW TH' FIRST THING YOU DO TOMORROW IS GO TO SLEEKER'S HOUSE AN' TELL HIM.....


THE NEXT MORNING
G. V. SLEEKER

OH - ER - HELLO, BARNEY. WOT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
I WANNA BUY MORE O' THEM THERE GAS PILLS.. ALL I KIN GET!


MORE?
YEAH. THEY WORKED SO SWELL I GOT PINCHED FER SPEEDIN'... AN' NOW ALL MY FRIENDS WANT ME TO GET SOME FER THEM!


HMM! I'M ALL OUT O' THEM NOW.. BUT COME AROUND THIS AFTERNOON. OF COURSE, THEY'LL COST YOU A LITTLE MORE.
THAT'S SWELL, AN' GEE, THANKS. I'LL SEE YA THIS AFTERNOON!

I WONDER WHAT **COULD** BE **IN** THOSE MOTH BALLS, ANYWAY? IT LOOKS LIKE I MADE A BIG DISCOVERY AN' DIDN'T KNOW IT! I SURE WISH I HAD SOME LEFT SO I COULD TRY THEM OUT!

MOTH BALLS? YES, SIR. TWENTY CENTS A BOX... HOW MANY DO YOU WISH?

IN THE MEANTIME GOOFER GOES ON A BUYING SPREE.

ALL YOU'VE GOT IN TH' STORE!

SMITH'S DEPARTMENT STORE

WE DON'T KEEP A BIG STOCK OF THEM THIS TIME O' YEAR, GOOFER, BUT WE HAVE A FEW LEFT

BLOOPER'S SUPER-DUPER MARKET

OKAY- LEMME HAVE ALL YOU GOT!

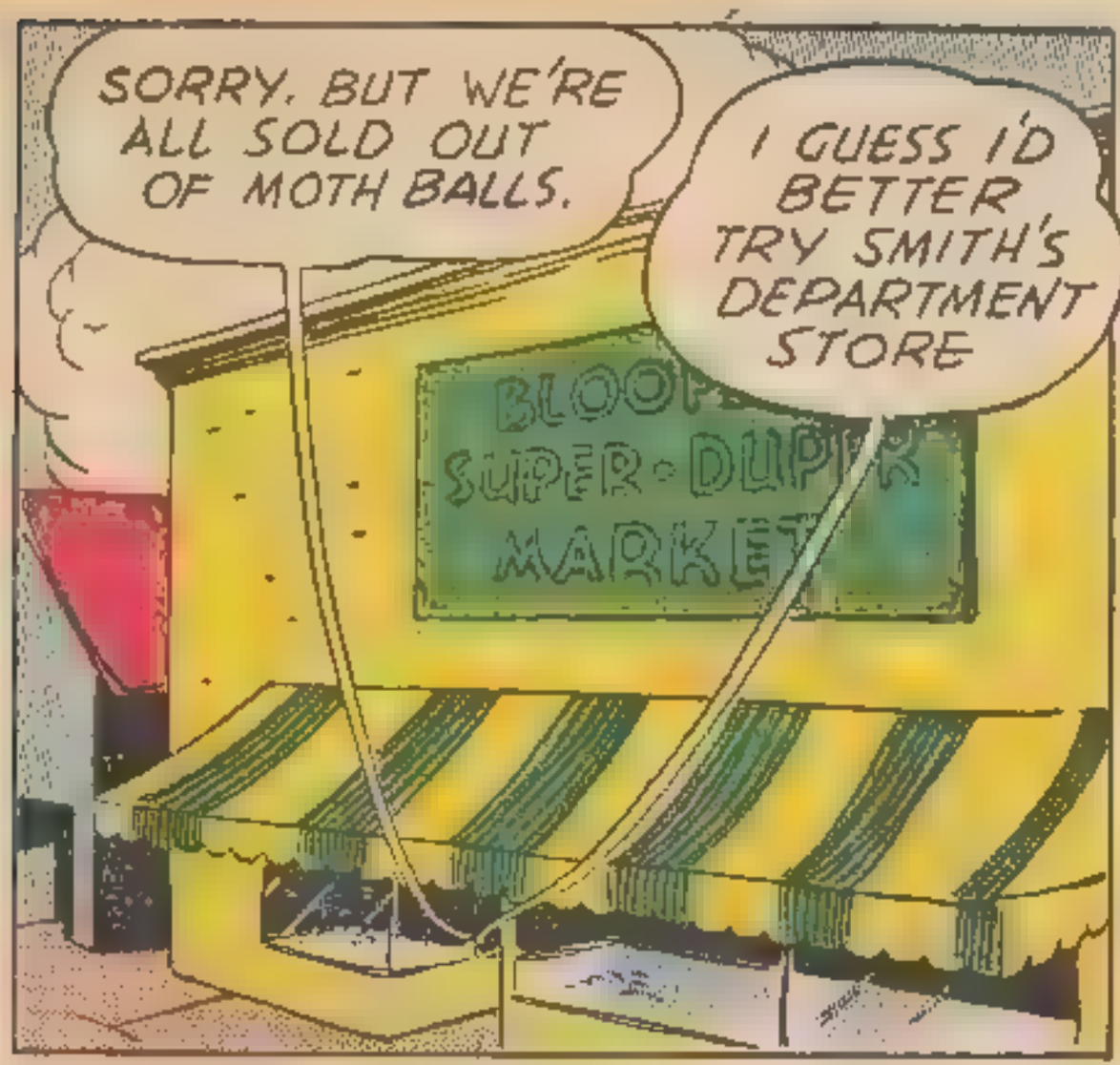
YEAH, WE GOT MOTH BALLS. HOW MANY YOU WANT?

GIMME ALL YOU'VE GOT!

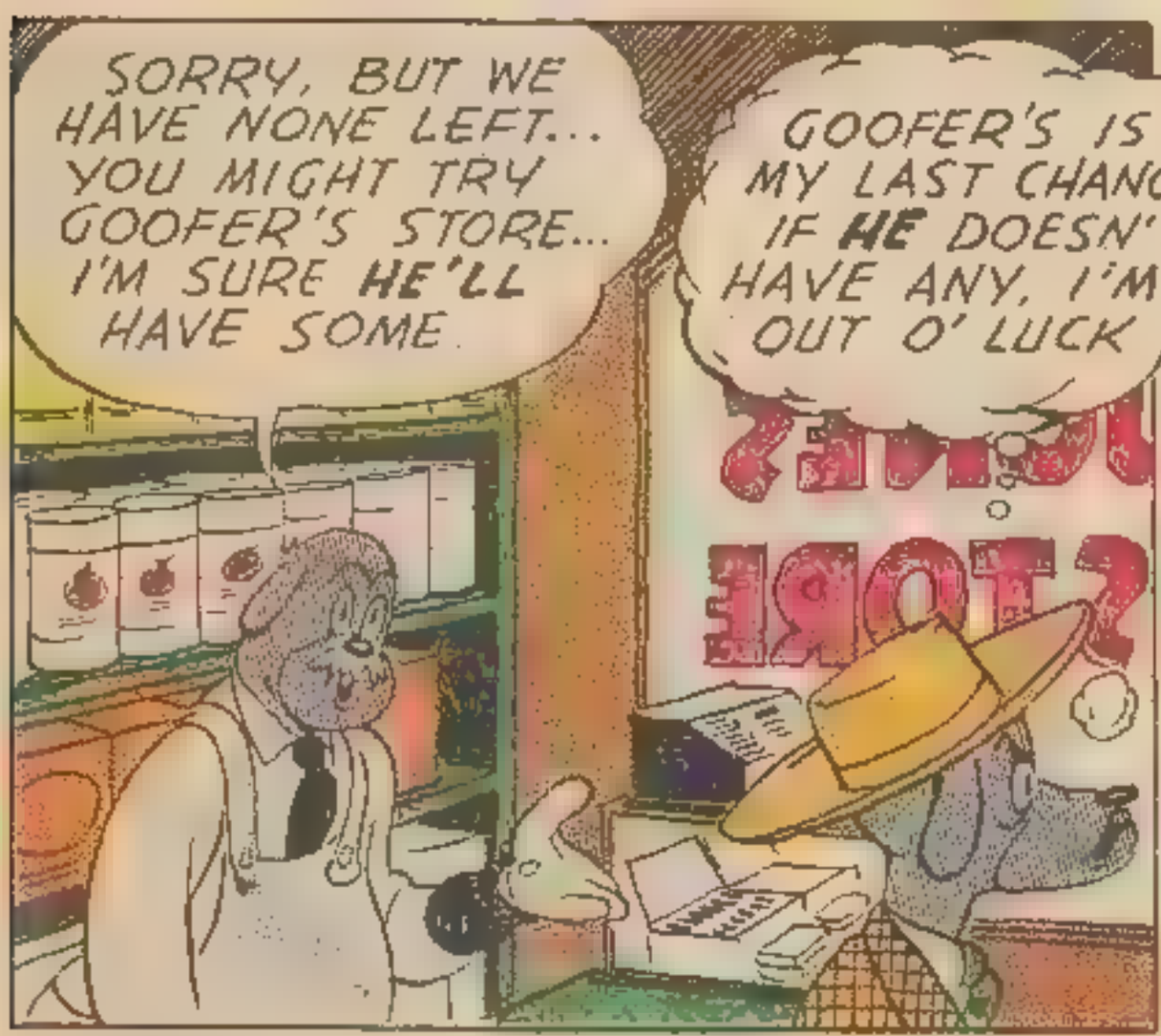
IT'S COST ME FIFTEEN DOLLARS... BUT I'VE CORNERED TH' MARKET! NOW TO GET BACK TO MY STORE AN' WAIT FOR **SLEEKER** TO SHOW UP!

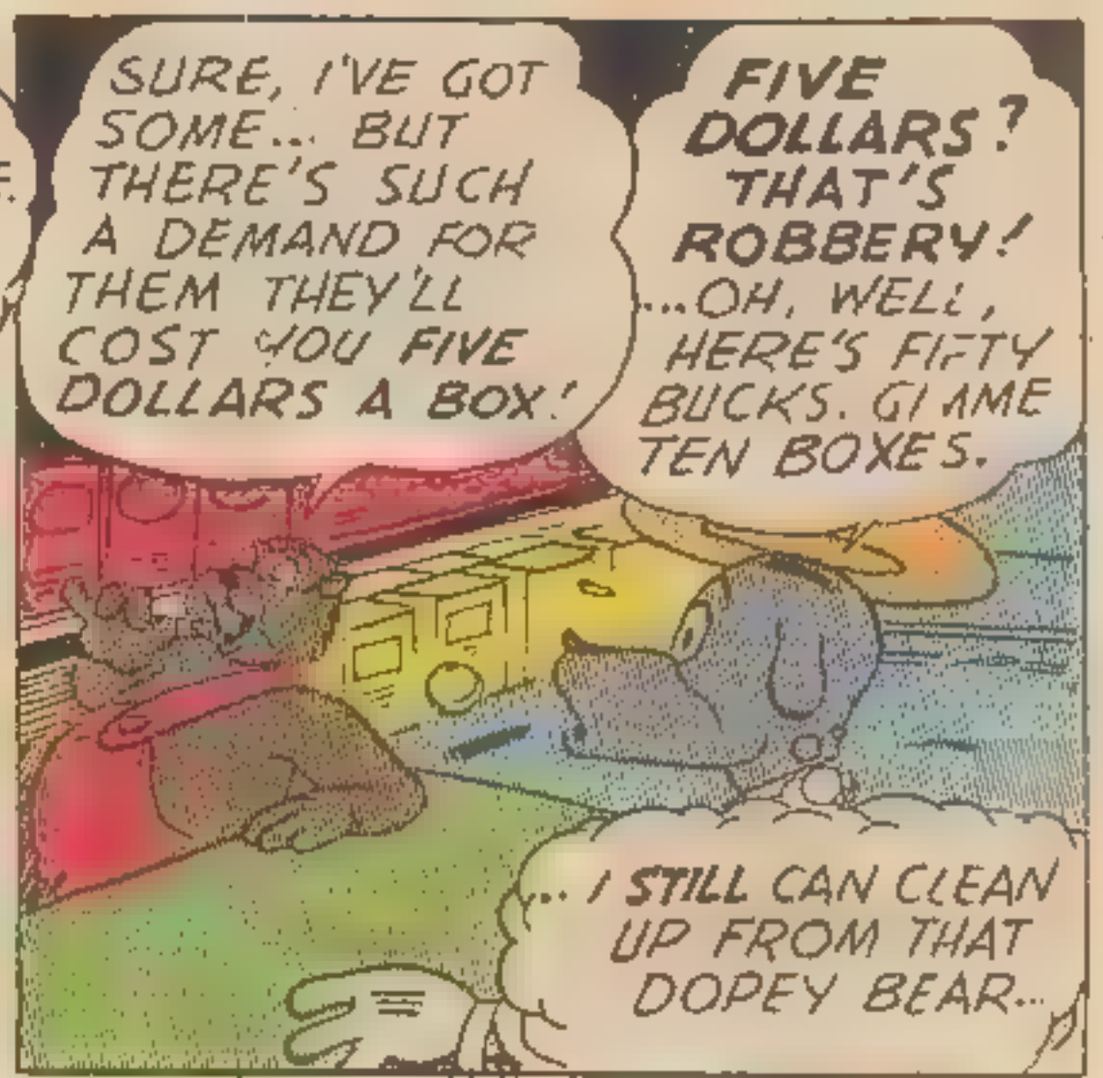
BLOOPER'S SUPER-DUPER MARKET

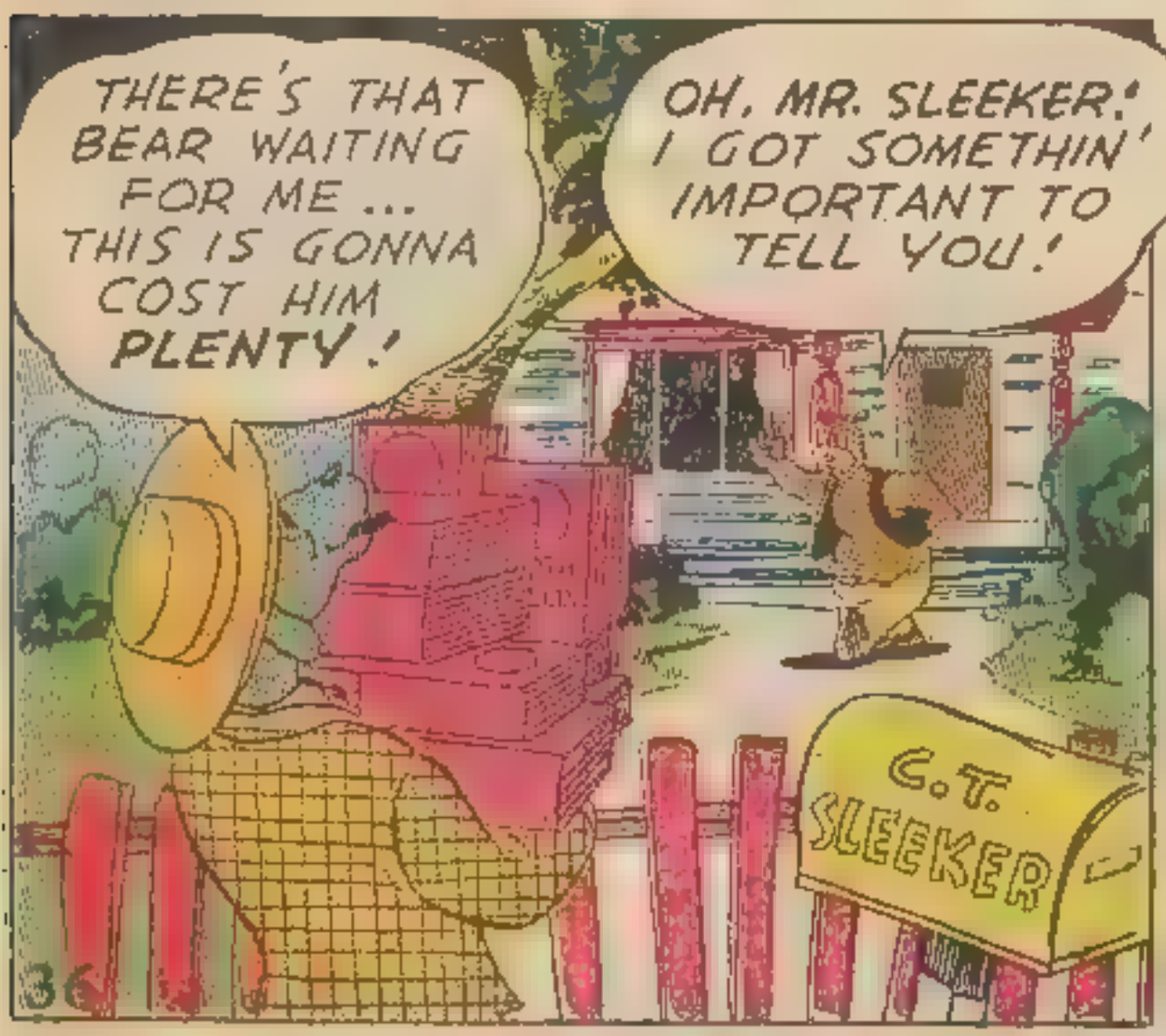
I'D BETTER HURRY AND BUY SOME MORE "GAS PILLS" FOR BARNEY. IF HE'LL PAY **THAT** MUCH FOR 'EM, I'LL MAKE A **FORTUNE!**

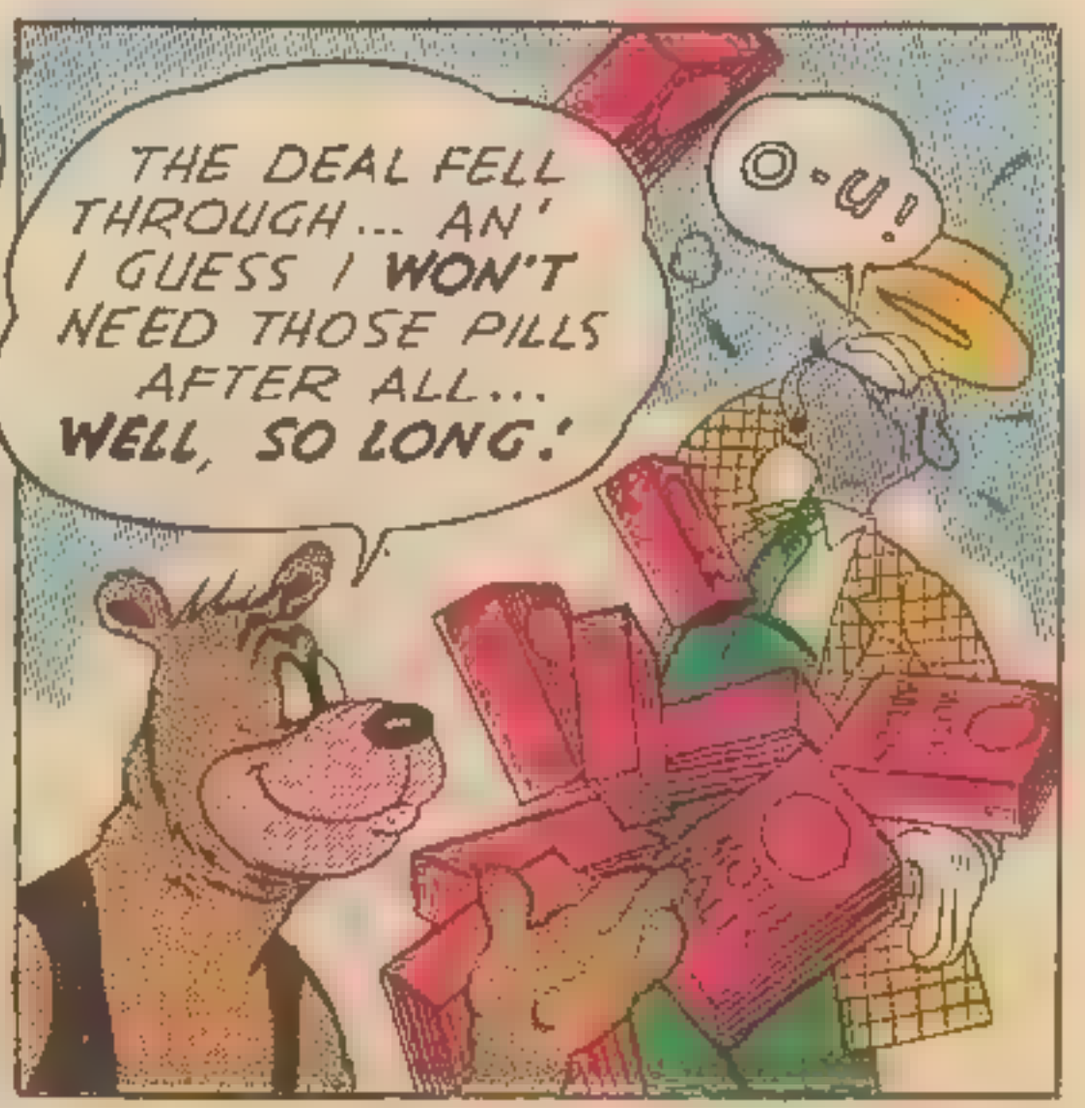

SORRY. BUT WE'RE ALL SOLD OUT OF MOTH BALLS.
I GUESS I'D BETTER TRY SMITH'S DEPARTMENT STORE
SUPER-DUPER MARKET

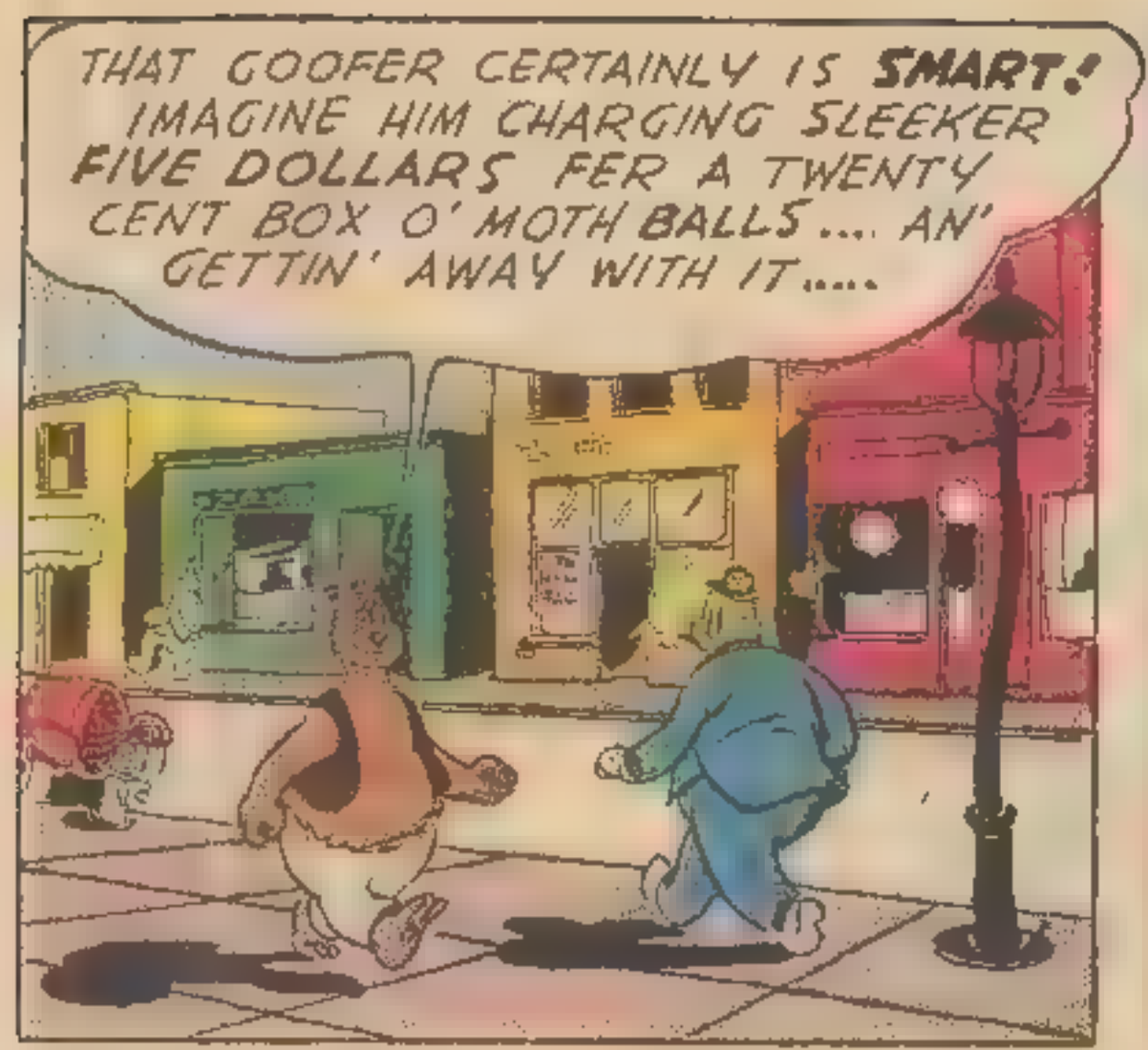
TENNIS BALLS, FOOTBALLS AND BASEBALLS WE GOT.. BUT MOTH BALLS WE ARE OUT OF.'

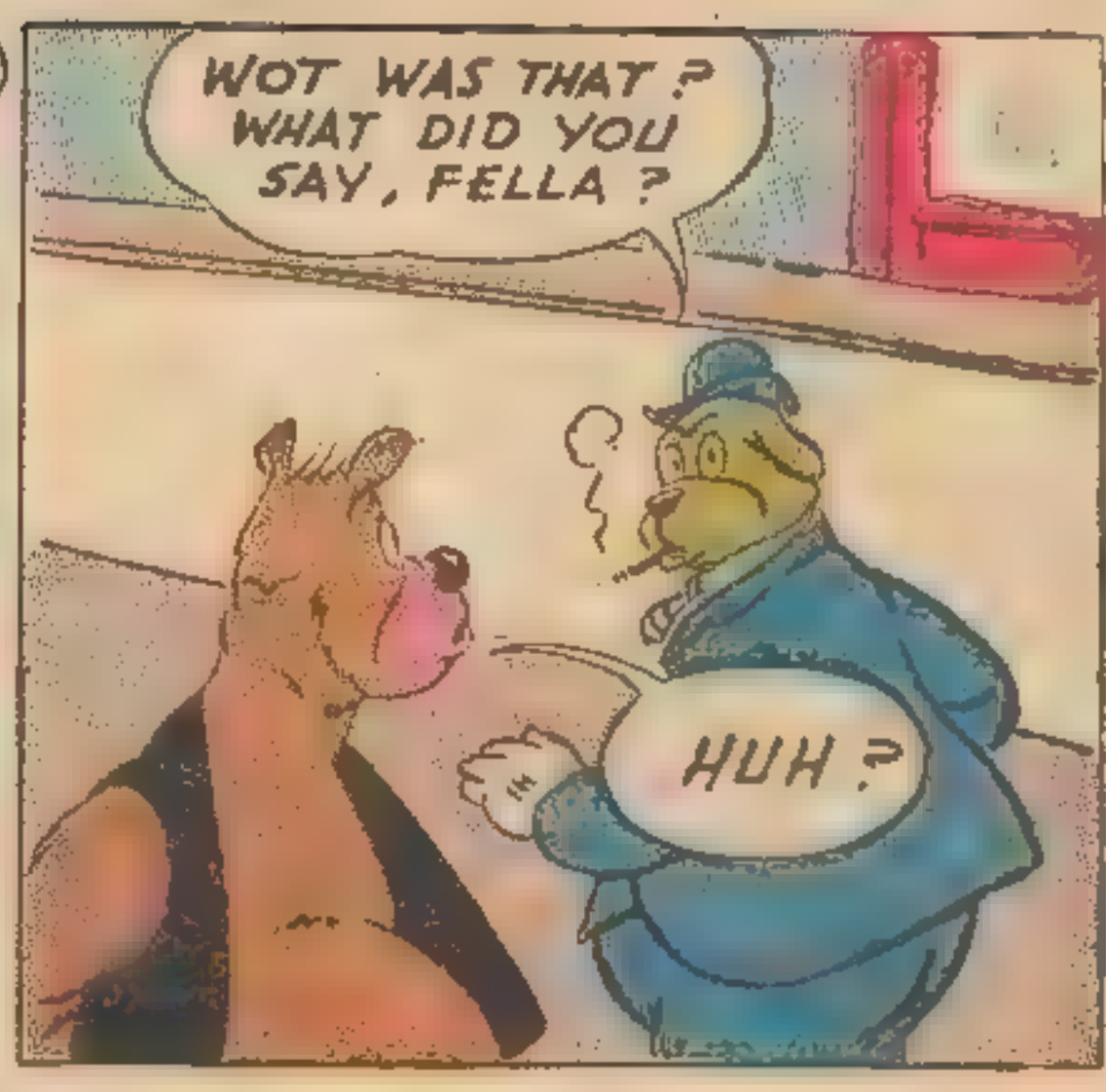

SORRY, BUT WE HAVE NONE LEFT... YOU MIGHT TRY GOOFER'S STORE... I'M SURE HE'LL HAVE SOME.
GOOFER'S IS MY LAST CHANCE. IF HE DOESN'T HAVE ANY, I'M OUT O' LUCK

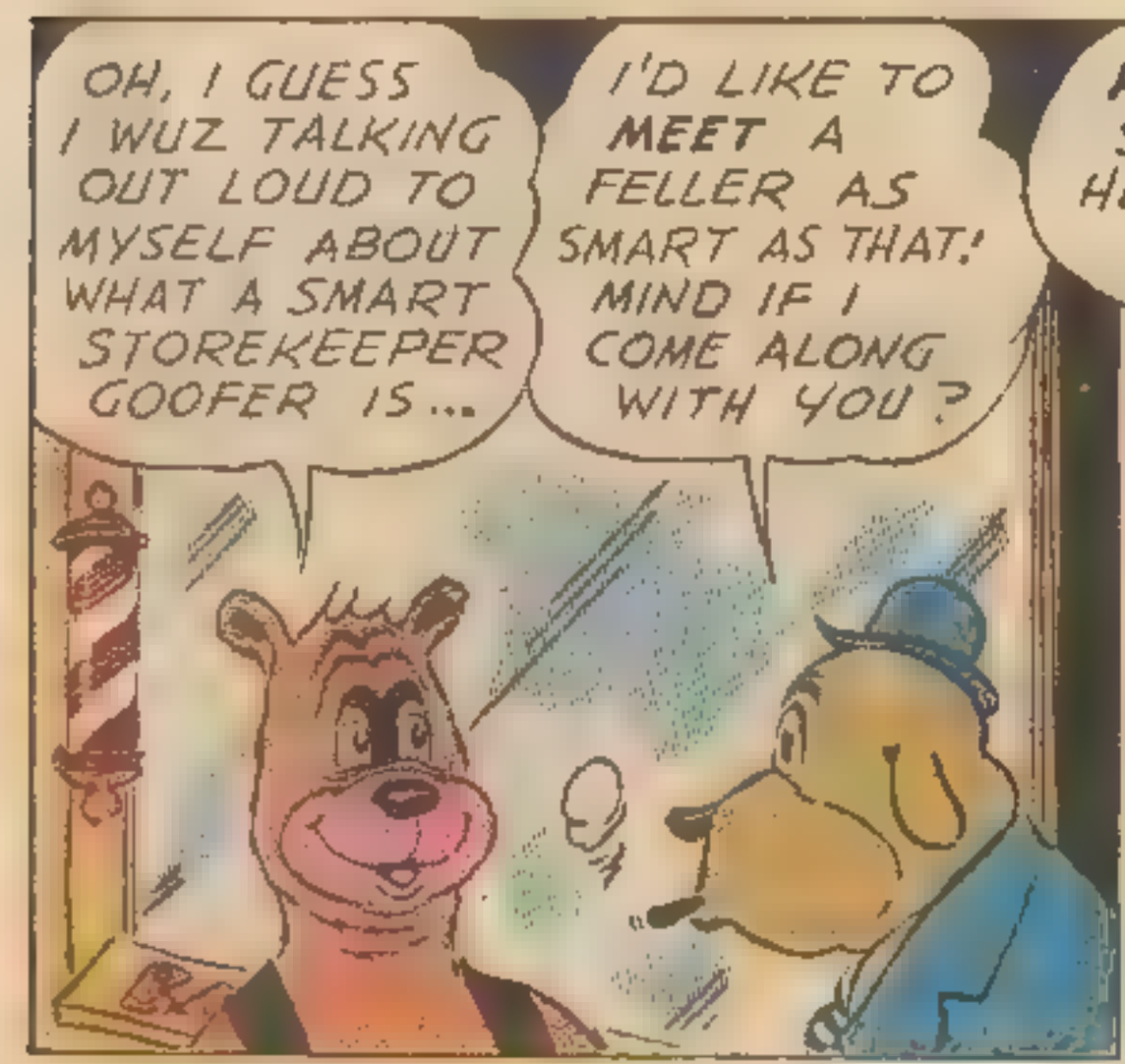

SURE, I'VE GOT SOME... BUT THERE'S SUCH A DEMAND FOR THEM THEY'LL COST YOU FIVE DOLLARS A BOX!
FIVE DOLLARS? THAT'S ROBBERY! ...OH, WELL, HERE'S FIFTY BUCKS. GIVE ME TEN BOXES.
... I STILL CAN CLEAN UP FROM THAT DOPEY BEAR...

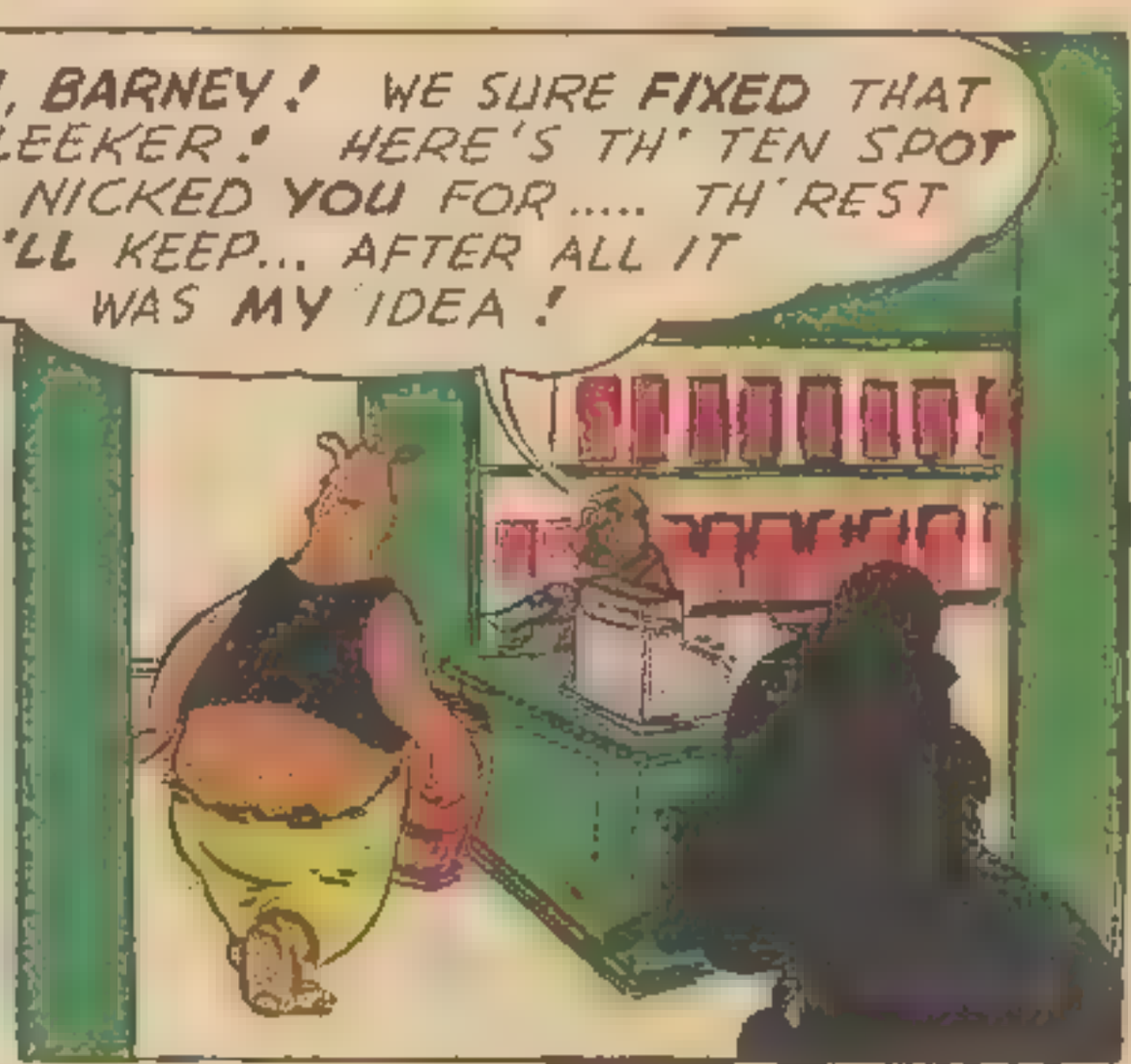

THERE'S THAT BEAR WAITING FOR ME... THIS IS GONNA COST HIM PLENTY!
OH, MR. SLEEKER! I GOT SOMETHIN' IMPORTANT TO TELL YOU!
C.T. SLEEKER


THE DEAL FELL THROUGH... AN' I GUESS I WON'T NEED THOSE PILLS AFTER ALL... WELL, SO LONG!
O-U!


THAT GOOFER CERTAINLY IS SMART! IMAGINE HIM CHARGING SLEEKER FIVE DOLLARS FER A TWENTY CENT BOX O' MOTH BALLS.... AN' GETTIN' AWAY WITH IT.....

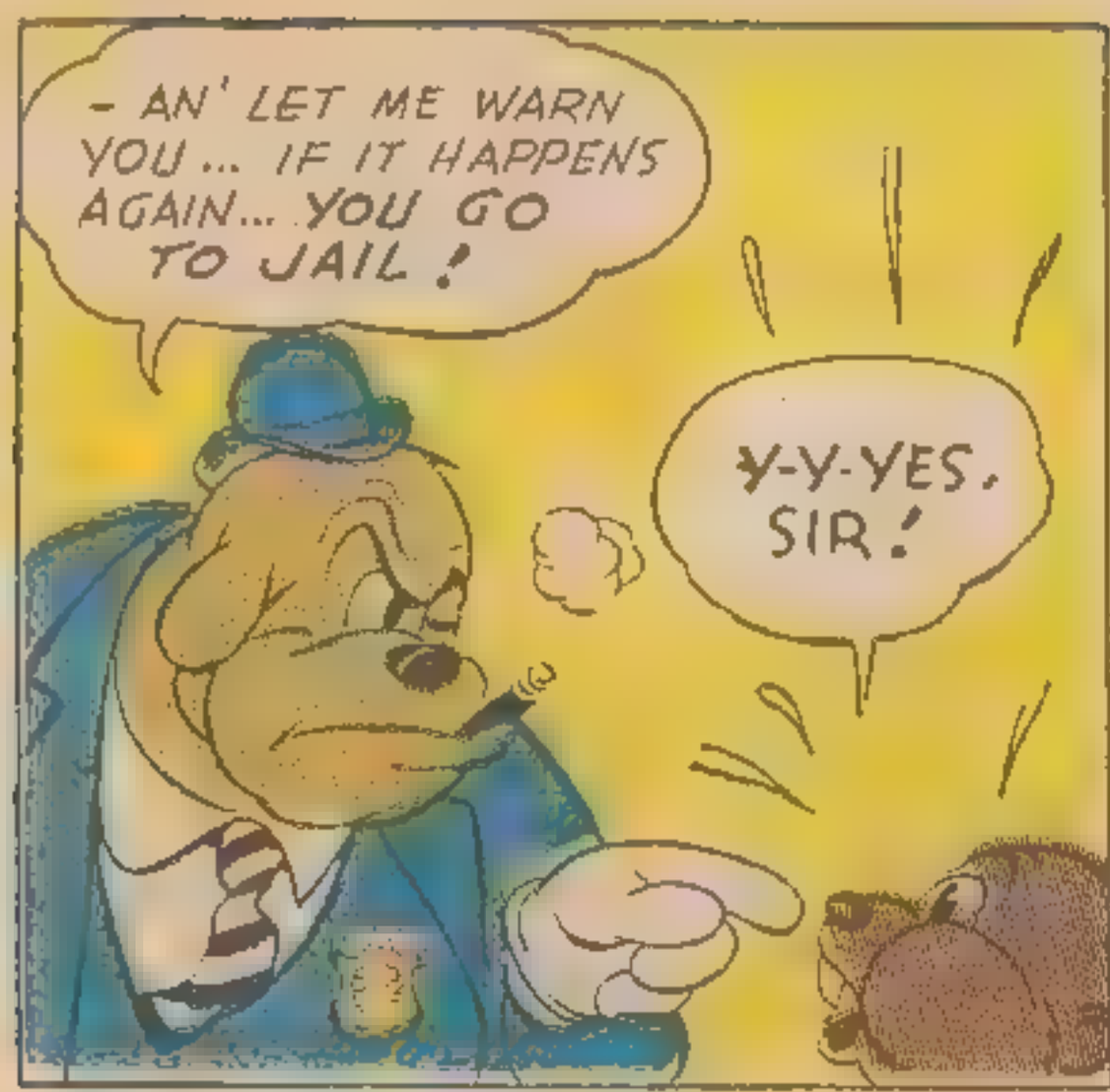

WOT WAS THAT? WHAT DID YOU SAY, FELLA?
HUH?


OH, I GUESS I WUZ TALKING OUT LOUD TO MYSELF ABOUT WHAT A SMART STOREKEEPER GOOFER IS...
I'D LIKE TO MEET A FELLER AS SMART AS THAT! MIND IF I COME ALONG WITH YOU?

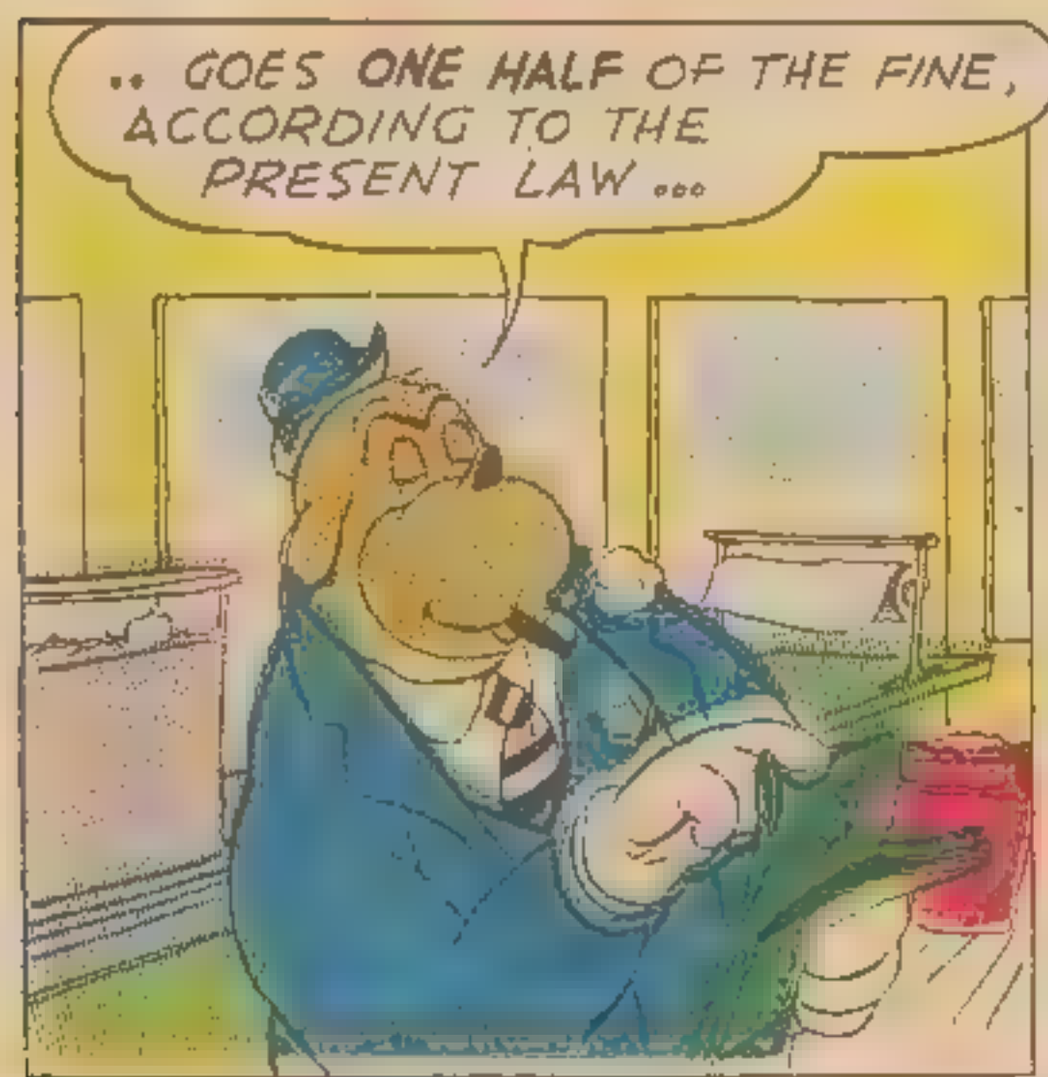

HI, BARNEY! WE SURE FIXED THAT SLEEKER! HERE'S TH' TEN SPOT HE NICKED YOU FOR..... TH' REST I'LL KEEP... AFTER ALL IT WAS MY IDEA!

JUST A MINUTE, BUB!
WHO ARE YOU?

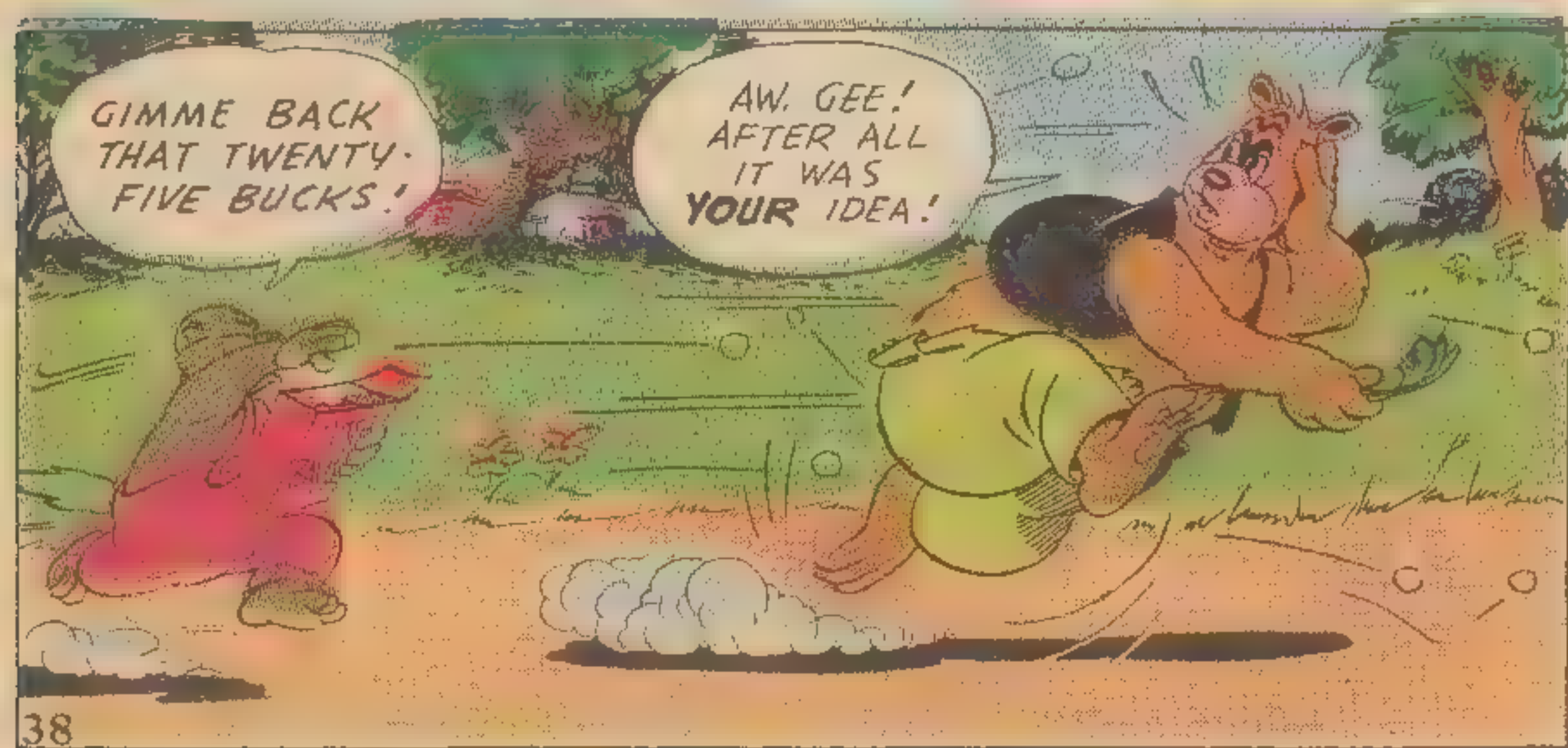
I'M WITH THE O.P.A... CHECKING ON CEILING PRICE VIOLATORS — OVERCHARGING FOR MOTH BALLS WILL COST YOU A FINE OF— FIFTY DOLLARS.... SO HAND IT OVER!
GULP!


- AN' LET ME WARN YOU... IF IT HAPPENS AGAIN... YOU GO TO JAIL!
Y-Y-YES, SIR!

- AND TO THIS PATRIOTIC YOUNG FELLOW - FOR INFORMING ME OF YOUR DISLOYAL ACTION...
?


.. GOES ONE HALF OF THE FINE, ACCORDING TO THE PRESENT LAW...

SO PLEASE ACCEPT THESE TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS!
UH? WHO, ME?


GIMME BACK THAT TWENTY-FIVE BUCKS!
AW, GEE! AFTER ALL IT WAS YOUR IDEA!

Dog House

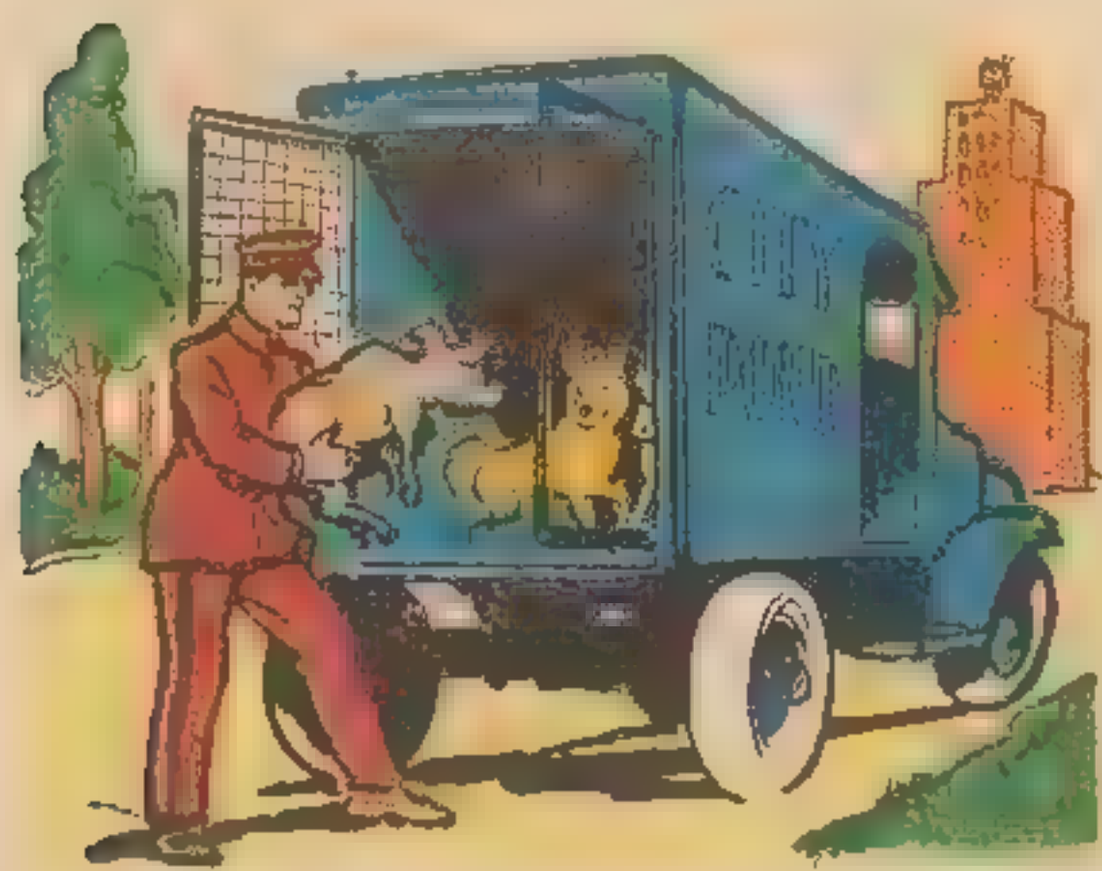
AS RETOLD FROM THE **M.G.M. PETE SMITH** SPECIALTY.

This is the story of a dog house. Not a cozy, little house in some friendly back yard, but a huge place with small, lattice-walled rooms. They call this dog house the City Pound.

I've been living in this dog house for a long, long time. Now that I'm used to it, I like it. It is clean and the food is good. And I've made many friends there. Some of them stay on and on, like me. Others leave to find new homes.

I want to tell you the stories of three of these friends of mine.

But first, I guess, I'd better introduce myself. My name is Mike. I'm nobody in particular, just a mongrel dog. I didn't even have a home before I came to the big dog house. I lived on the streets and in empty buildings until, one day, a man in uniform picked me up, put me in a big truck, and brought me here.



At first I was frightened. But, after a while, I was so busy that I forgot to be scared. As soon as I arrived, they gave me a bath with lots of soapsuds. It was the first real bath I ever had and I'll have to admit it felt good. Then they took me to my little room with the latticework on the doors and walls.

There I met my first new friend. He was my roommate. His name was Jojo. He spoke to me in a friendly voice, then went on with his eating.

Two other voices greeted me. One belonged to a cocker spaniel named Feathers, who lived in the room next to mine and who was poking his nose through the lattice which separated us. The other belonged to King, a handsome Shepherd, who spoke through the lattice bars on the other side of my room.

The four of us, Jojo, Feathers, King, and I, soon became good friends and told each other the stories of our lives. I didn't have much to tell, because my life hadn't been very exciting. But the others had really LIVED before they landed, alone and friendless, in the big dog house.

Jojo was a stage dog. His life had been filled with the excitement of bright lights, theatres, music, and applauding people. His master and he were in vaudeville and Jojo was one of the most famous trained

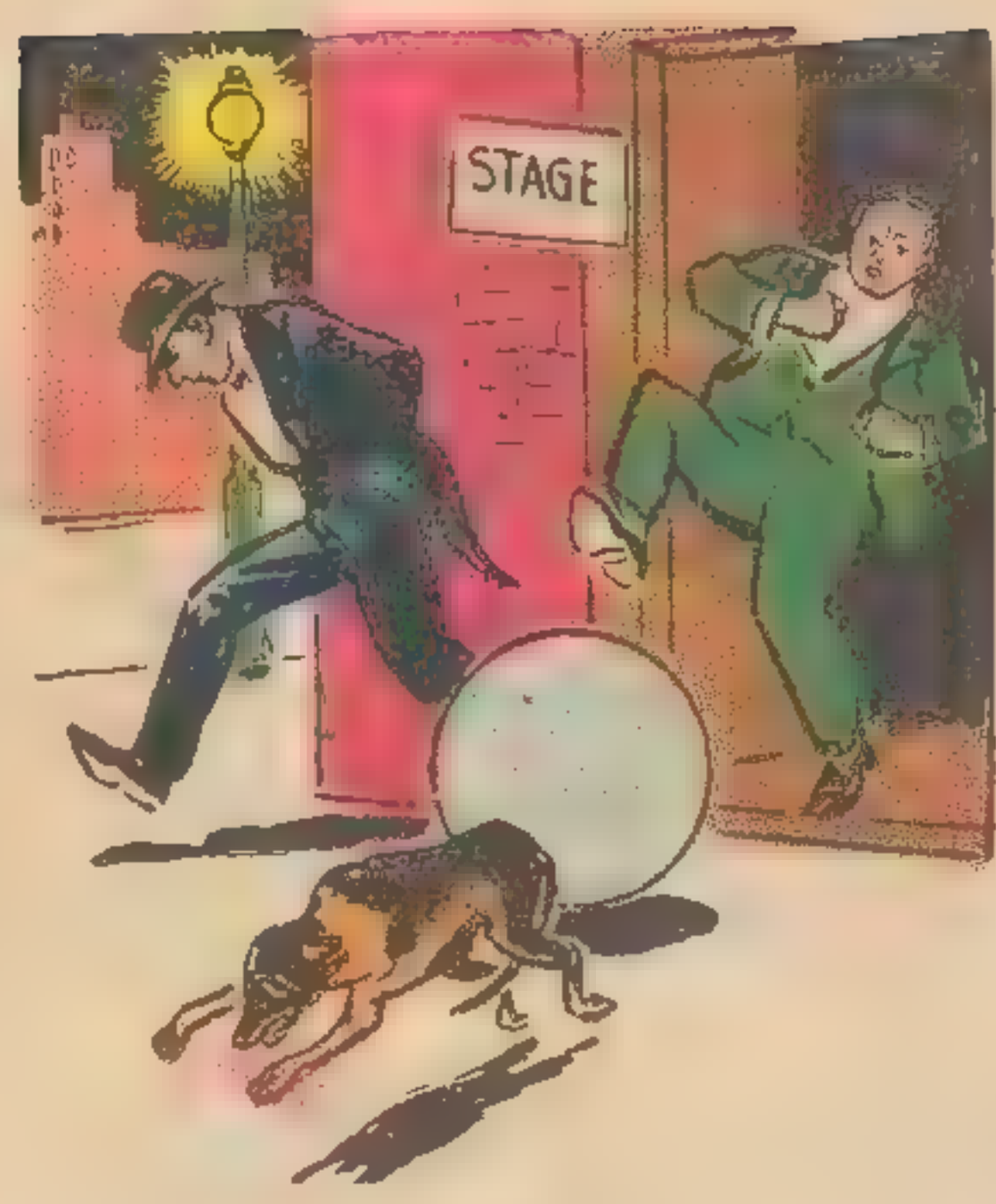
dogs in the country. Every day, while the orchestra played and the spotlight shone on him, Jojo rolled out on the stage, balanced on a glittering, silver ball.

Those were happy days for Jojo. He slept in soft, comfortable beds and ate the juiciest bones his master could find. He was petted and pampered and admired.

Then something happened to his master. He grew surly and cross. His footsteps were unsteady and Jojo shivered when he saw him tilting a bottle to his lips. They still played on brightly lighted stages, but, slowly, the theatres changed. They became cheap and dirty and tawdry. Sometimes, when Jojo's master staggered out in front of the curtain, he was greeted with "Boos," instead of with applause.

Jojo was sick with worry, but there was nothing he could do. Even his bright, silver ball grew tarnished and dented. It no longer rolled smoothly and Jojo could not keep his balance.

Finally, one night, when Jojo's master stumbled out on the stage and poor Jojo slipped off his battered ball, the audience shouted with loud disapproval. The manager grabbed Jojo's master and threw him, Jojo, and the dilapidated silver ball out of the theatre.



Jojo tried to console his master. But his master drove him from him and staggered away.

So poor Jojo was homeless and alone. He wandered aimlessly around the streets of the strange city. Finally, one day, the man in the uniform grabbed him and took him to the big dog house.

Feathers, the cocker spaniel, had lived in an elegant home with Mary Jane and her mother. Feathers loved small Mary Jane. But he didn't like her haughty, snippety mother, whose one idea was to exhibit Feathers at dog shows and win blue ribbons.

Feathers was groomed and made ready for his first show. At last the important day arrived. With dozens of other brushed and shining dogs, Feathers faced the audience and the three pompous judges.

But, alas for poor Feathers, when the judges came to him, they paused, whispered, nodded, and frowned. They spoke anxiously to Mary Jane's mother, who quickly and proudly produced Feathers' long, typewritten pedigree. Once again they stared at poor Feathers and shook their heads.

Then, while Mary Jane's mother gasped with embarrassed humiliation, the judges ordered Feathers removed from the show.

FEATHERS WAS NOT A PURE-BRED COCKER SPANIEL! So he couldn't compete with the real bluebloods of dogdom.

Glad to be free of the stern-faced judges, Feathers leaped into little Mary Jane's arms. But her angry mother pulled him away and gave him to the even angrier butler. "Do what you please with him," she said. "But don't ever let me see him again." Then she led the sobbing Mary Jane away.

From that time on Feathers' life was misery. The butler hated him as much as Mary Jane's mother did. So the unhappy Feathers ran away from the man. And, at last, he landed, sad and lonely, in the big dog house.

Then there was the handsome King. Once upon a time King was as happy as a dog could be. He had a kind and affectionate young master who had been his constant companion since King was a puppy. They had wonderful times together until, one day, King's master came home in strange new clothes, with wings on his coat. The master was very sad that day. He rubbed King's head and patted him and talked to him in a low, husky voice. Finally he snapped a leash on King's collar and gave the leash to one of his friends. Then King's master stepped into a taxicab and

drove away. He leaned from the window and waved.

"Good-bye, King," he called. Then he disappeared.

King was bewildered and heartbroken. Where was his master going without him? He couldn't let him leave him alone!

With a sudden, quick movement, he squeezed his head out of his collar and raced after the taxi. He reached the railroad station just as his master stepped out of the car and leaped aboard the moving train.

King did not stop. He sped down the tracks in pursuit of the train. Finally it vanished in the distance, but King did not turn back. He ran and ran, on and on down the glittering line of tracks, until, hours later, he fell from sheer exhaustion.

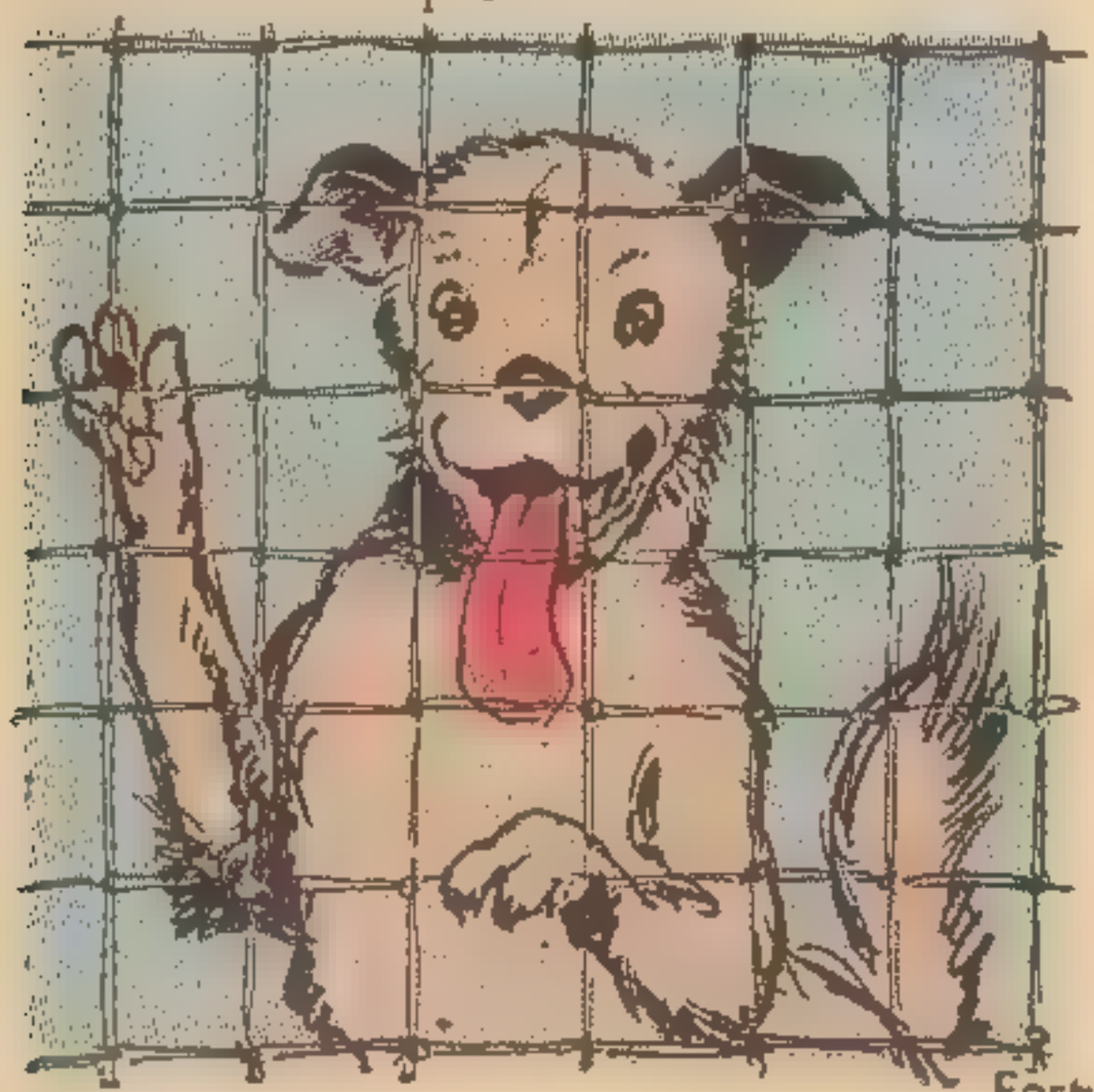
The man in uniform found him there and took him to the safety of the big dog house.

The four of us liked to talk about happier days. But often Jojo and Feathers and King would lie silently, just thinking. Then I didn't talk to them, because I knew they were grieving for those better times and for their masters and Mary Jane.

One day there was great excitement in the dog house. Suddenly the door to King's room opened and a low voice called his name. King uttered a cry of wild joy and leaped toward the man who stood there,

He was a young man in a brownish uniform with silver wings. And one arm was in a sling.

King's master had returned! When he came back from the war and learned of King's escape from his friend, he had told a newspaper man about it. The man had printed the story in the paper with pictures of King and his master. There were big headlines, "War Hero Trying to Locate His Best Pal." The keeper of the dog house had read the story and had brought the war hero to his lost pal.



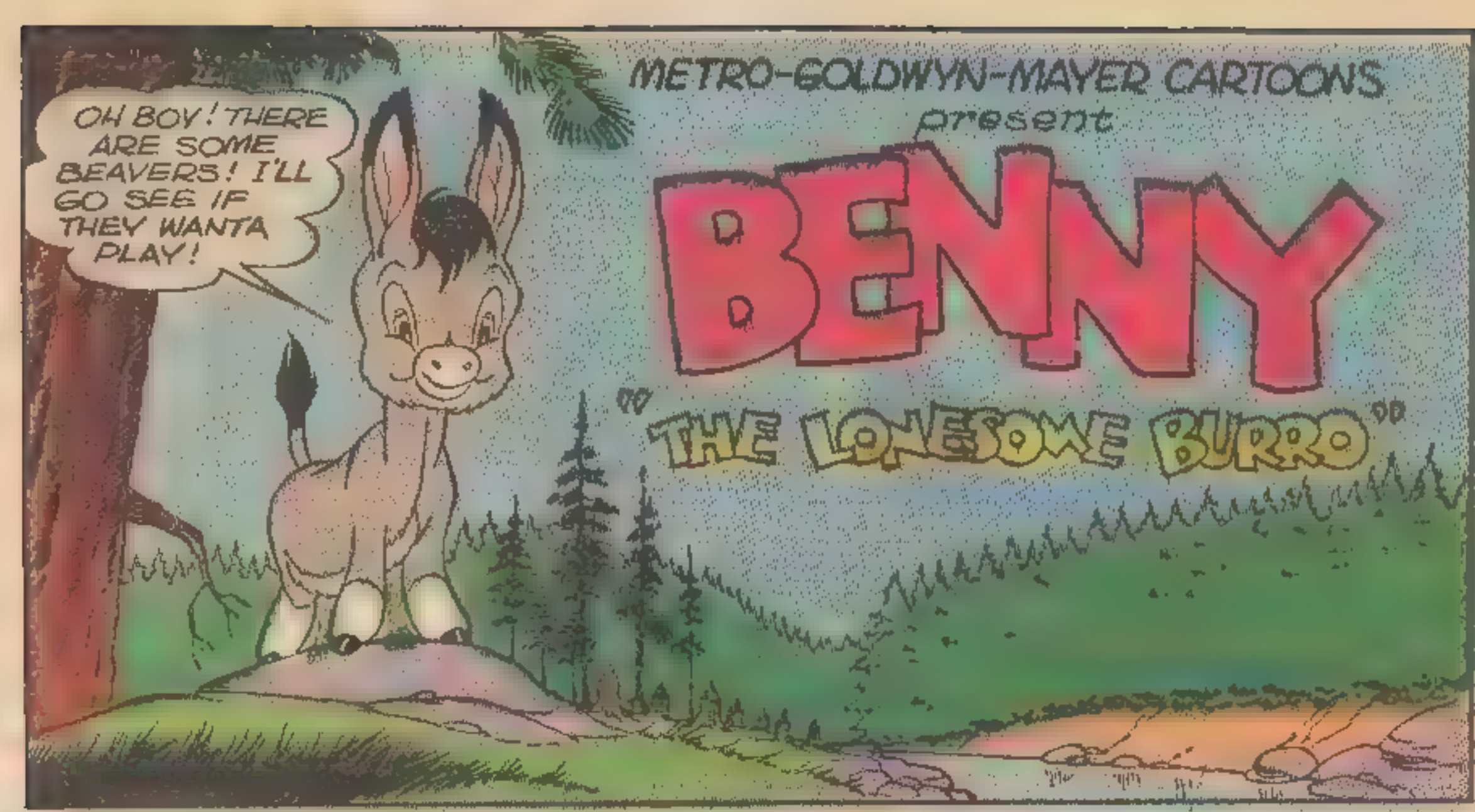
That was a happy day in the dog house. We hated to say good-bye to King, but we all were so glad to see his happiness. Men from the newspapers came and took pictures of all of us. And, the next day, there we were in the paper!

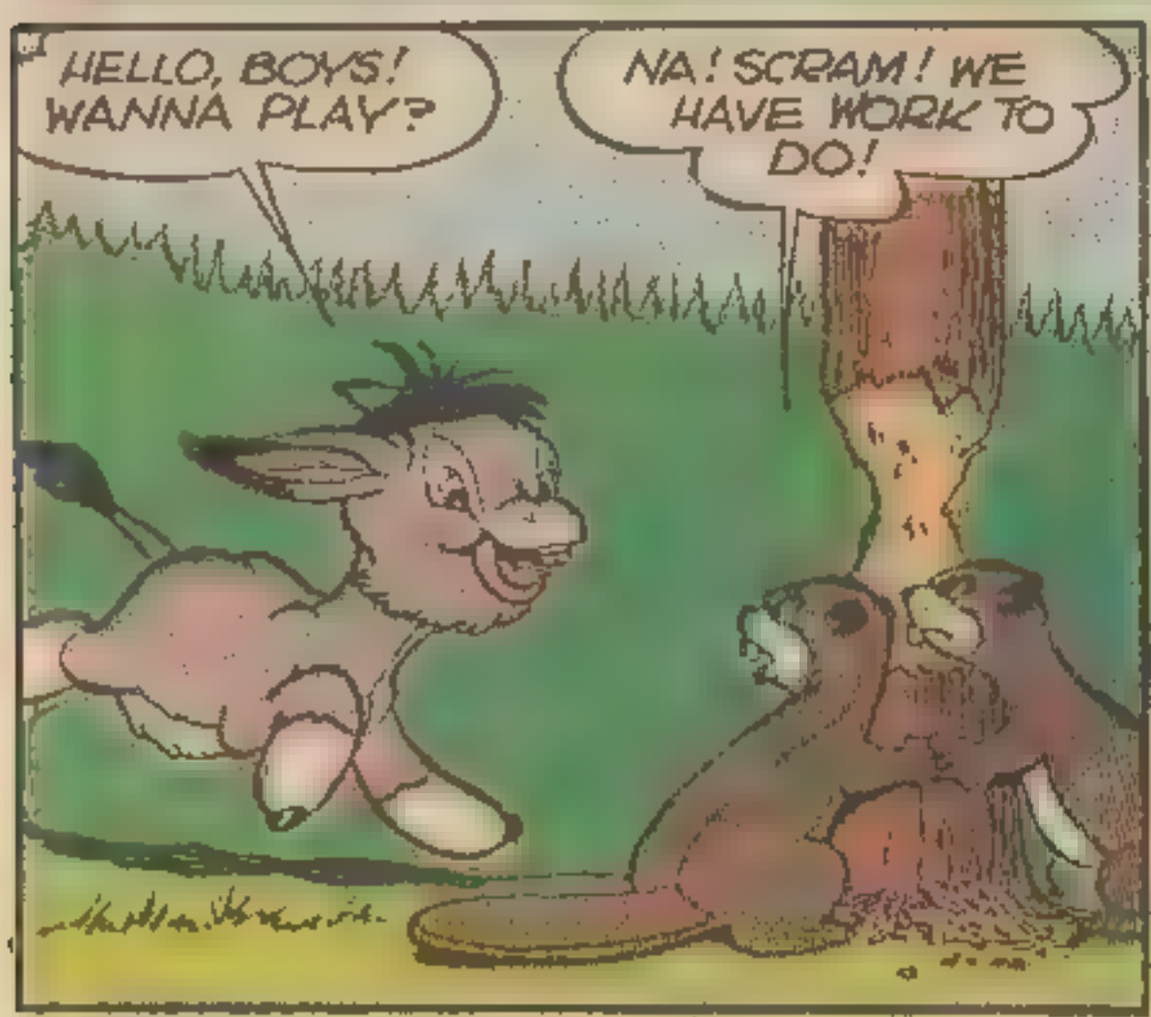
Things happened fast after that. One day a little lame girl and her mother appeared and were led into Feathers' room. They had seen his picture in the paper and they wanted him. So the happy Feathers went away to live with another little girl, as affectionate and sweet as Mary Jane, and with another mother who was as nice as her small daughter.

And what do you think happened next? Maybe you've guessed it. Jojo's master saw the pictures, too. He rushed down to the big house. His step was firm and his face was smiling. When the jubilant Jojo saw him, he turned a somersault in joy and jumped into his master's arms. His master had a good job now. He and Jojo would have a happy home together.

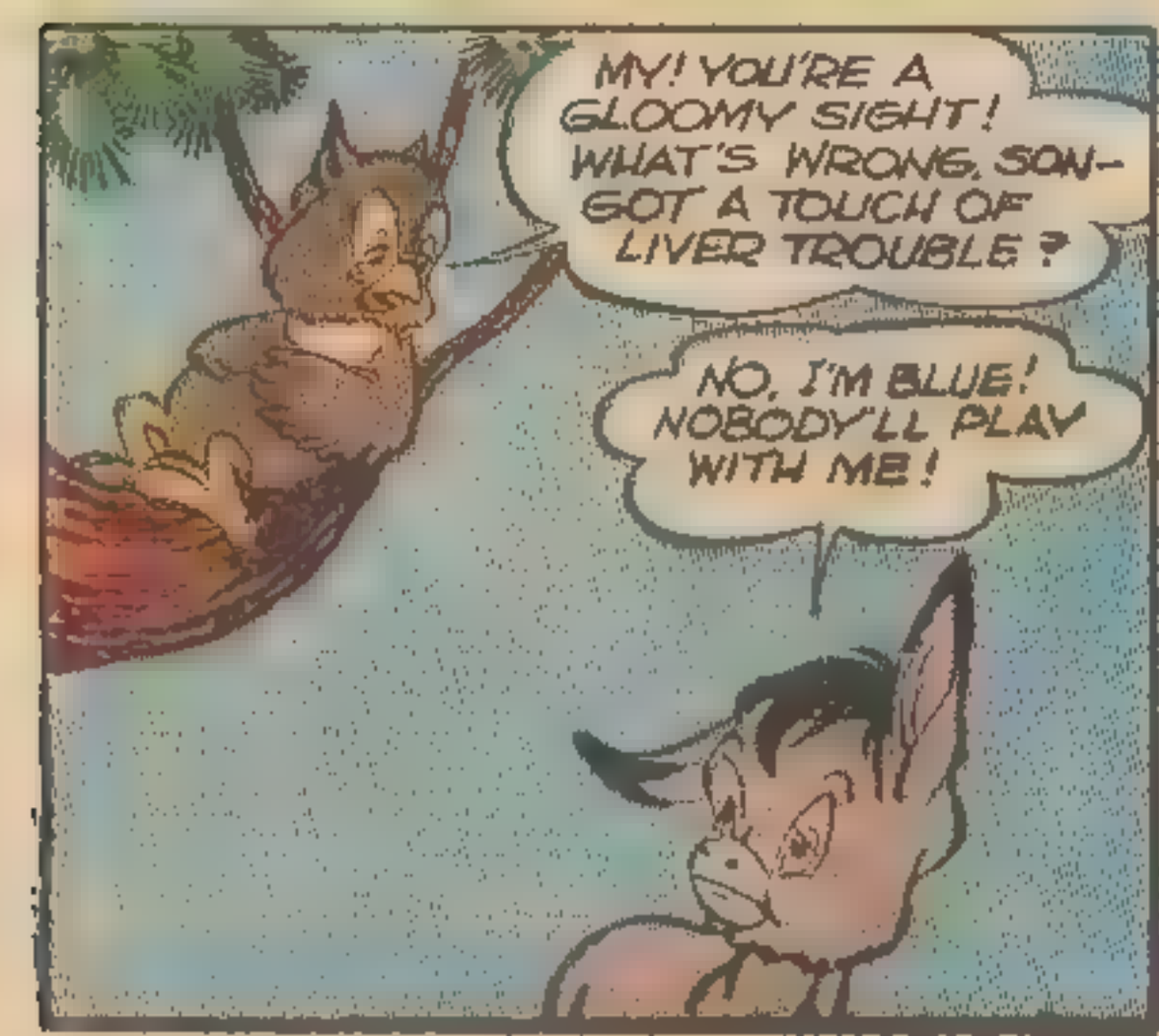
So my three friends left me. I was glad to see them go. But I was sad, too.

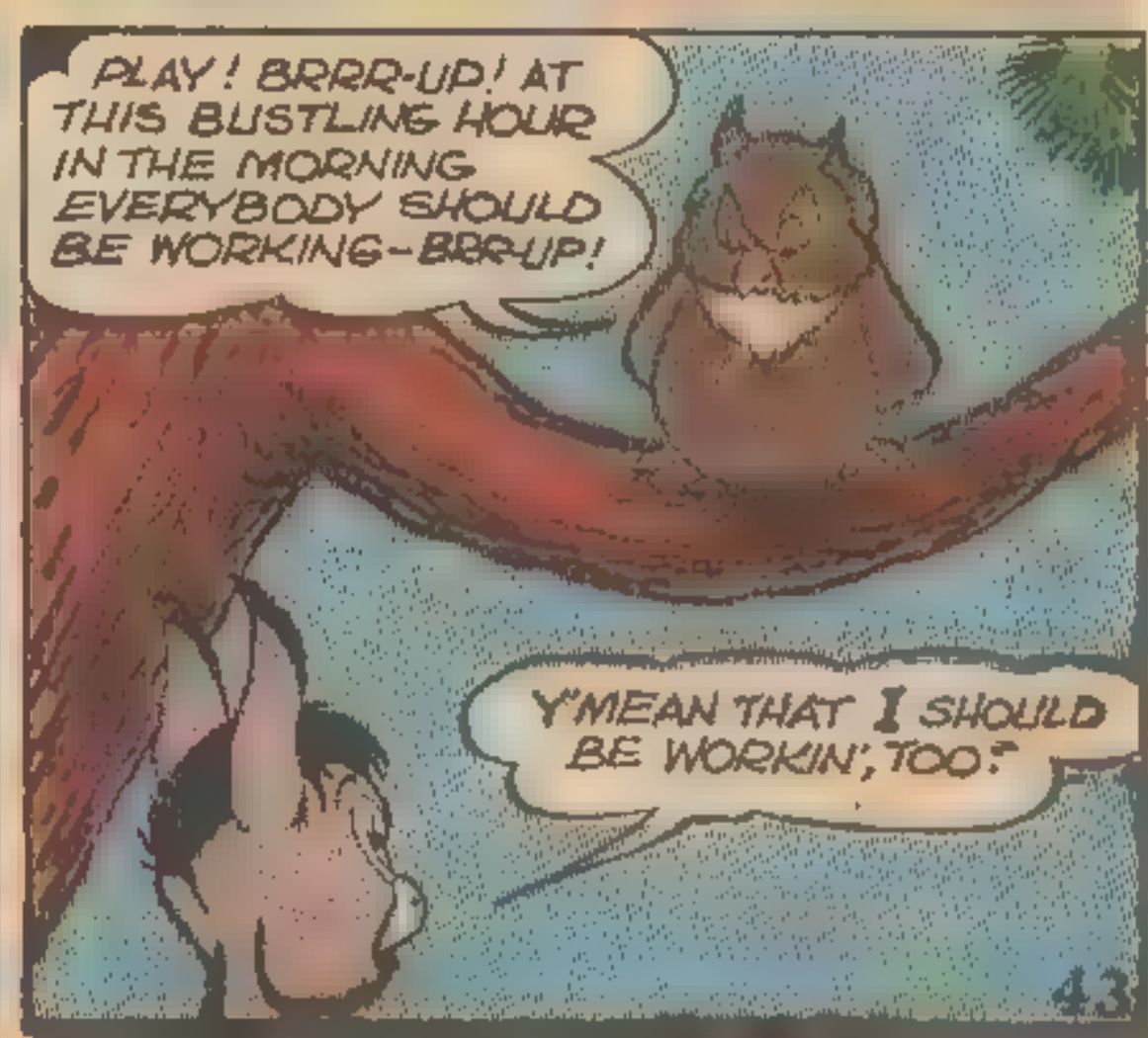
It's sort of lonely in the big dog house without them. But maybe, some day, someone will come along who wants me. Then I'll have a home, too.


METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER CARTOONS
present
BENNY
"THE LONESOME BURRO"
OH BOY! THERE ARE SOME BEAVERS! I'LL GO SEE IF THEY WANTA PLAY!

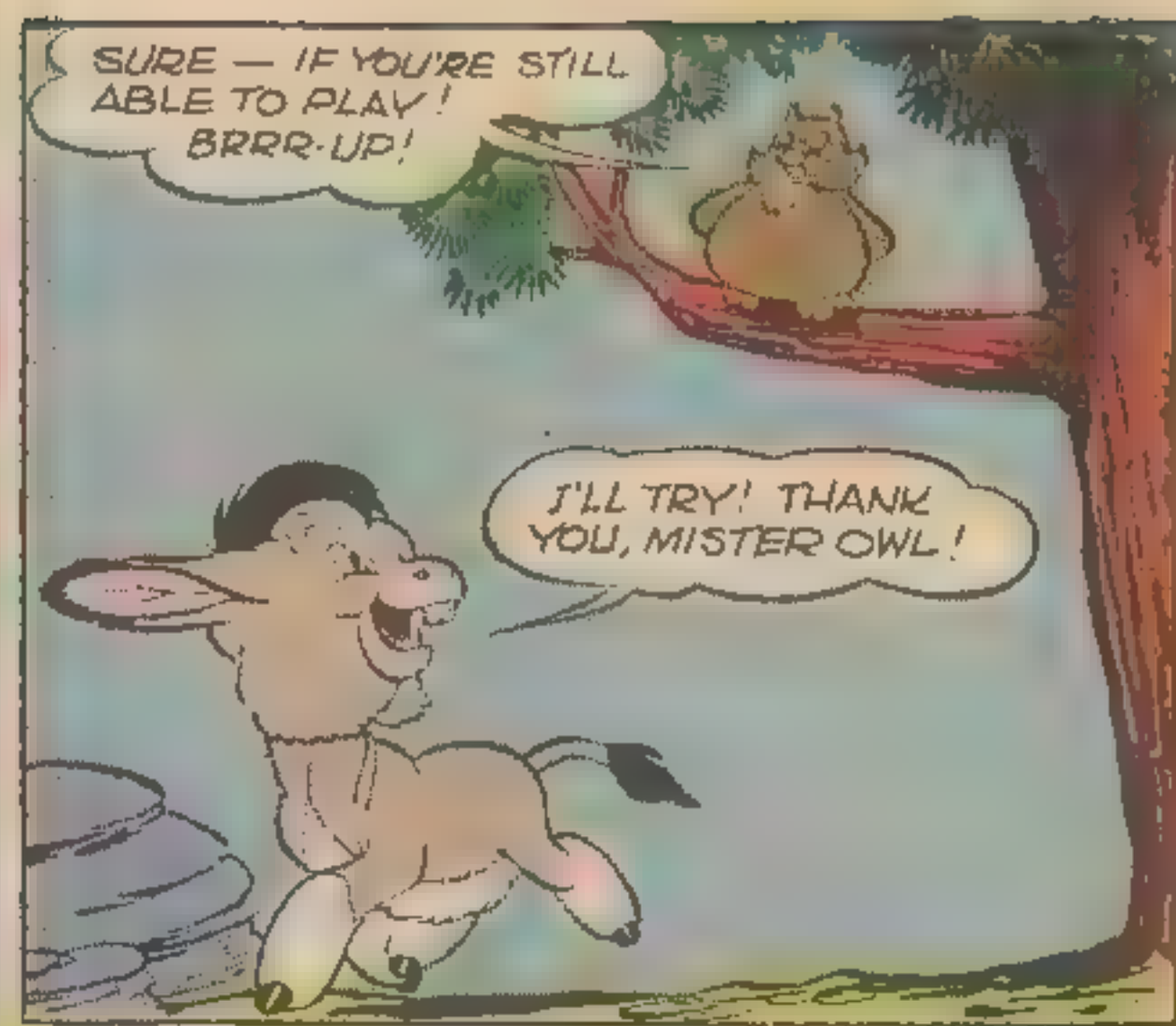

HELLO, BOYS! WANNA PLAY?
NA! SCRAM! WE HAVE WORK TO DO!

GEE WILIKINS! EVERYBODY IS BUSY WORKIN'!


MY! YOU'RE A GLOOMY SIGHT! WHAT'S WRONG, SON- GOT A TOUCH OF LIVER TROUBLE?
NO, I'M BLUE! NOBODY'LL PLAY WITH ME!

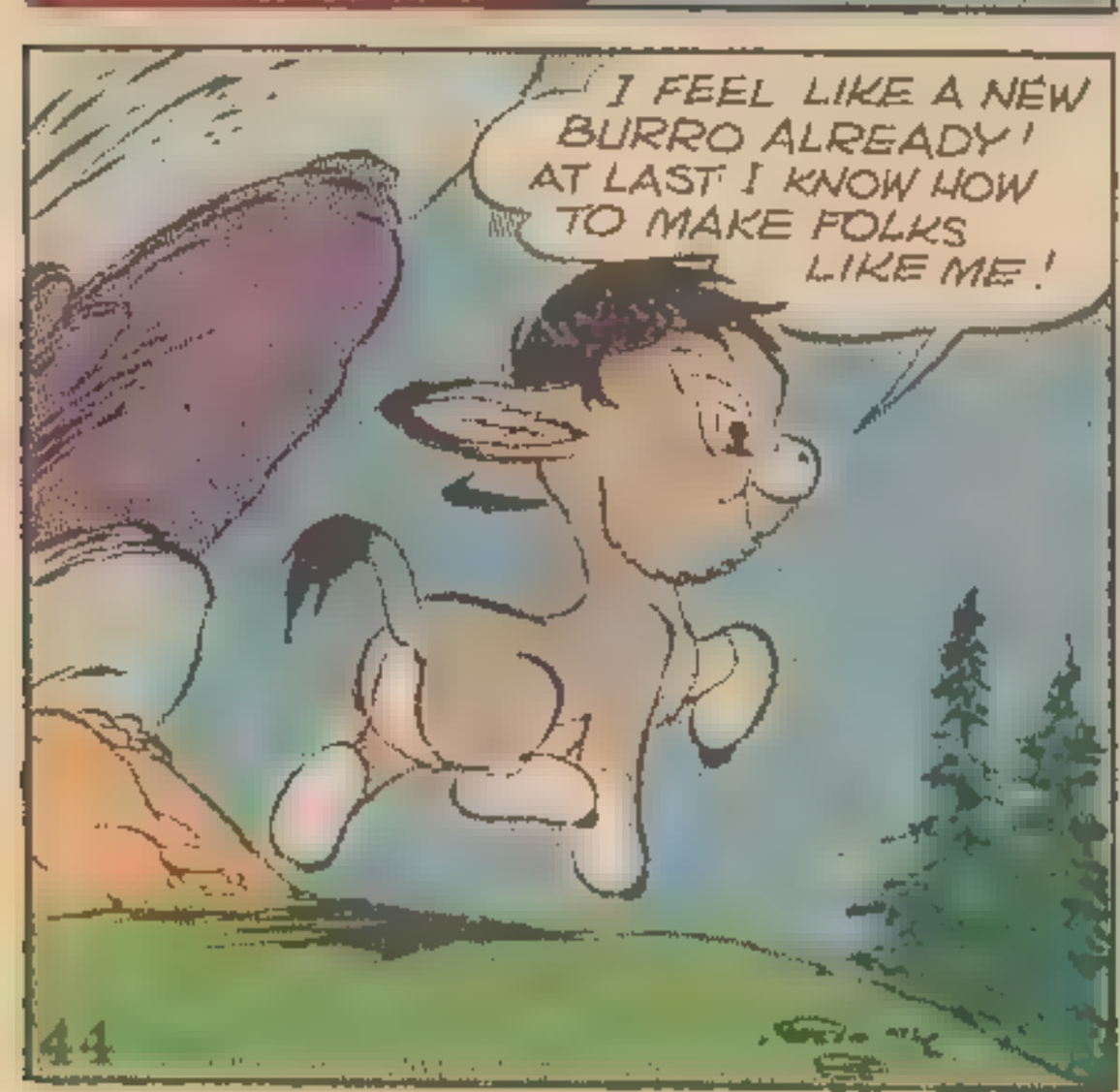

PLAY! BRRR-UP! AT THIS BUSTLING HOUR IN THE MORNING EVERYBODY SHOULD BE WORKING-BRR-UP!
Y'MEAN THAT I SHOULD BE WORKIN', TOO?

YES, MY BOY! WORK COMES BEFORE PLAY! SWEAT BEFORE SWEETS! BACKACHES BEFORE BACKGAMMON! WHY NOT HELP THOSE POOR LITTLE BEAVERS? THEY'RE SHORT-HANDED!
THEN WILL THEY PLAY WITH ME?


SURE — IF YOU'RE STILL ABLE TO PLAY! BRRR-UP!
I'LL TRY! THANK YOU, MISTER OWL!

I'M GLAD TO RECOMMEND WORK TO ANYBODY! I LOVE IT! IT BUILDS STRONG MUSCLES AND BOUNDING HEALTH! WORK! WORK! WONDERFUL WORK!

GA-LAZZZZ!

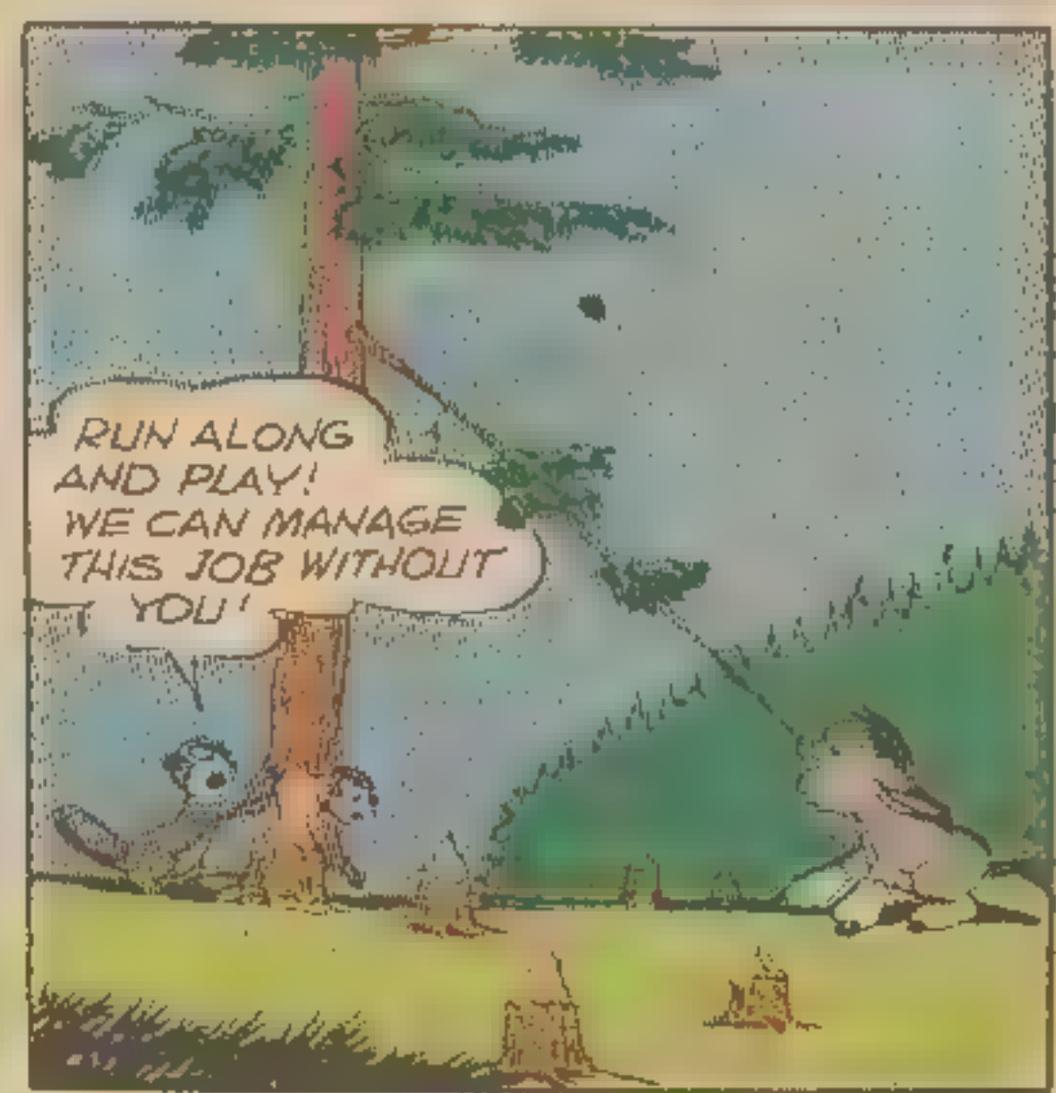

I FEEL LIKE A NEW BURRO ALREADY! AT LAST I KNOW HOW TO MAKE FOLKS LIKE ME!

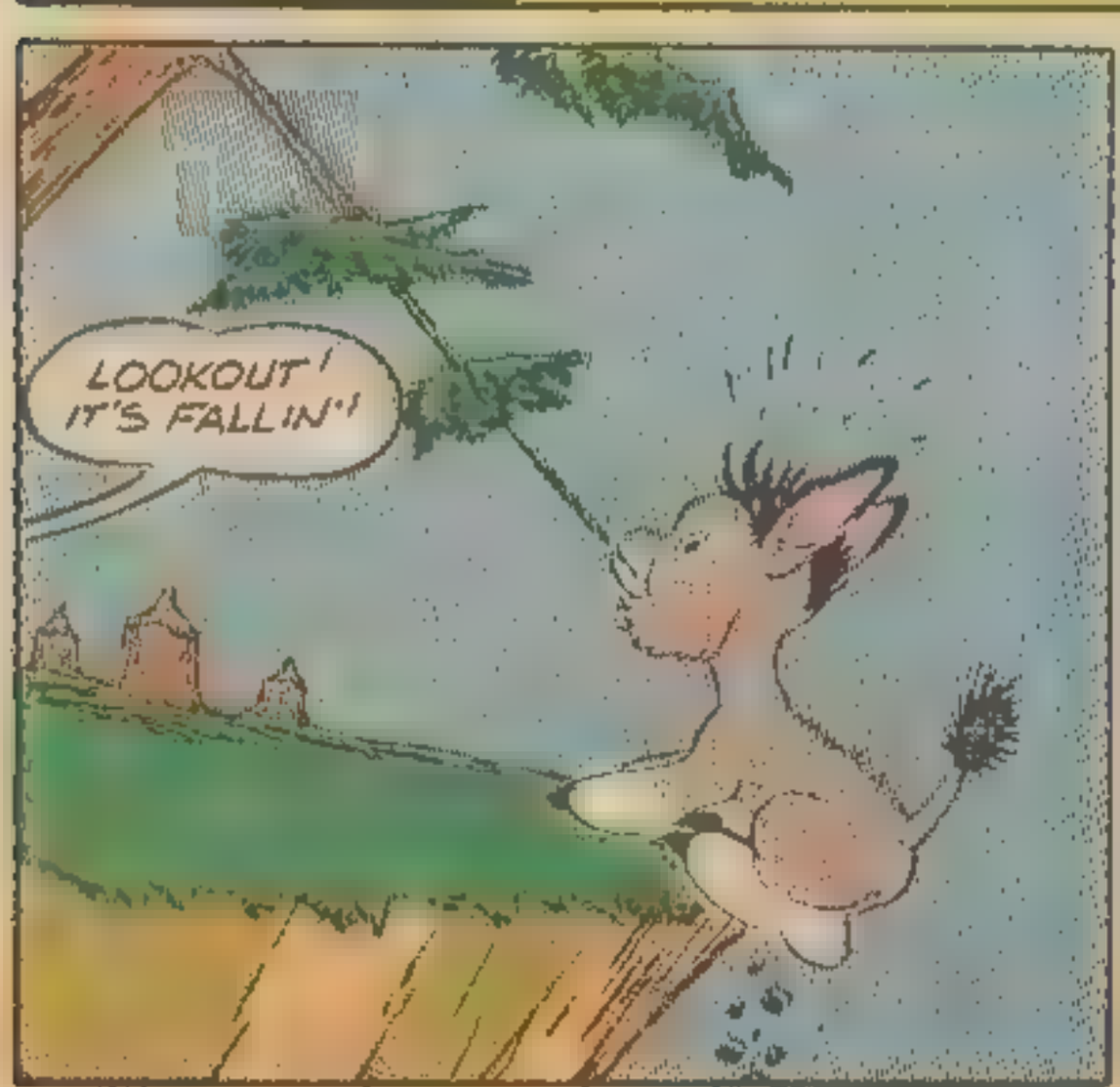
I'M GONNA HELP YOU! I'LL CUT DOWN THIS TREE!

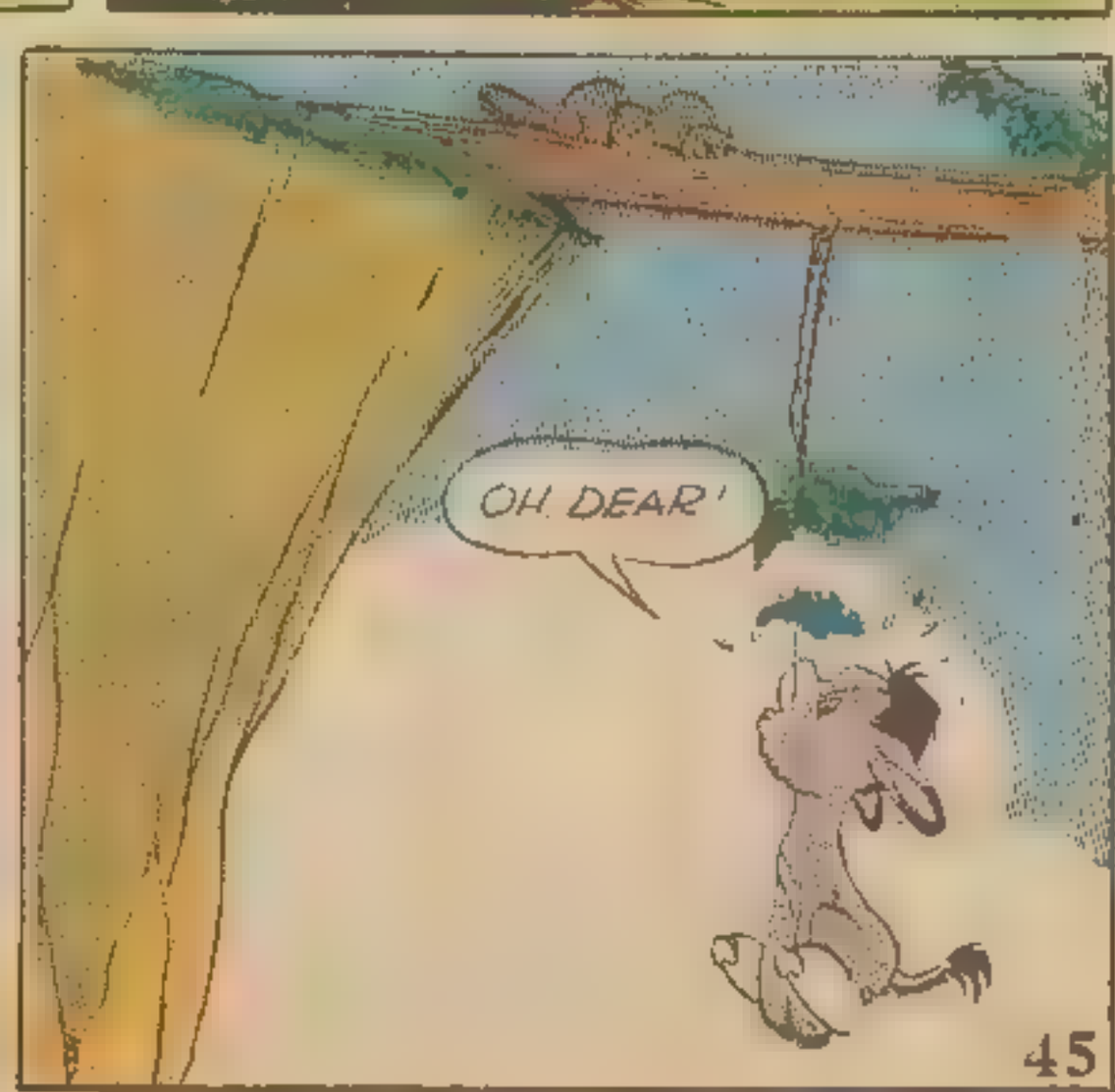
CHOMP!
GRIT!

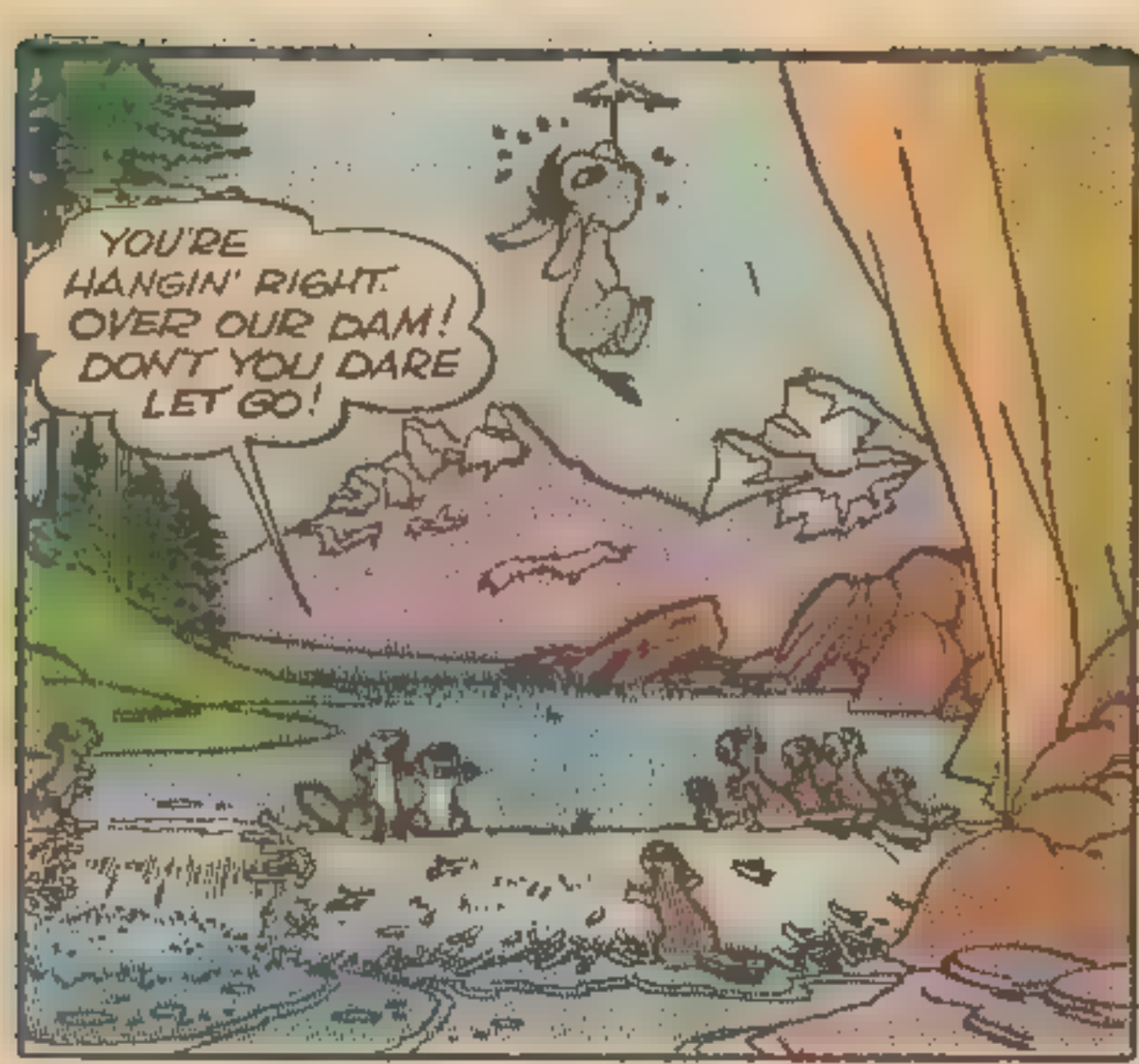
GUESS MY TEETH AREN'T SHARP ENOUGH – OUCH!

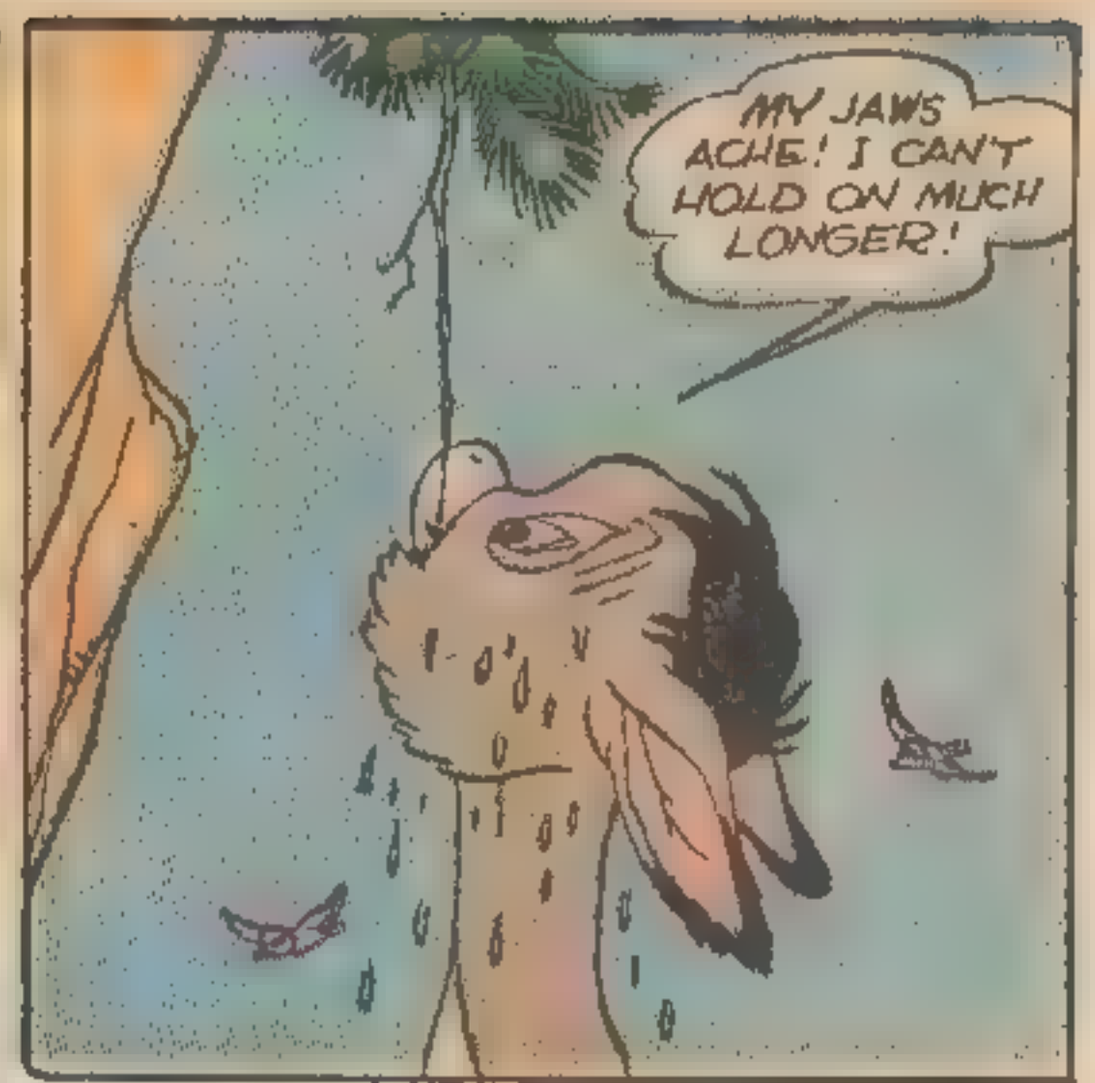
THERE'S SOMETHING I CAN DO! WAIT! I'LL HELP YOU!

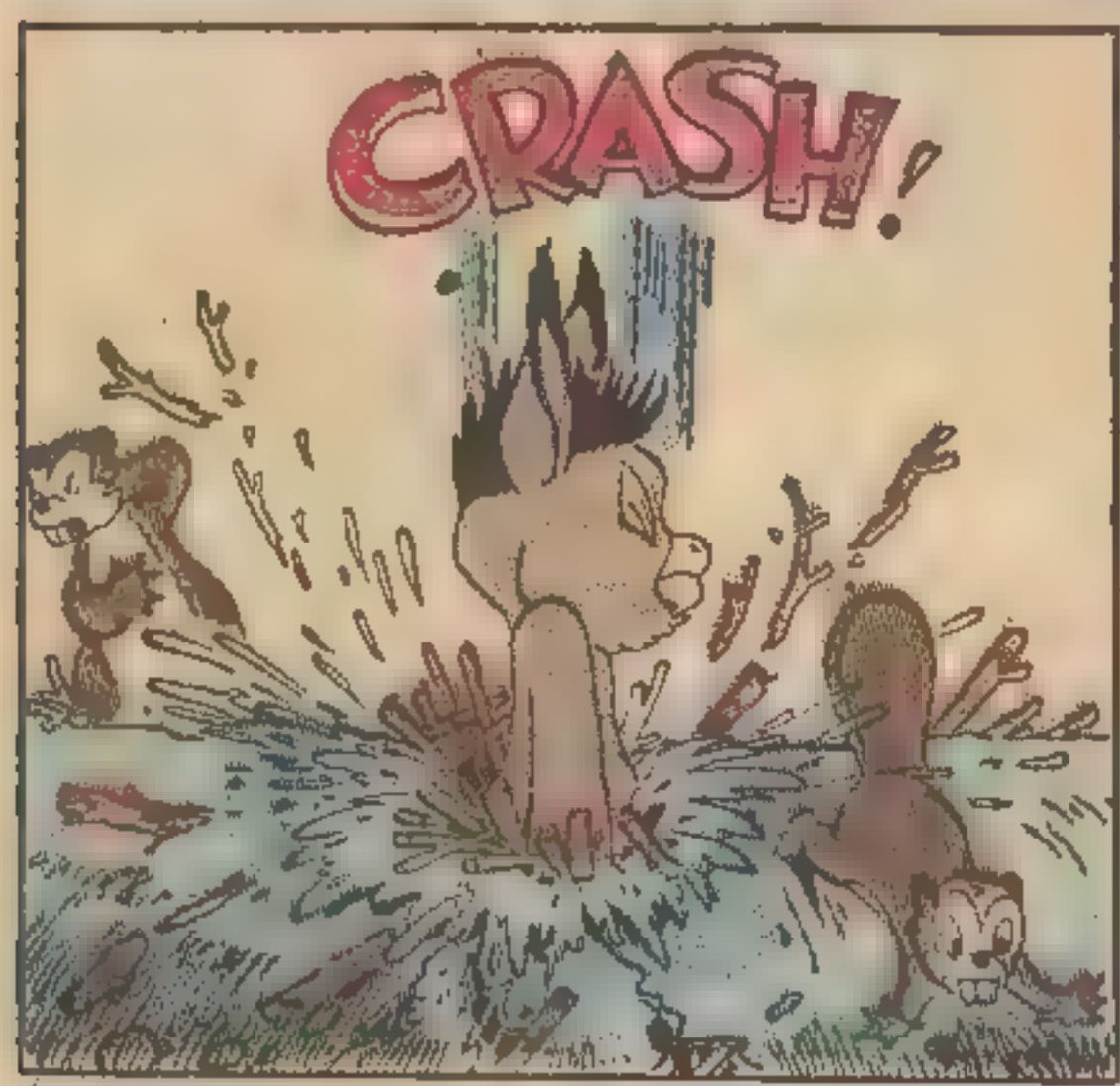

RUN ALONG AND PLAY! WE CAN MANAGE THIS JOB WITHOUT YOU!

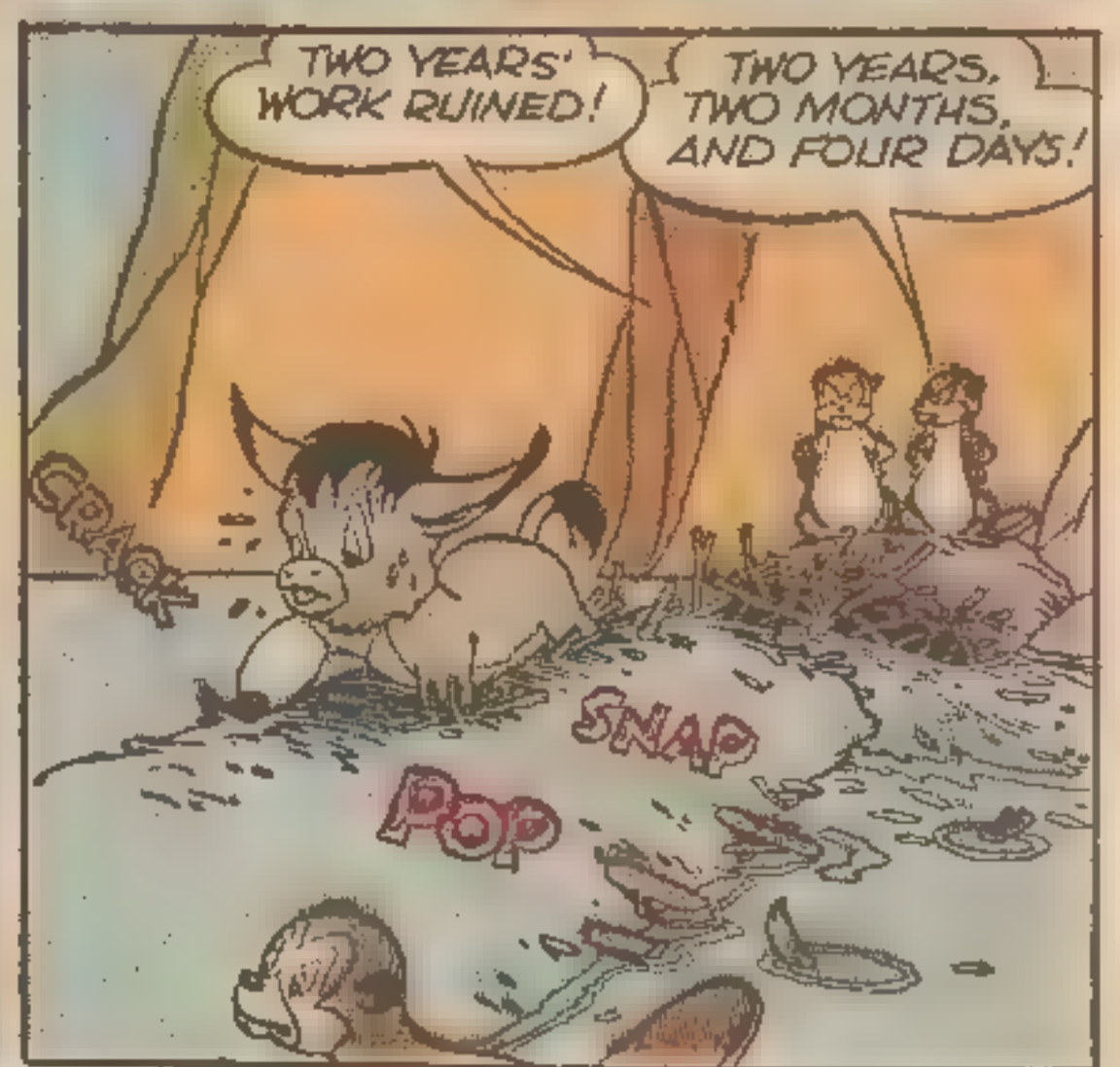

LOOKOUT! IT'S FALLIN'!

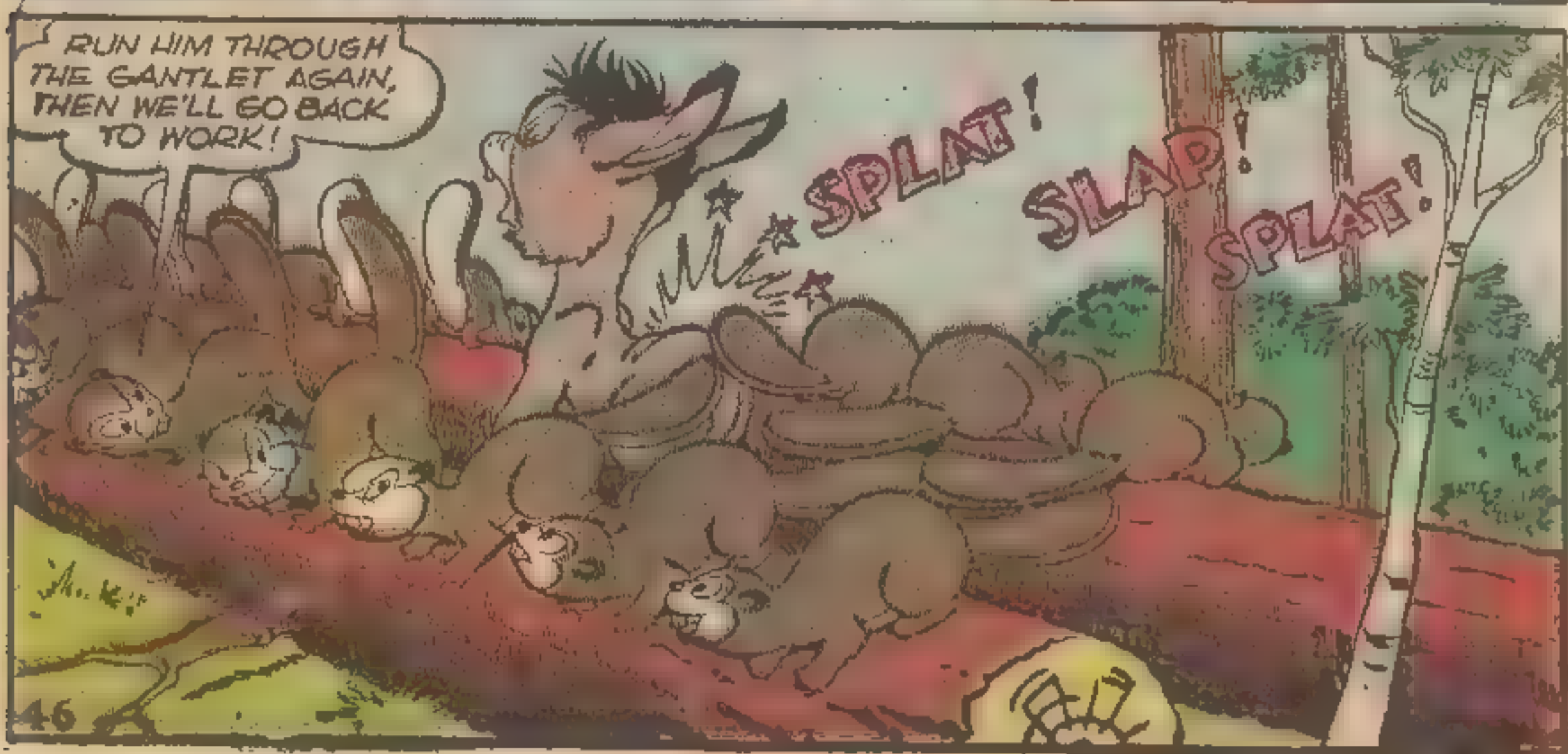

OH DEAR!


YOU'RE HANGIN' RIGHT OVER OUR DAM! DON'T YOU DARE LET GO!

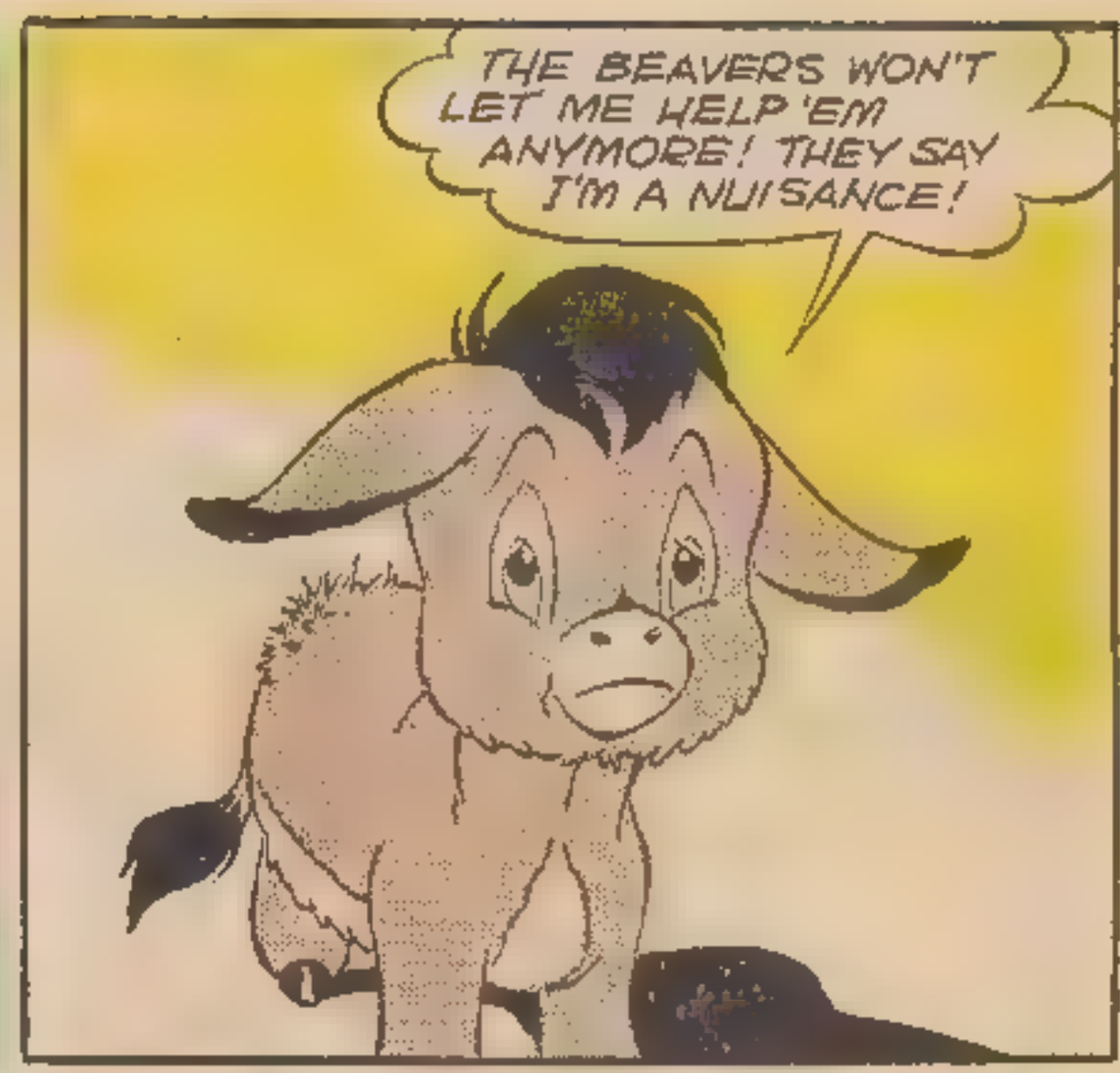

MY JAWS ACHE! I CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH LONGER!

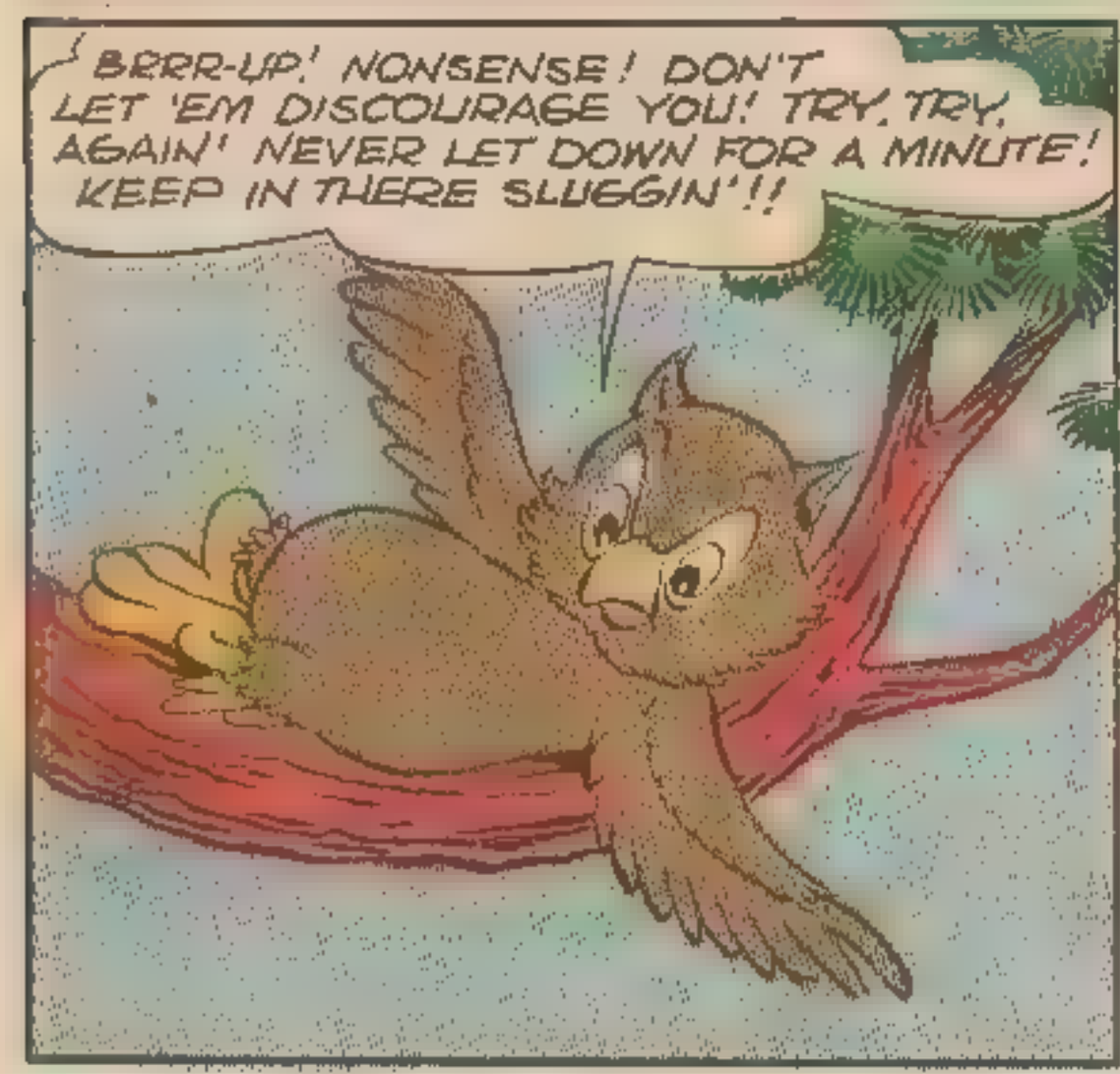

CRASH!

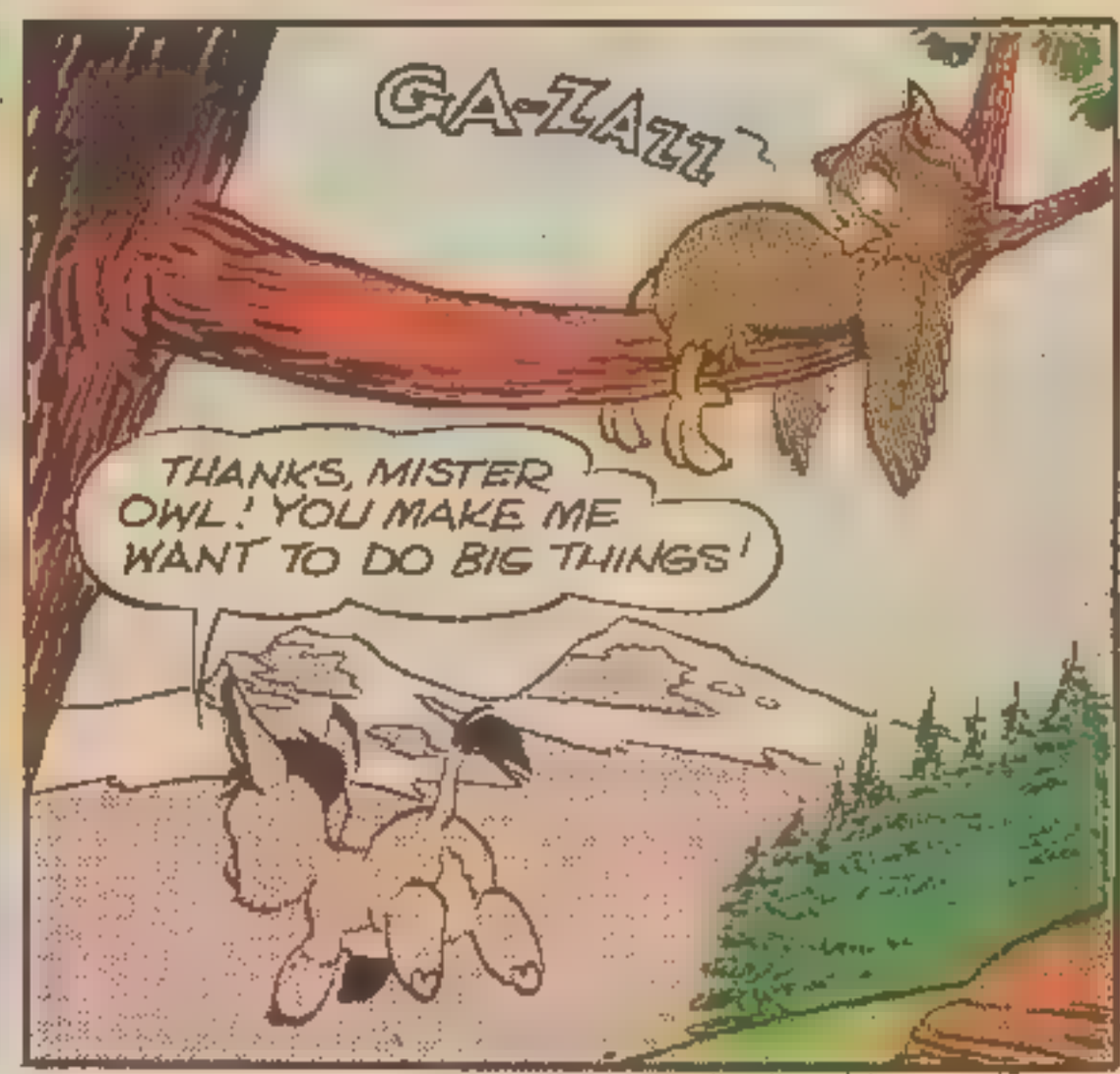

TWO YEARS' WORK RUINED!
TWO YEARS, TWO MONTHS, AND FOUR DAYS!
SNAP
POP

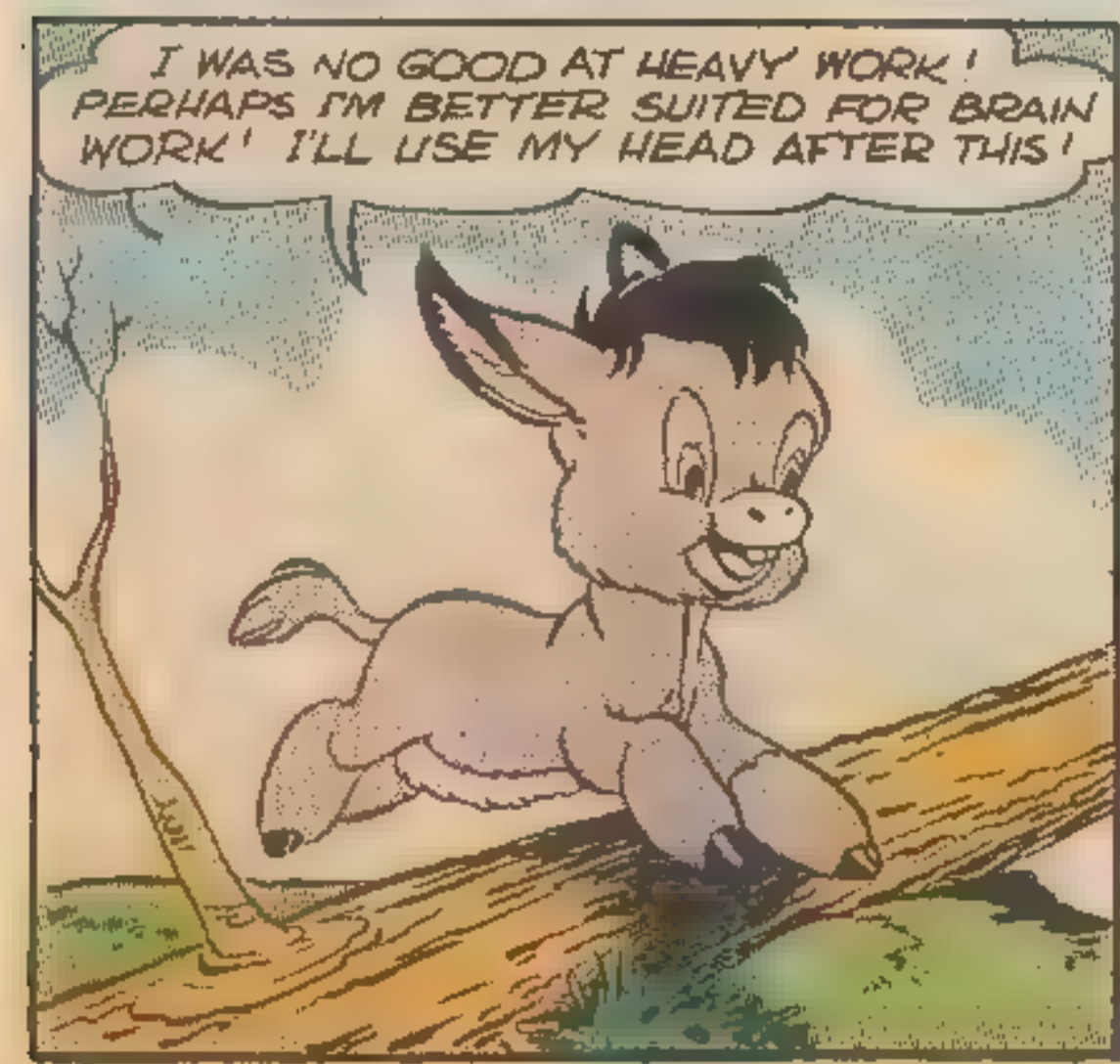

RUN HIM THROUGH THE GANTLET AGAIN, THEN WE'LL GO BACK TO WORK!
SPLAT!
SLAP!
SPLAT!

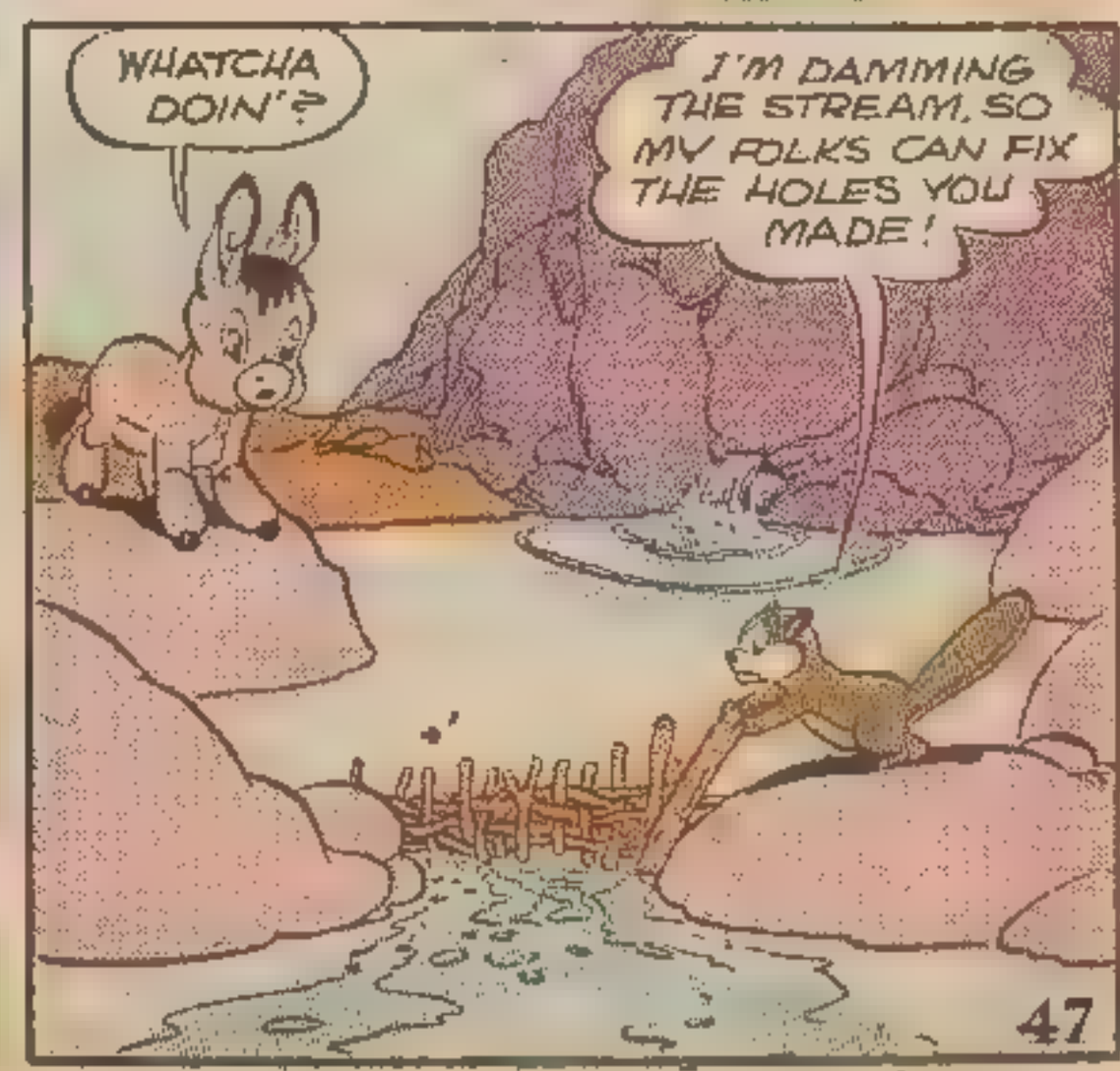
MISTER OWL!
BRRR-UP! HUH? OH, IT'S YOU AGAIN!

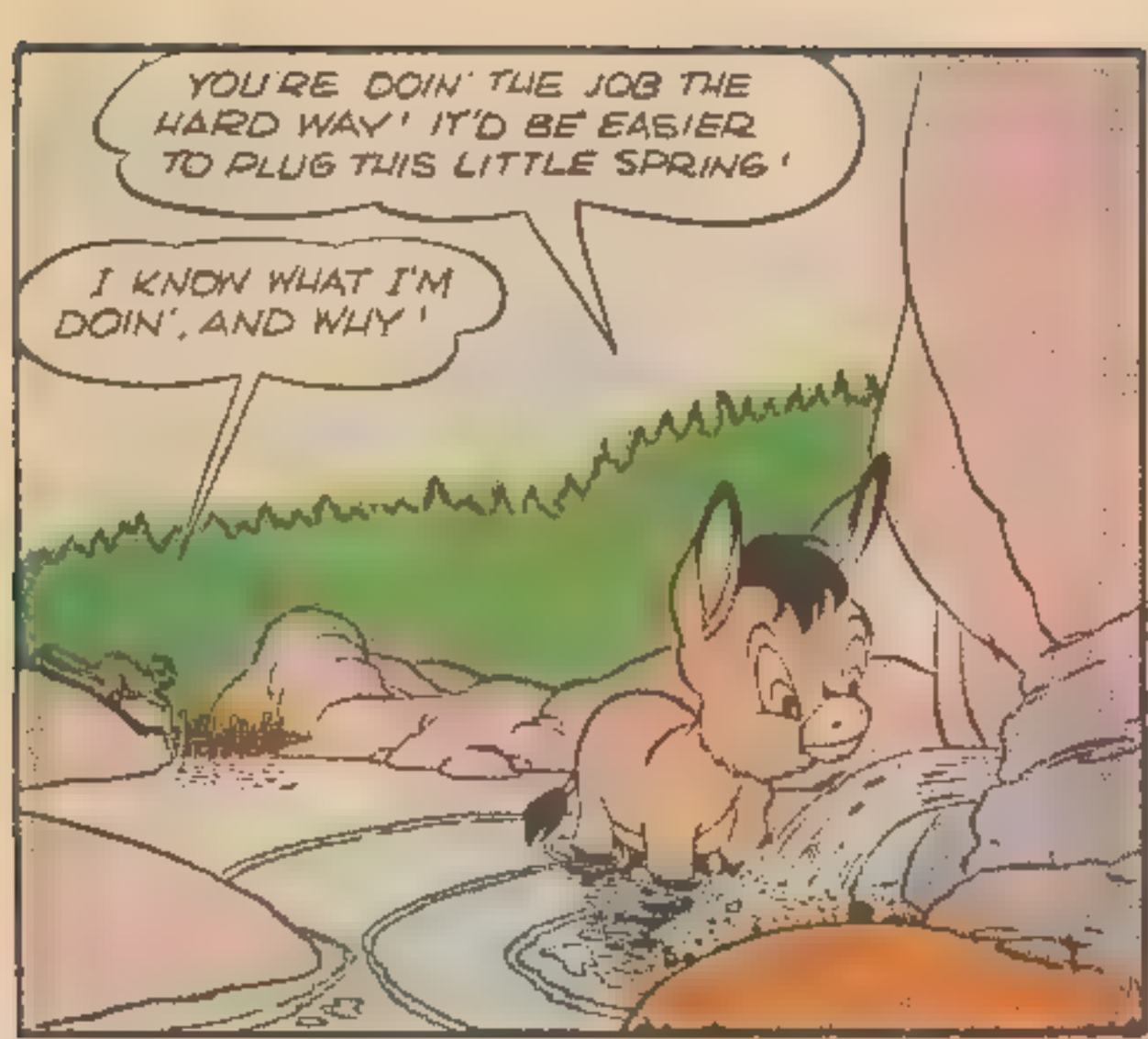

THE BEAVERS WON'T LET ME HELP 'EM ANYMORE! THEY SAY I'm A NUISANCE!


BRRR-UP! NONSENSE! DON'T LET 'EM DISCOURAGE YOU! TRY, TRY, AGAIN! NEVER LET DOWN FOR A MINUTE! KEEP IN THERE SLUGGIN'!!

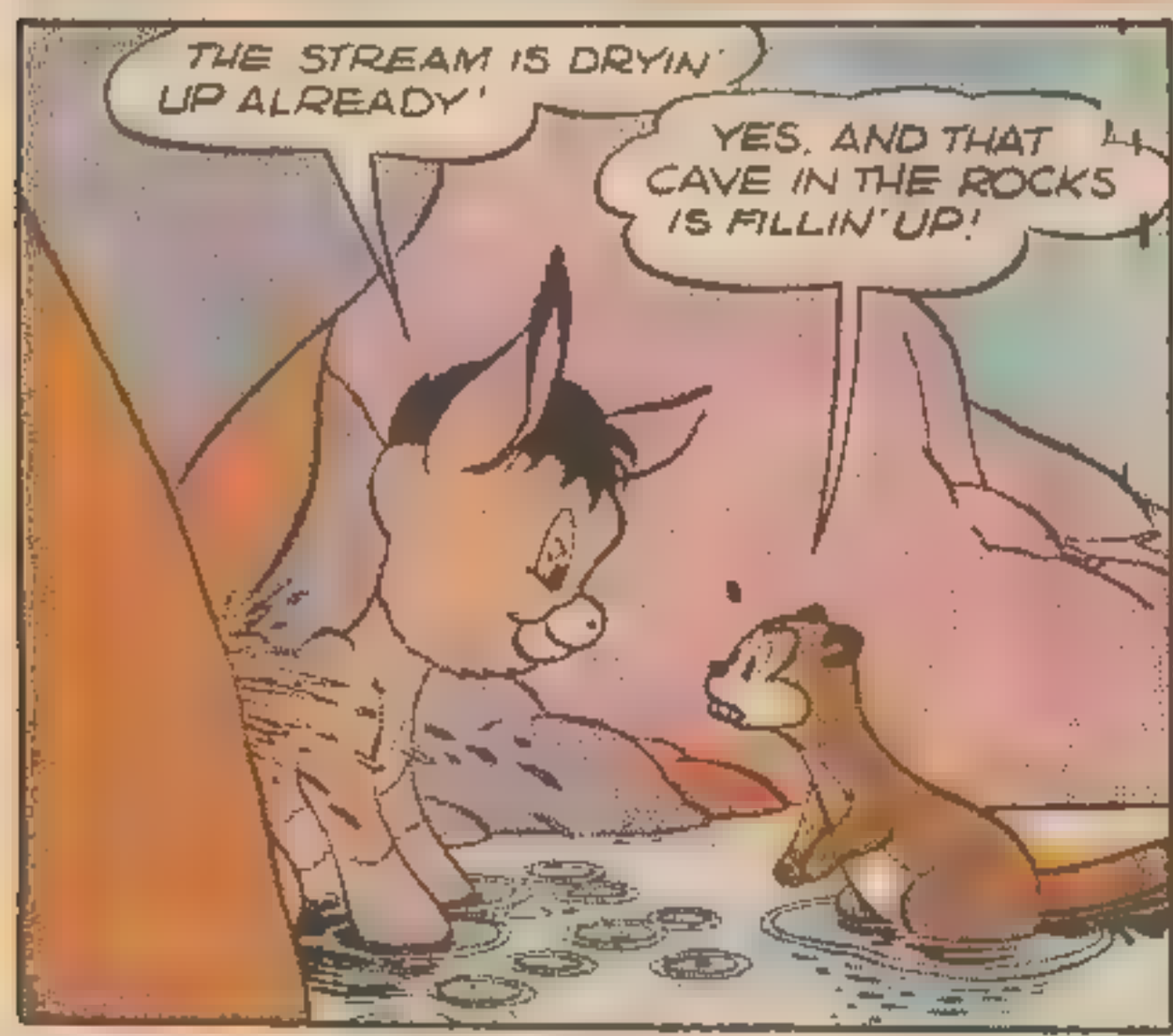

GA-ZAZZ
THANKS, MISTER OWL! YOU MAKE ME WANT TO DO BIG THINGS!

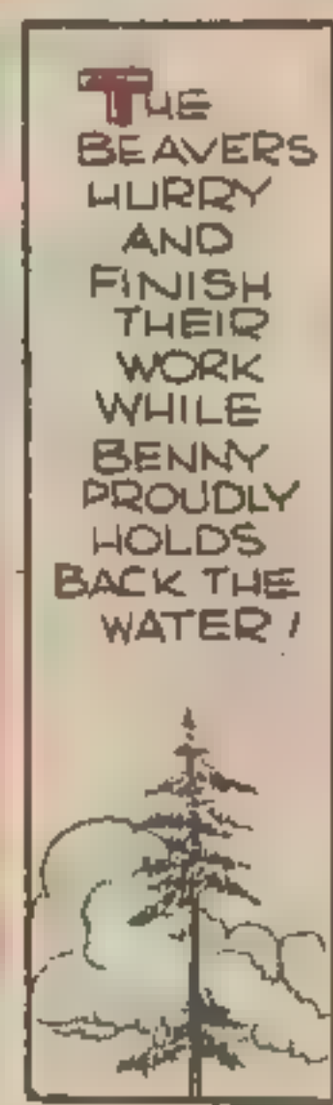

I WAS NO GOOD AT HEAVY WORK! PERHAPS I'M BETTER SUITED FOR BRAIN WORK! I'LL USE MY HEAD AFTER THIS!


WHATCHA DOIN'?
I'M DAMMING THE STREAM, SO MY FOLKS CAN FIX THE HOLES YOU MADE!

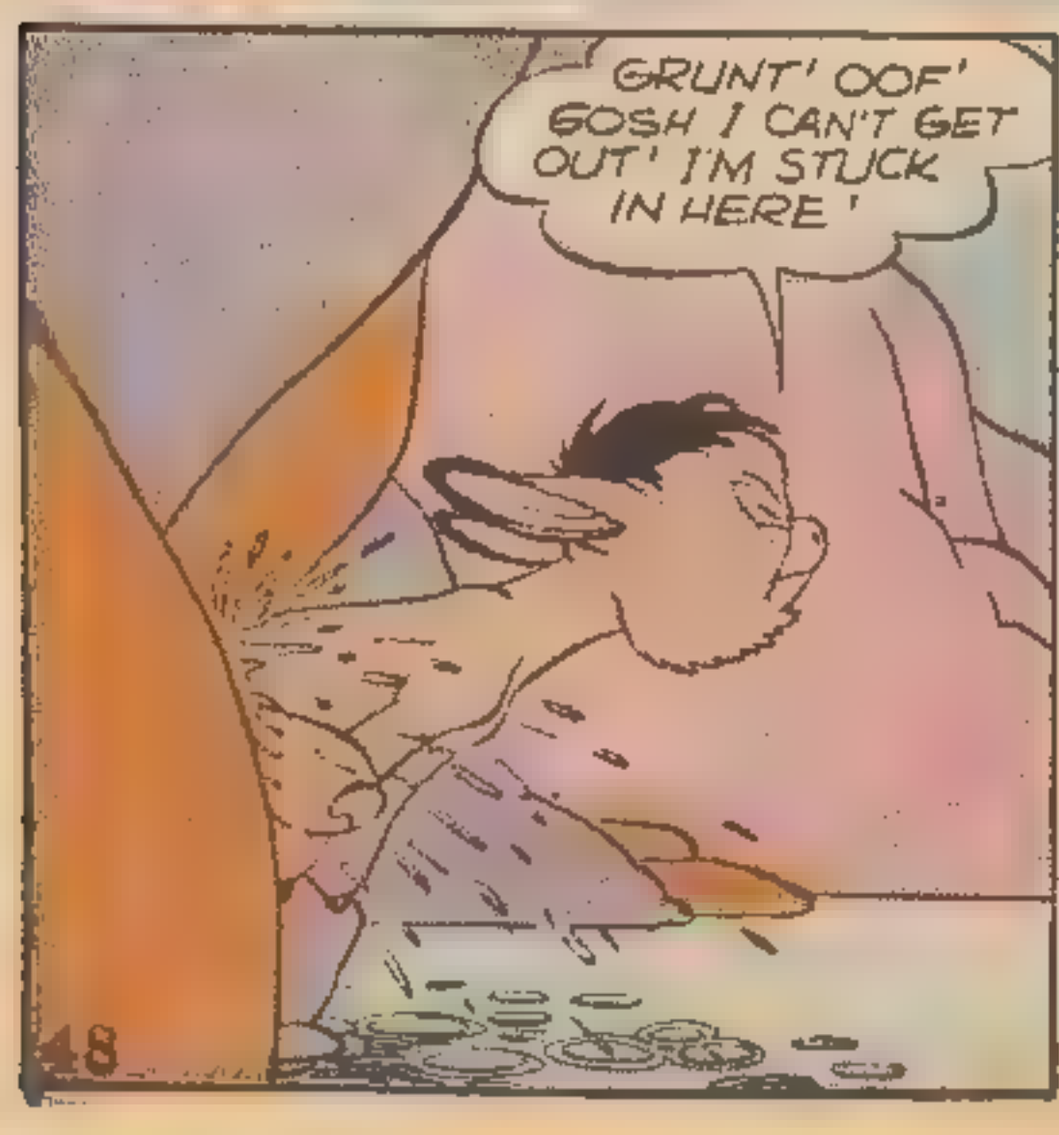

YOU'RE DOIN' THE JOB THE HARD WAY! IT'D BE EASIER TO PLUG THIS LITTLE SPRING!
I KNOW WHAT I'M DOIN', AND WHY!

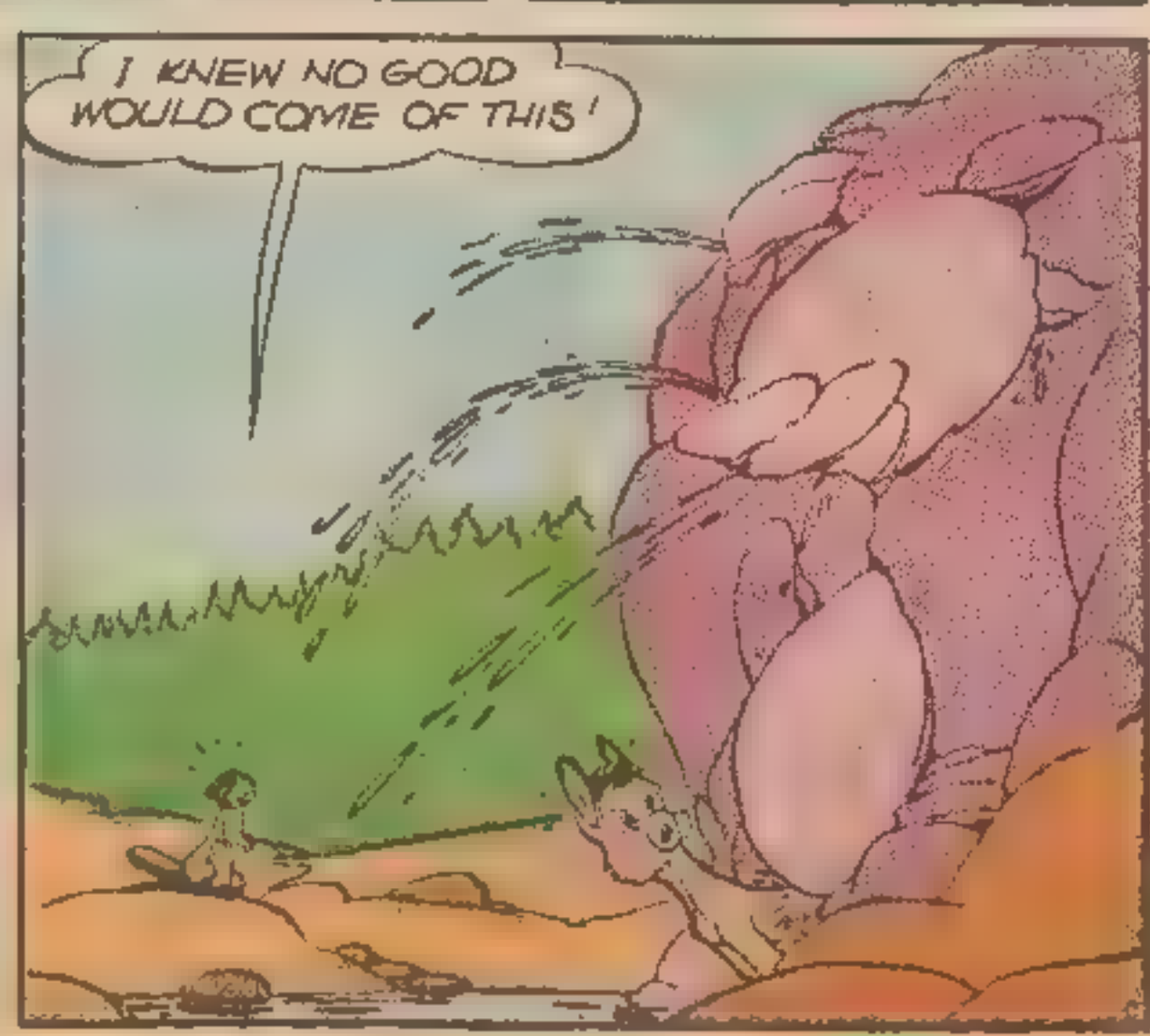
SEE! THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT!

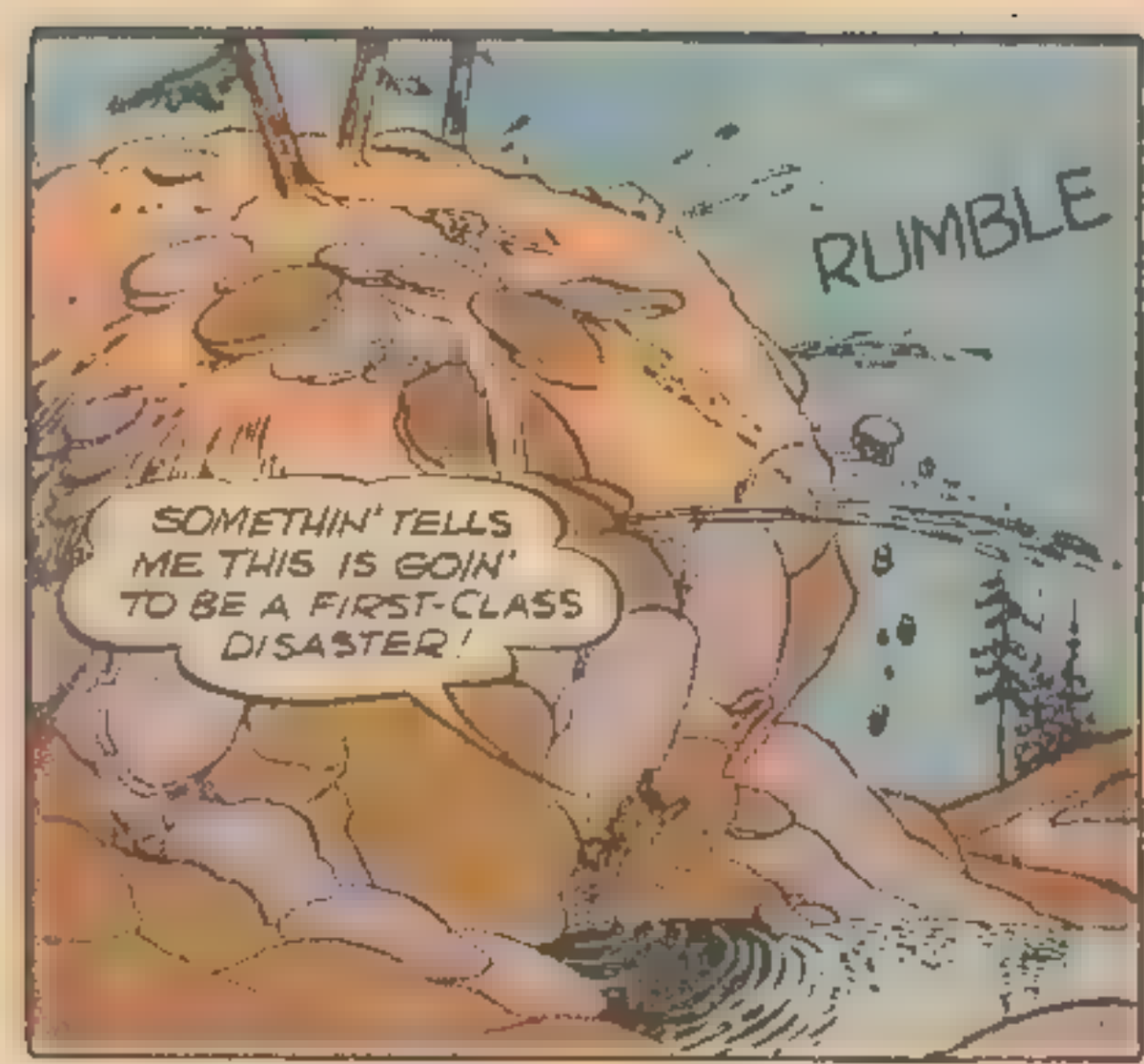

THE STREAM IS DRYIN' UP ALREADY!
YES, AND THAT CAVE IN THE ROCKS IS FILLIN' UP!


THE BEAVERS HURRY AND FINISH THEIR WORK WHILE BENNY PROUDLY HOLDS BACK THE WATER!

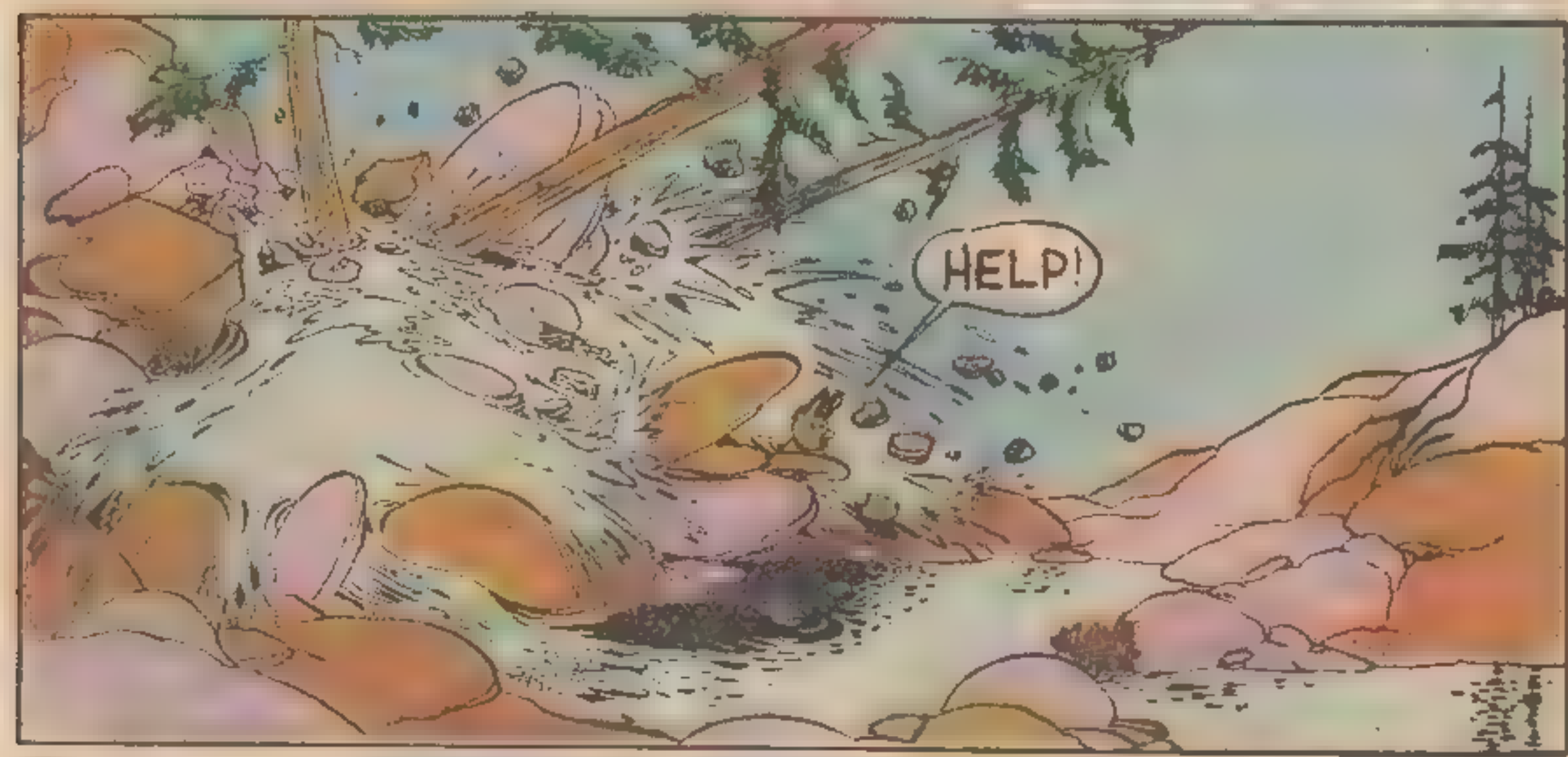
O.K.! LET THE WATER COME AGAIN - A LITTLE AT A TIME!


GRUNT! OOF! GOSH I CAN'T GET OUT! I'M STUCK IN HERE!

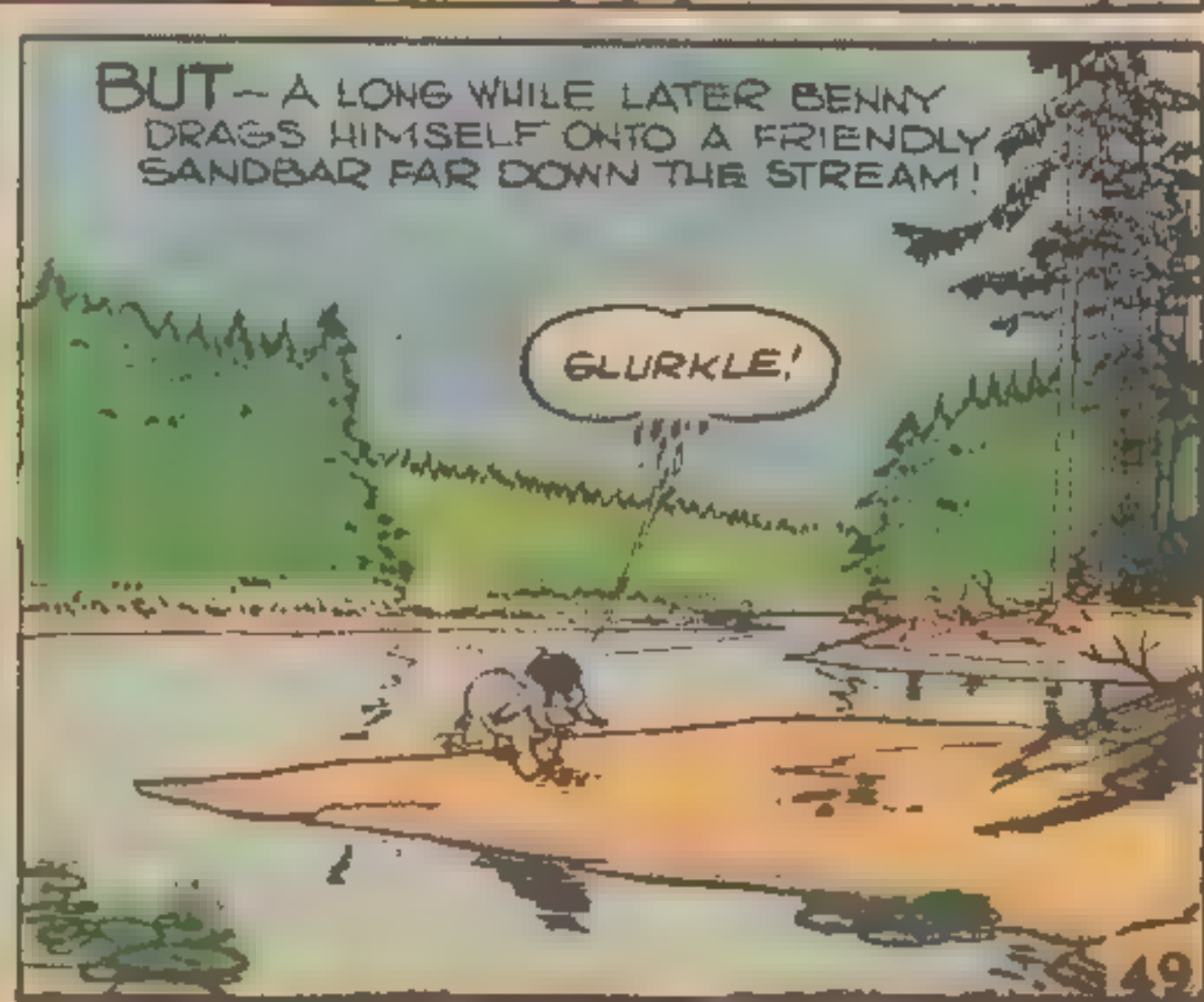

I KNEW NO GOOD WOULD COME OF THIS!


RUMBLE
SOMETHIN' TELLS ME THIS IS GOIN' TO BE A FIRST-CLASS DISASTER!

RUMBLE
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! IT'S ABOUT TO BREAK!

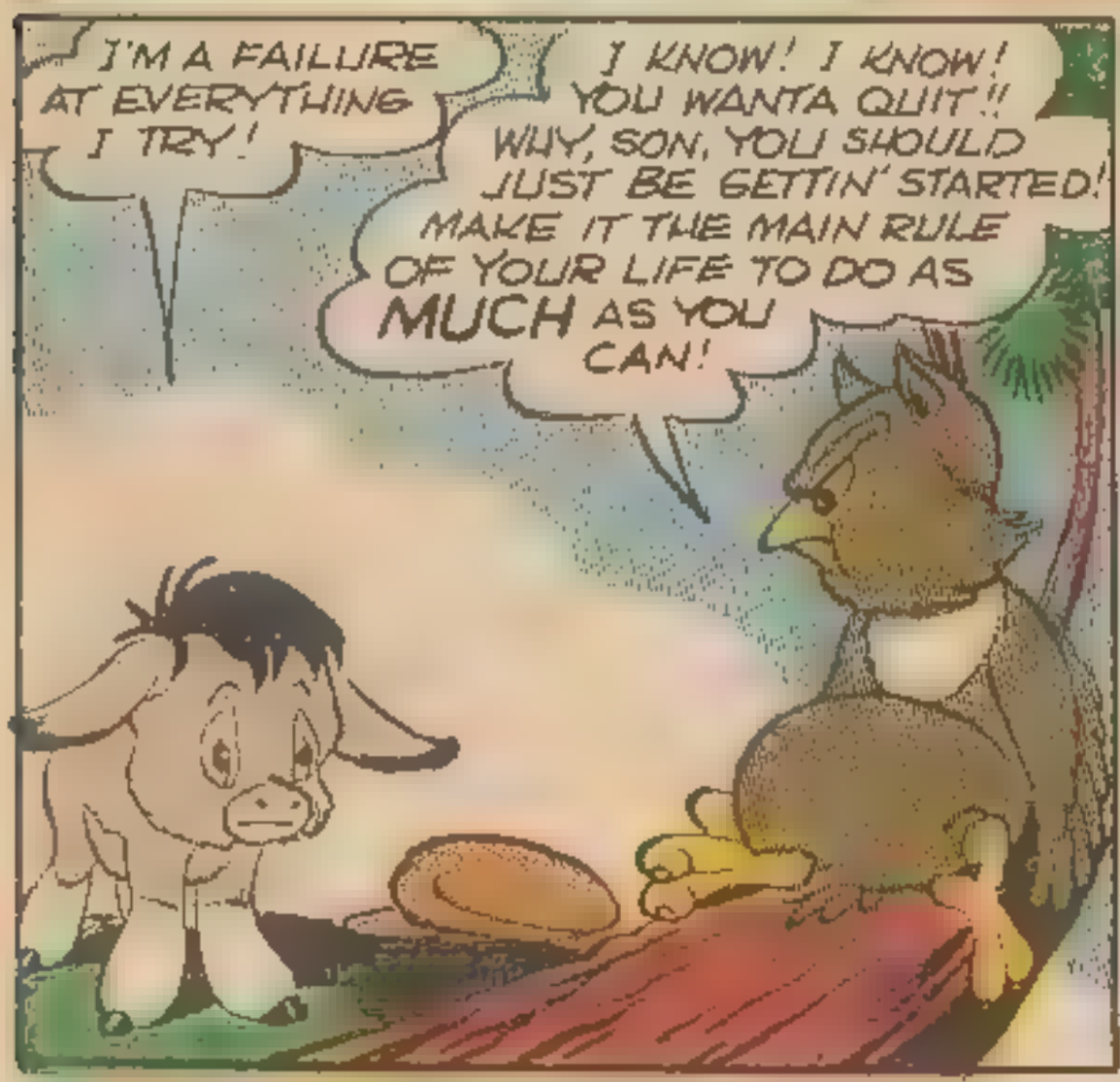

HELP!

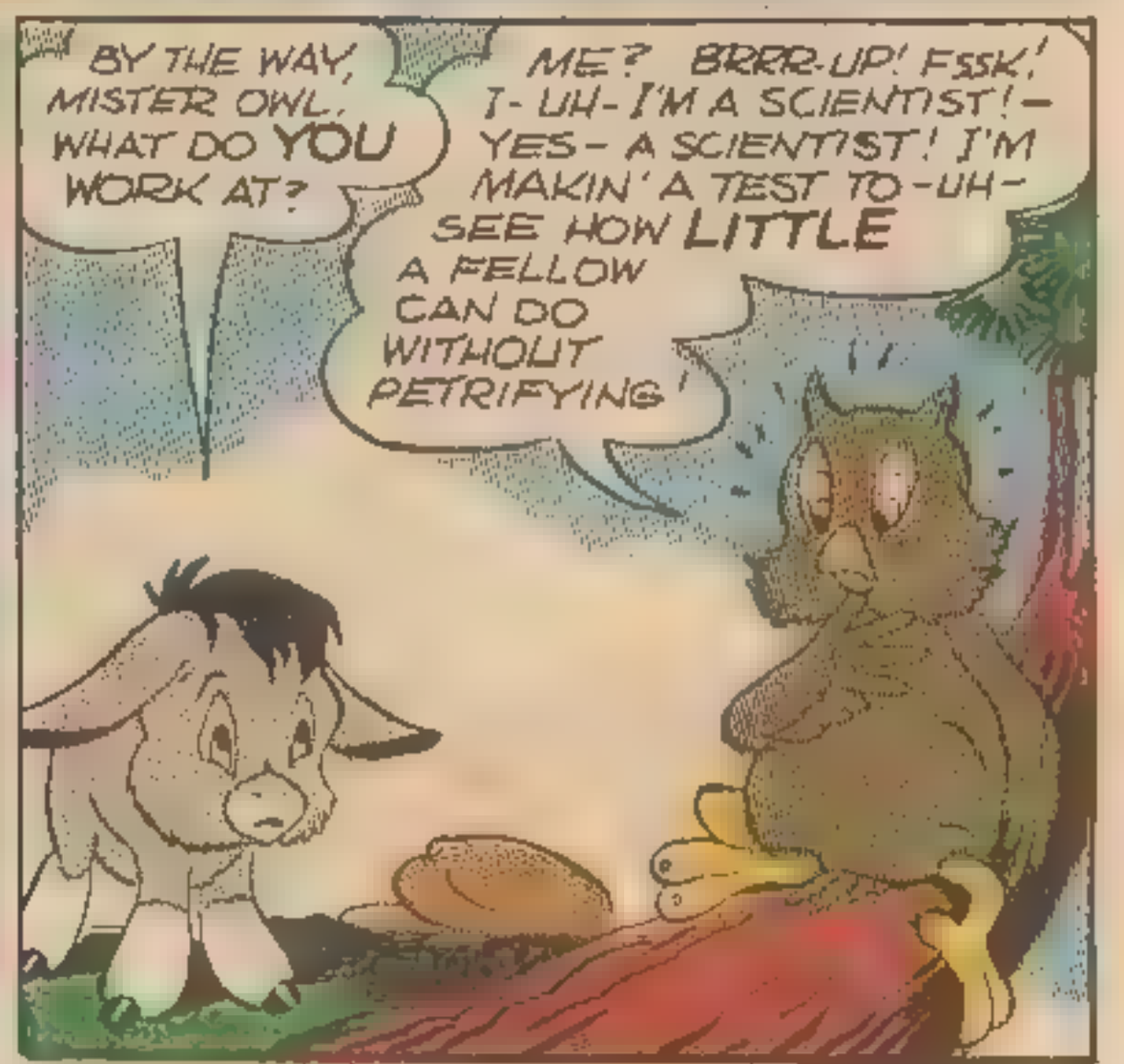
THAT'S THE END OF THAT BUNGLING BURRO!

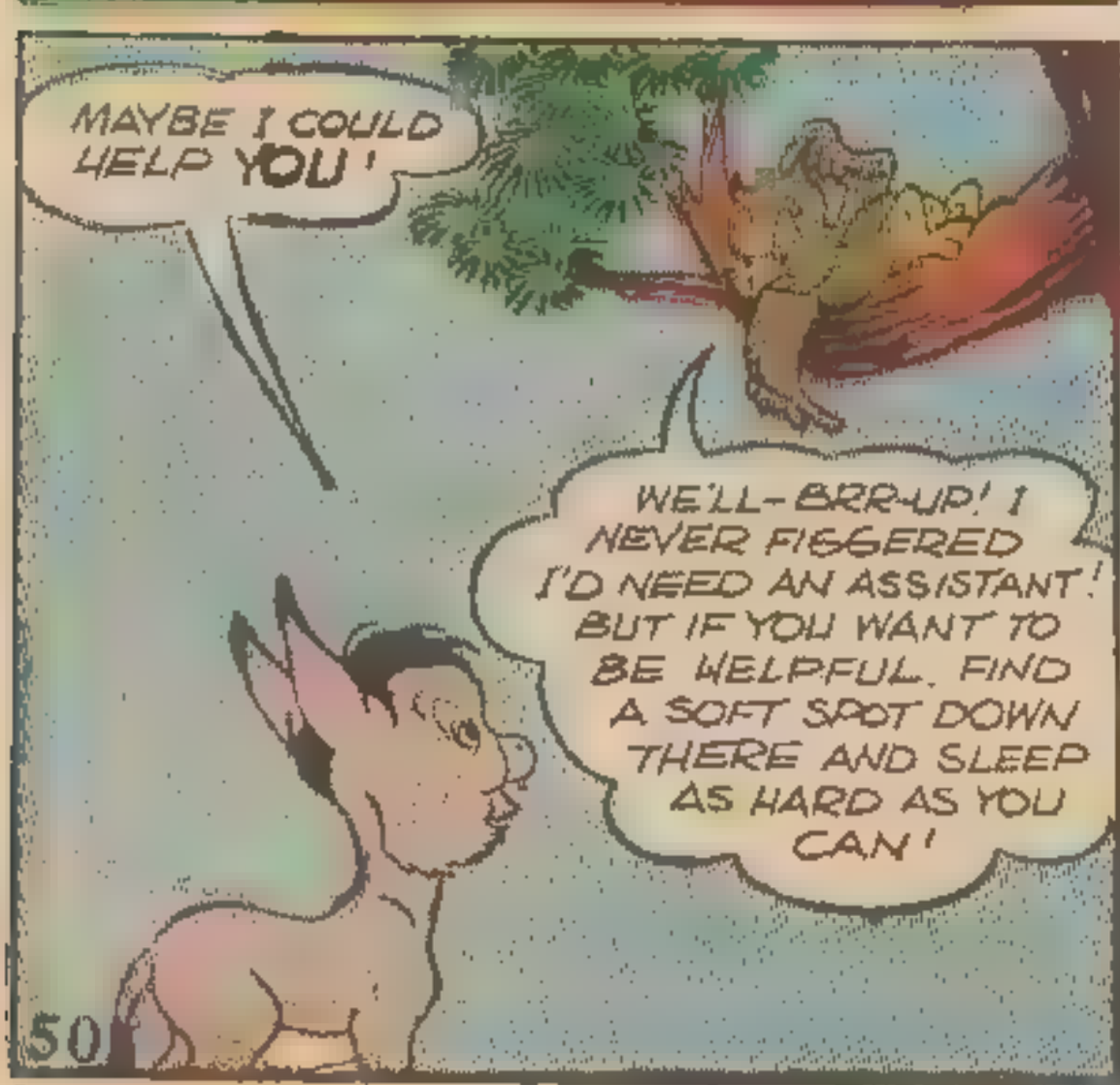

BUT— A LONG WHILE LATER BENNY DRAGS HIMSELF ONTO A FRIENDLY SANDBAR FAR DOWN THE STREAM!
GLURKLE!

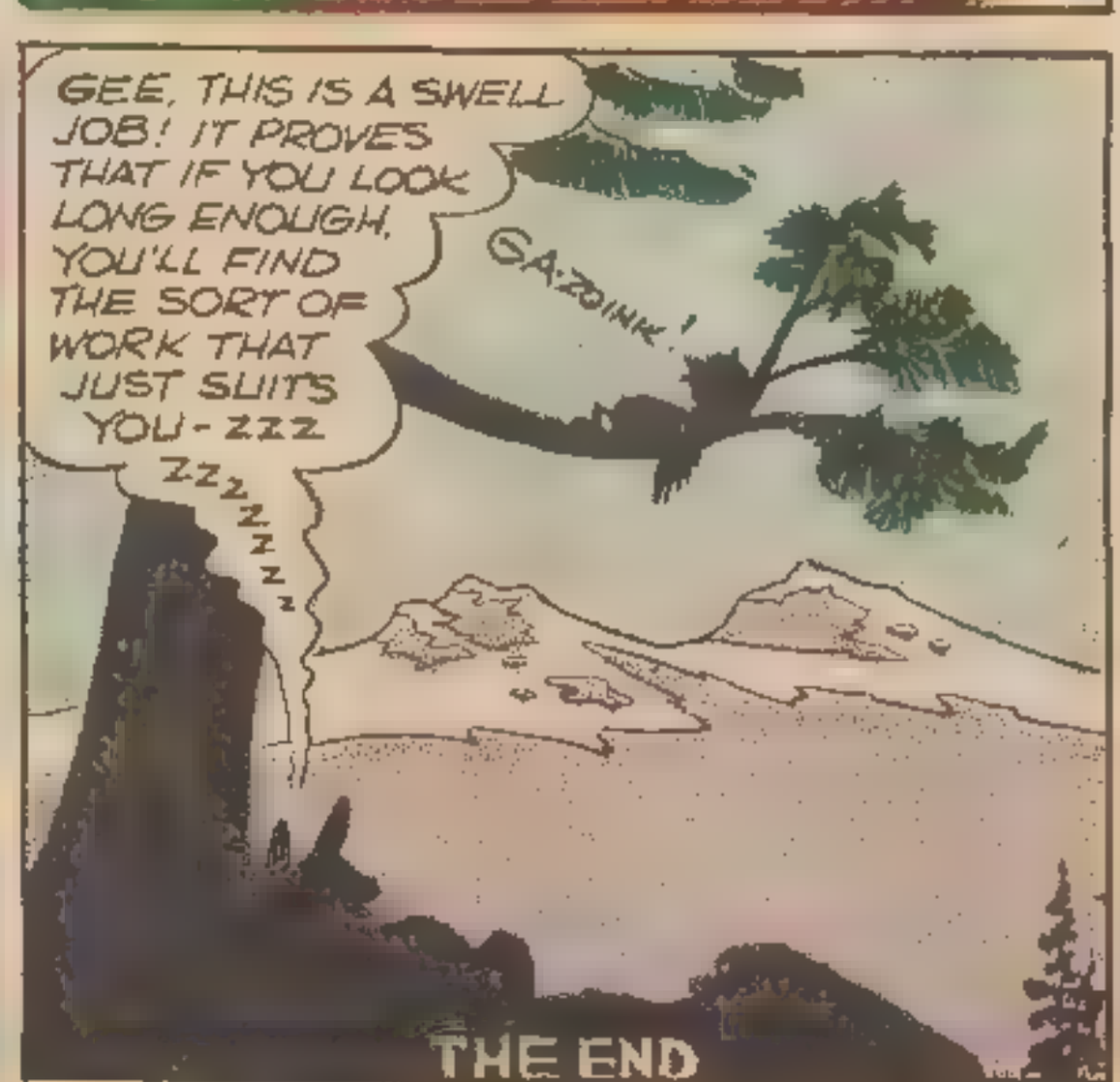
I BETTER NOT TRY TO HELP THE BEAVERS ANYMORE! I'LL ASK THE OLD OWL FOR MORE ADVICE!

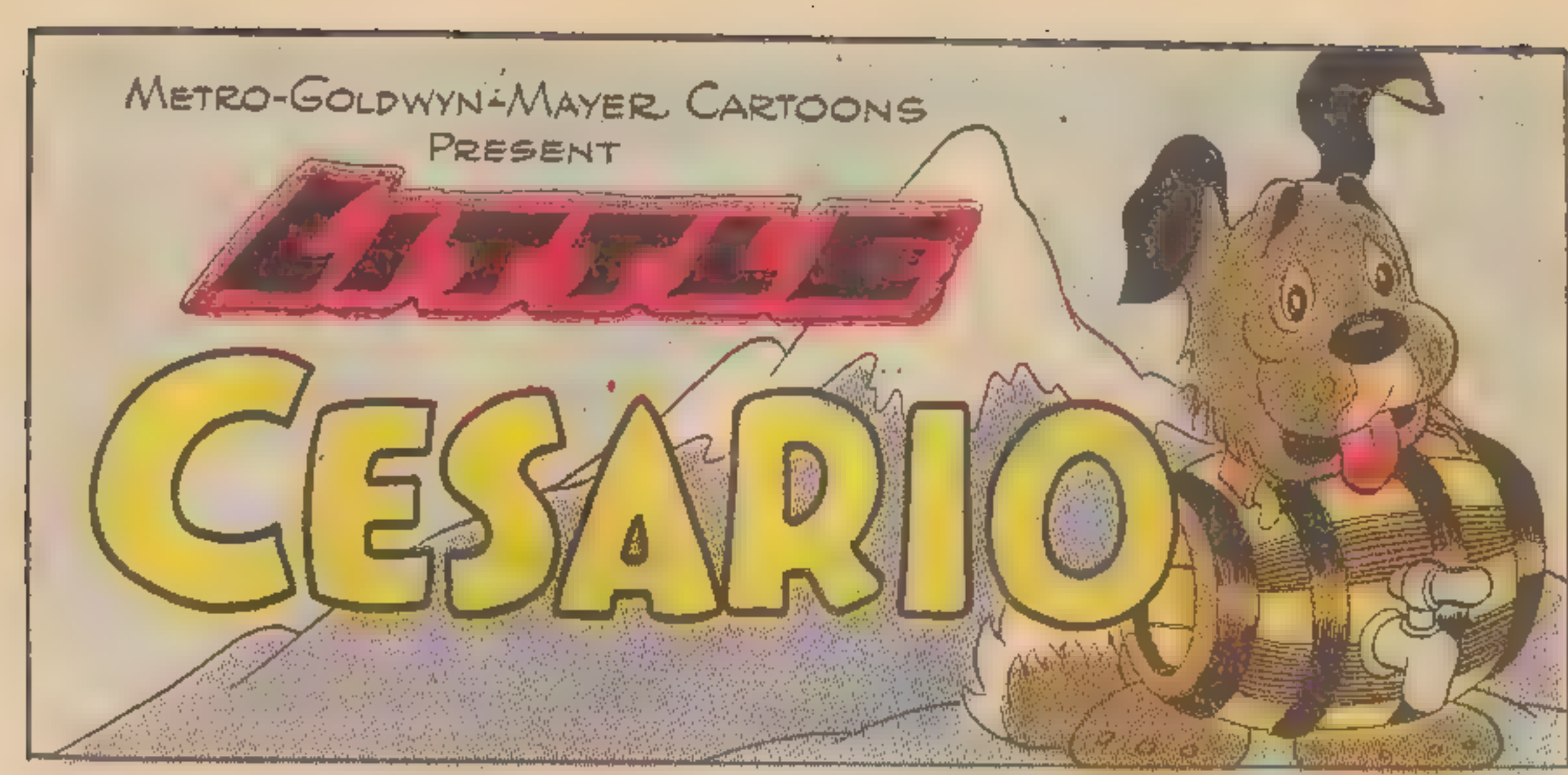
MISTER OWL!
WHAT? BRR-UP! OH, IT'S YOU AGAIN!

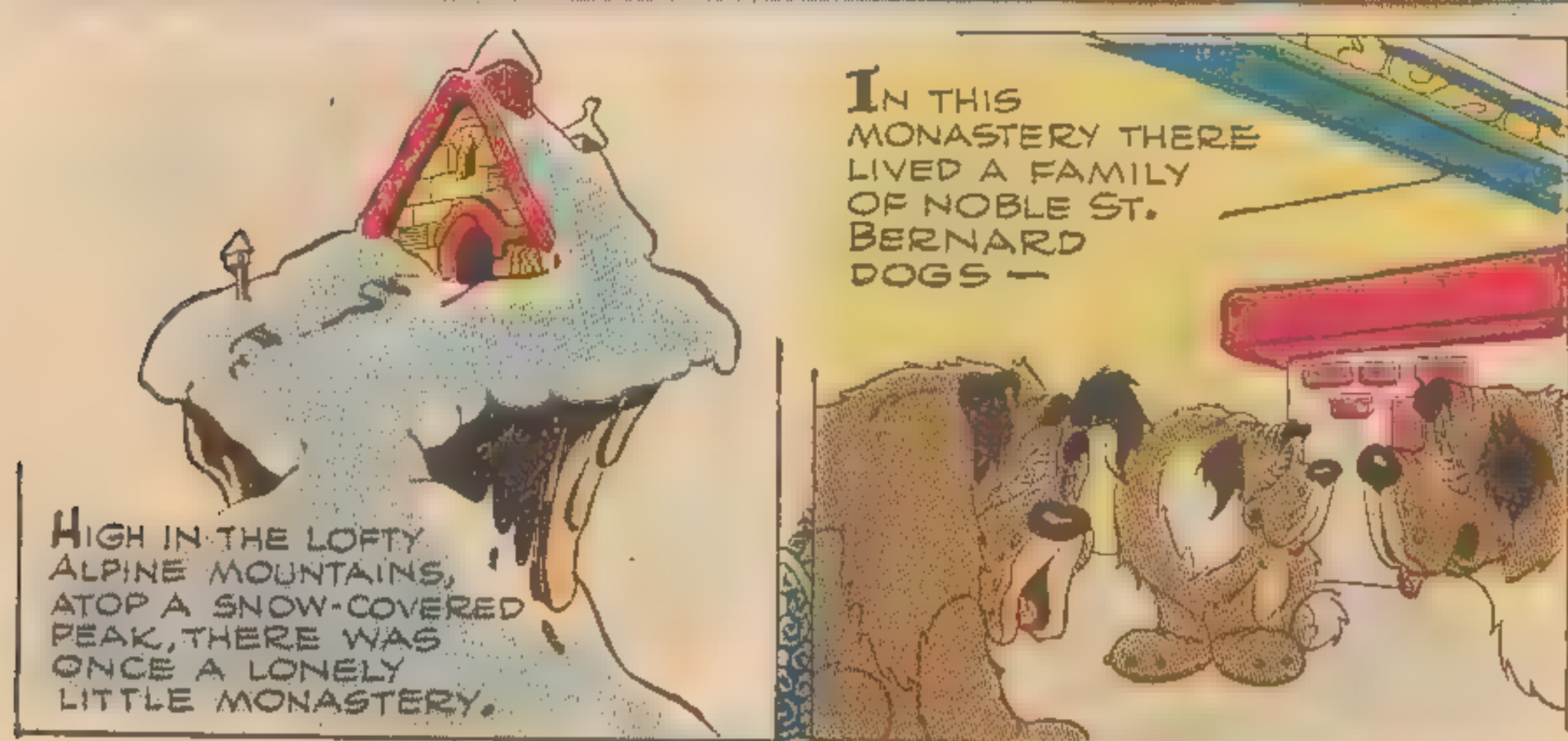

I'M A FAILURE AT EVERYTHING I TRY!
I KNOW! I KNOW! YOU WANTA QUIT!! WHY, SON, YOU SHOULD JUST BE GETTIN' STARTED! MAKE IT THE MAIN RULE OF YOUR LIFE TO DO AS MUCH AS YOU CAN!

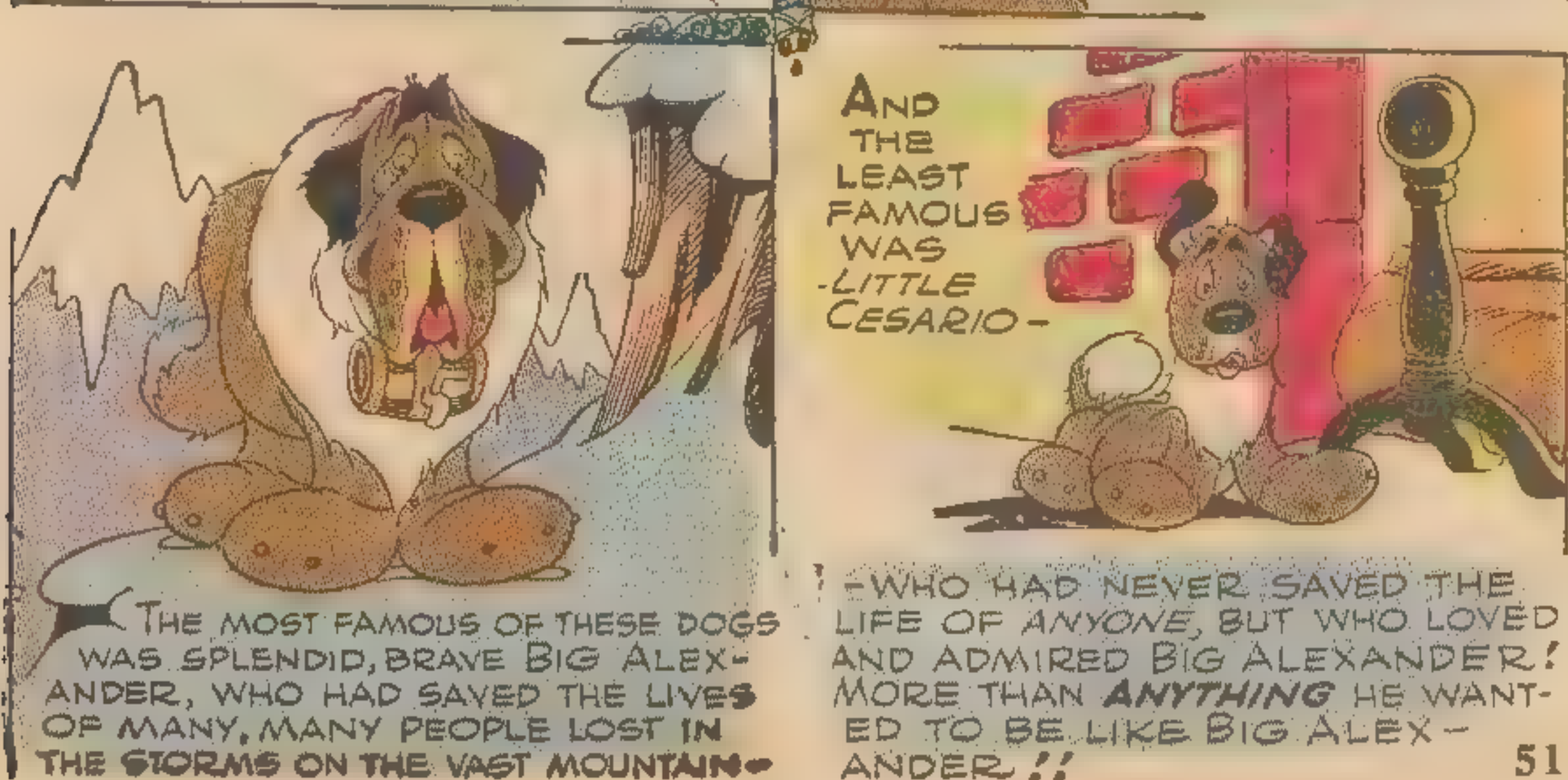

BY THE WAY, MISTER OWL, WHAT DO YOU WORK AT?
ME? BRRR-UP! FSSK! I-UH-I'M A SCIENTIST!- YES- A SCIENTIST! I'M MAKIN' A TEST TO-UH- SEE HOW LITTLE A FELLOW CAN DO WITHOUT PETRIFYING!

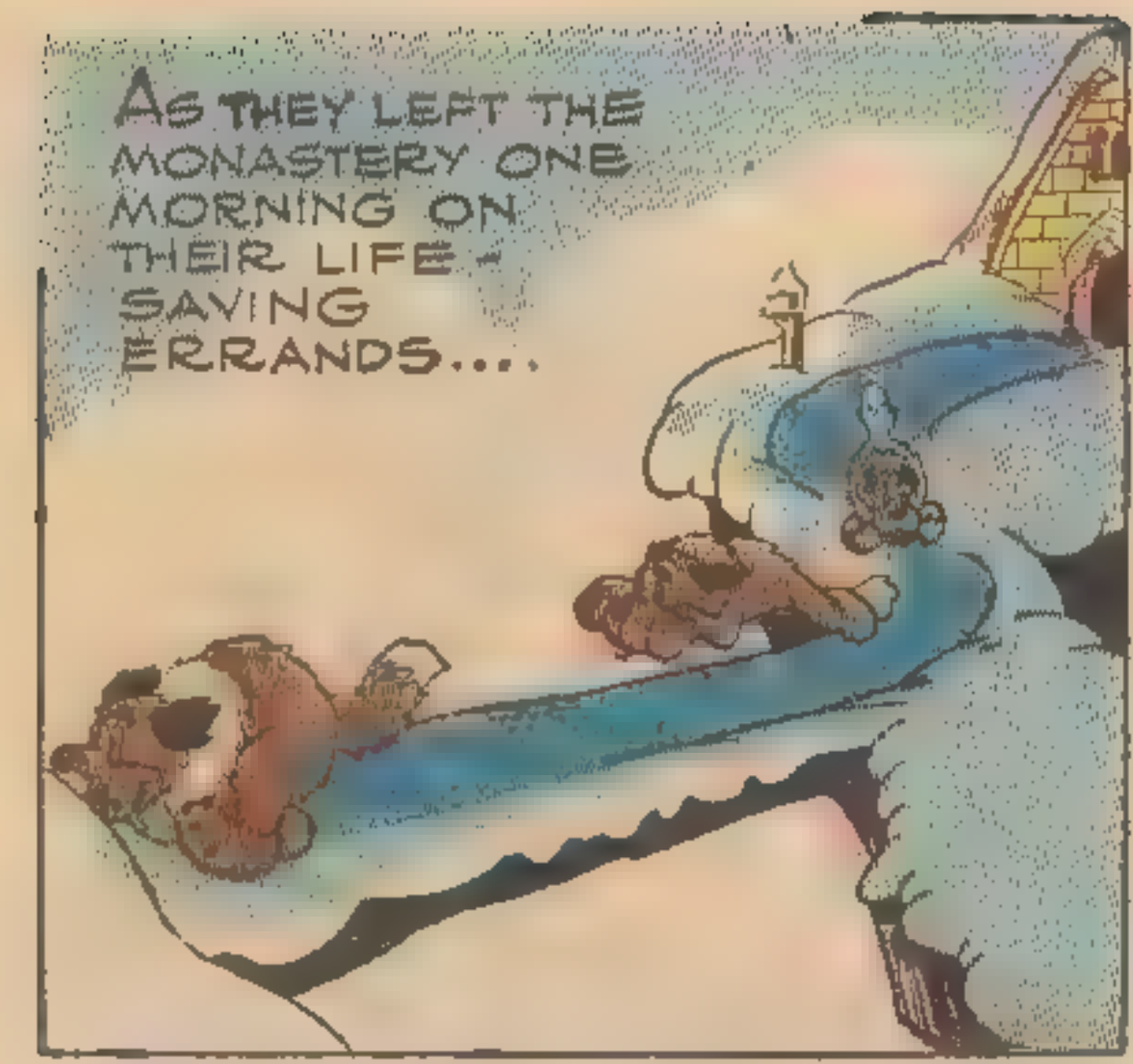

MAYBE I COULD HELP YOU!
WE'LL-BRR-UP! I NEVER FIGGERED I'D NEED AN ASSISTANT! BUT IF YOU WANT TO BE HELPFUL, FIND A SOFT SPOT DOWN THERE AND SLEEP AS HARD AS YOU CAN!

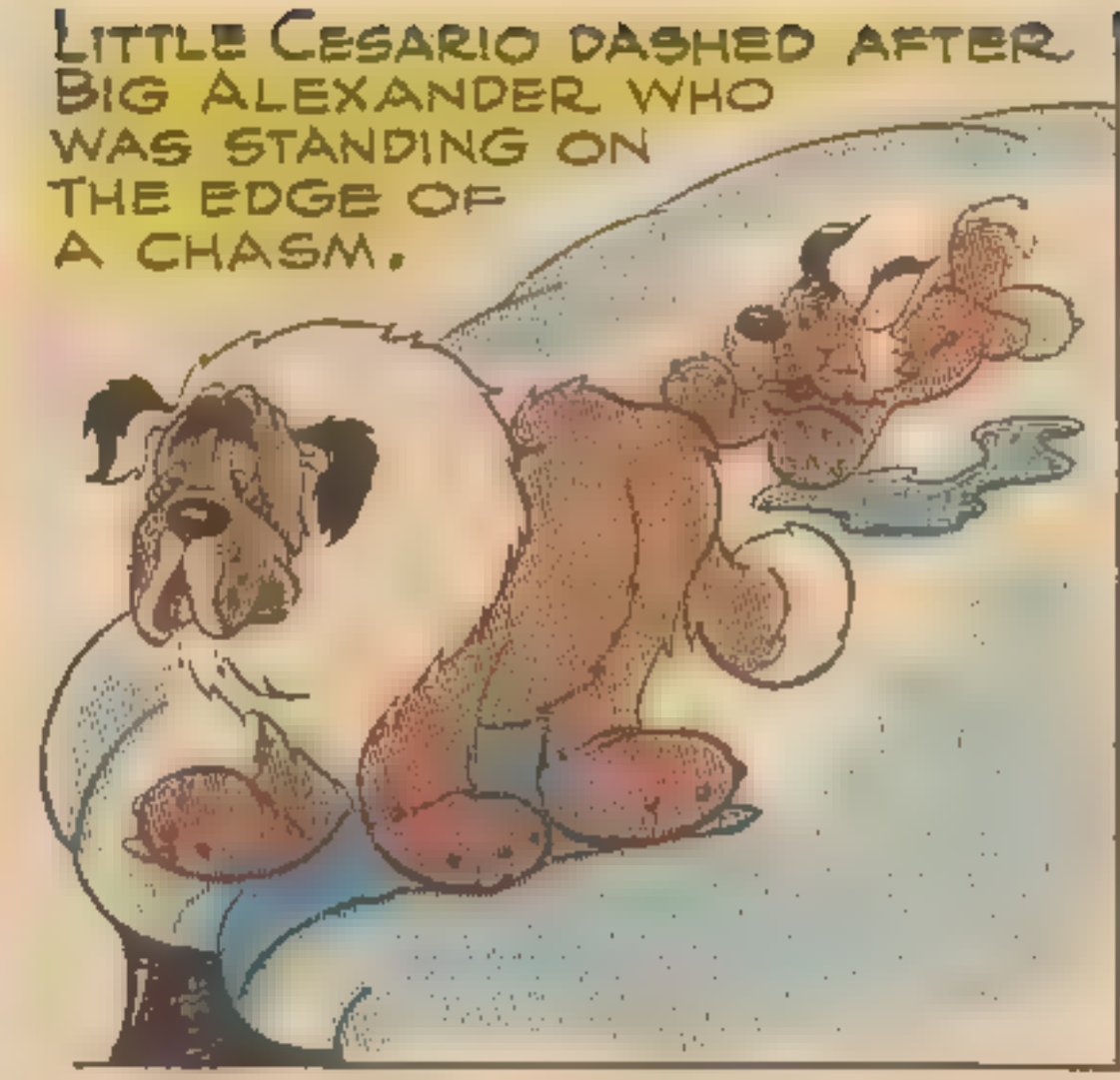

GEE, THIS IS A SWELL JOB! IT PROVES THAT IF YOU LOOK LONG ENOUGH, YOU'LL FIND THE SORT OF WORK THAT JUST SUITS YOU- ZZZ ZZZZZZ
GA-ZOINK!
THE END

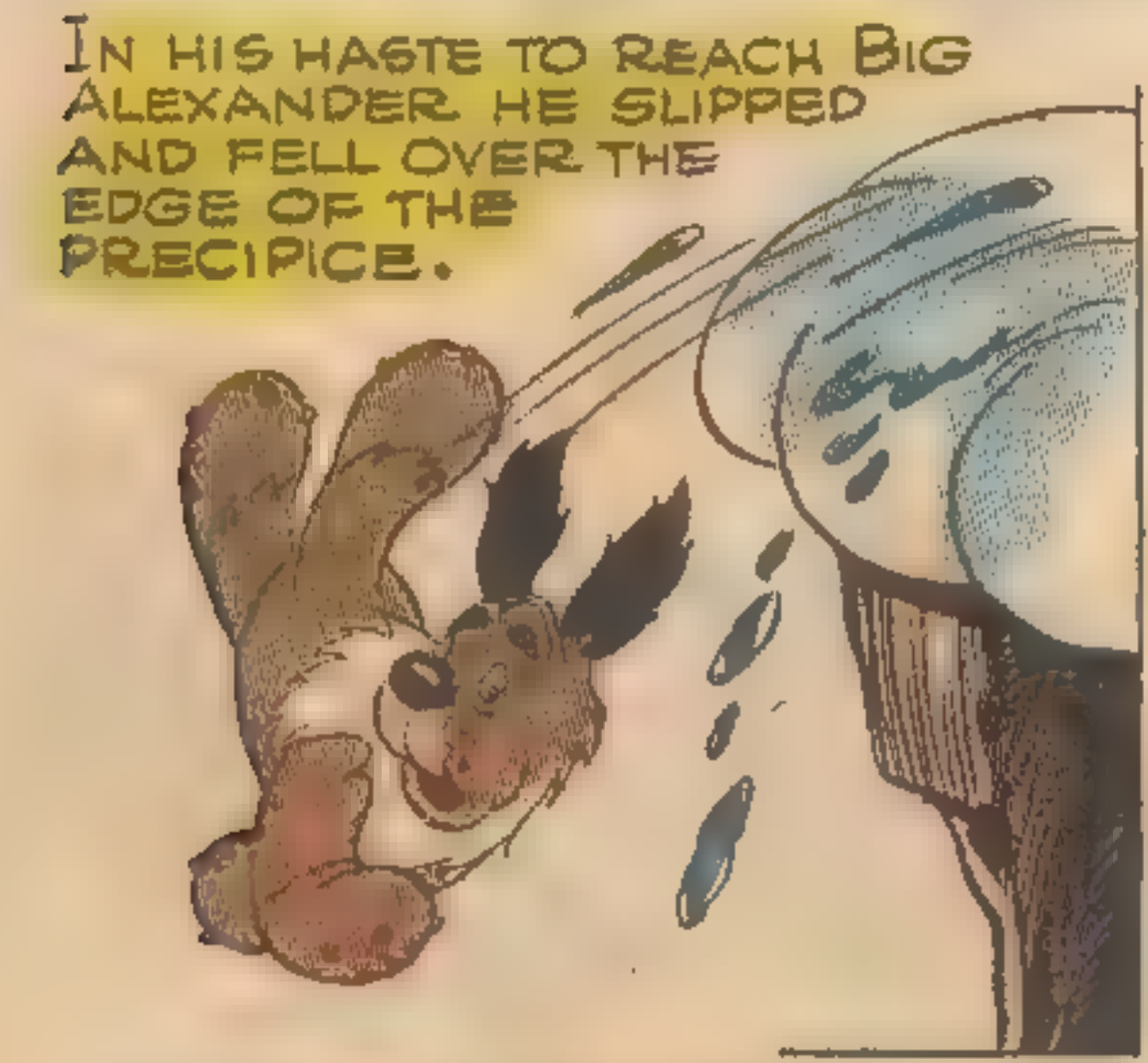

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER CARTOONS
PRESENT
LITTLE
CESARIO

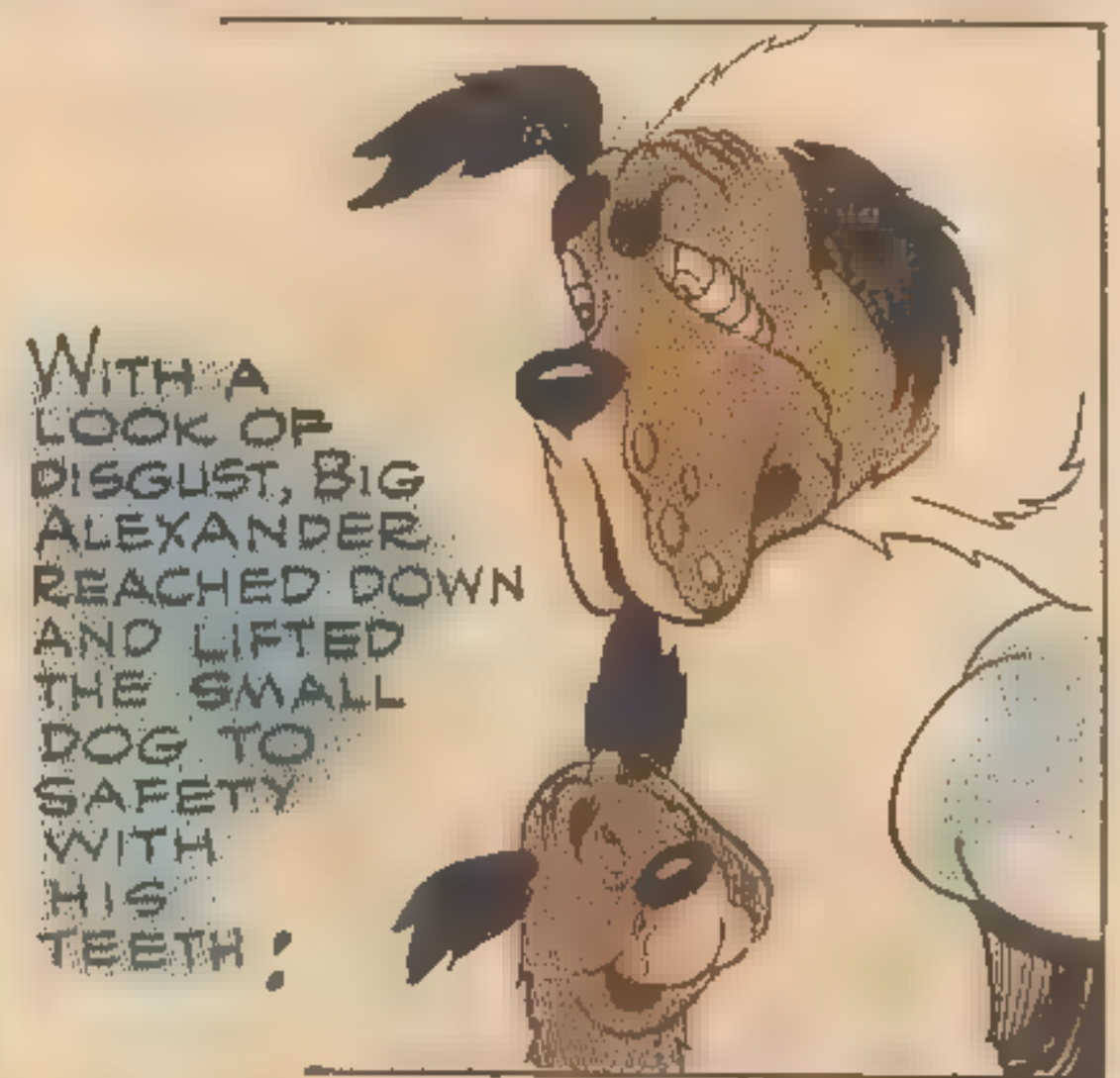

HIGH IN THE LOFTY ALPINE MOUNTAINS, ATOP A SNOW-COVERED PEAK, THERE WAS ONCE A LONELY LITTLE MONASTERY.
IN THIS MONASTERY THERE LIVED A FAMILY OF NOBLE ST. BERNARD DOGS —


AND THE LEAST FAMOUS WAS -LITTLE CESARIO —
THE MOST FAMOUS OF THESE DOGS WAS SPLENDID, BRAVE BIG ALEXANDER, WHO HAD SAVED THE LIVES OF MANY, MANY PEOPLE LOST IN THE STORMS ON THE VAST MOUNTAIN—
—WHO HAD NEVER SAVED THE LIFE OF ANYONE, BUT WHO LOVED AND ADMIRED BIG ALEXANDER! MORE THAN ANYTHING HE WANTED TO BE LIKE BIG ALEXANDER!!

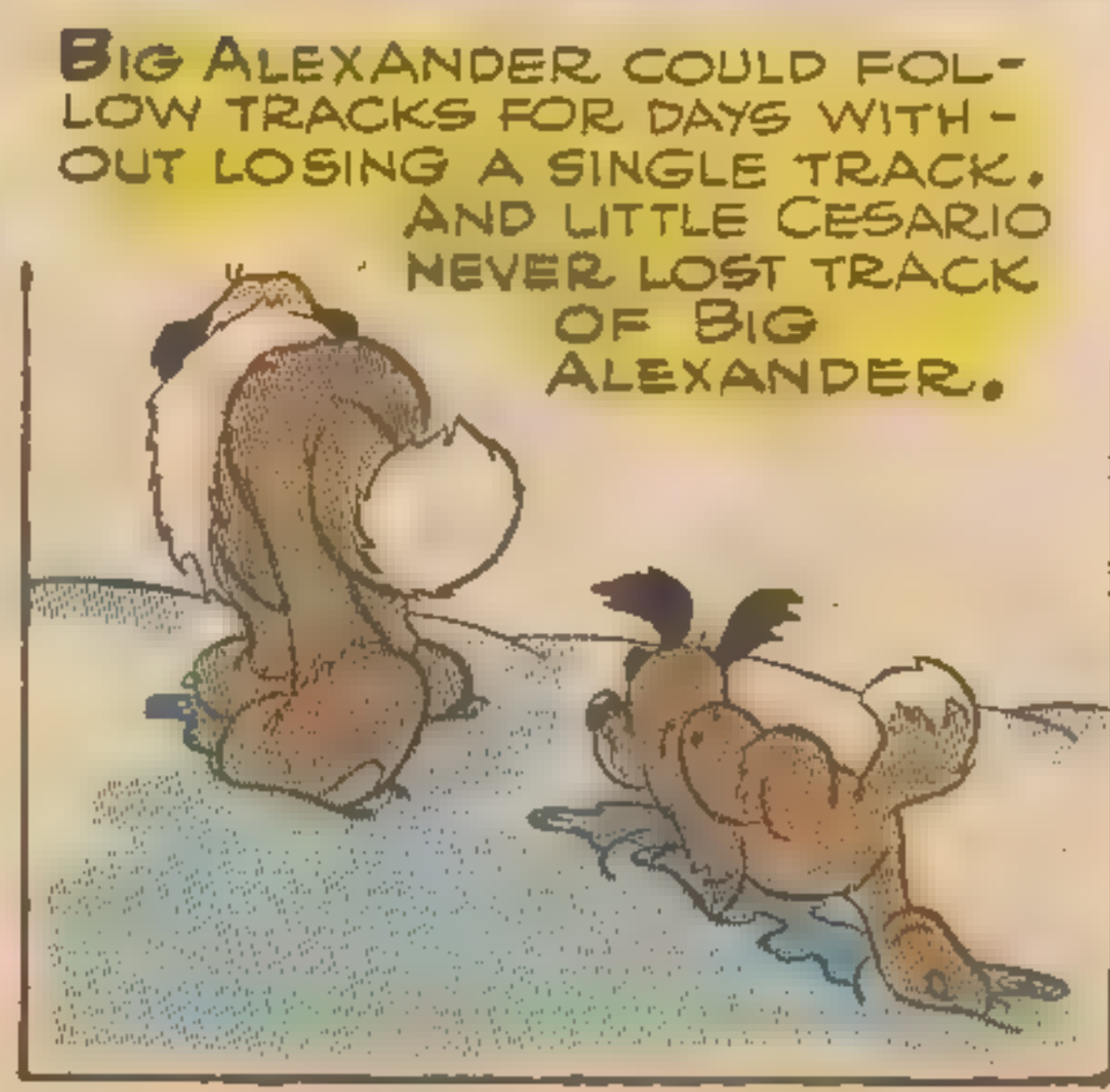

AS THEY LEFT THE MONASTERY ONE MORNING ON THEIR LIFE-SAVING ERRANDS....

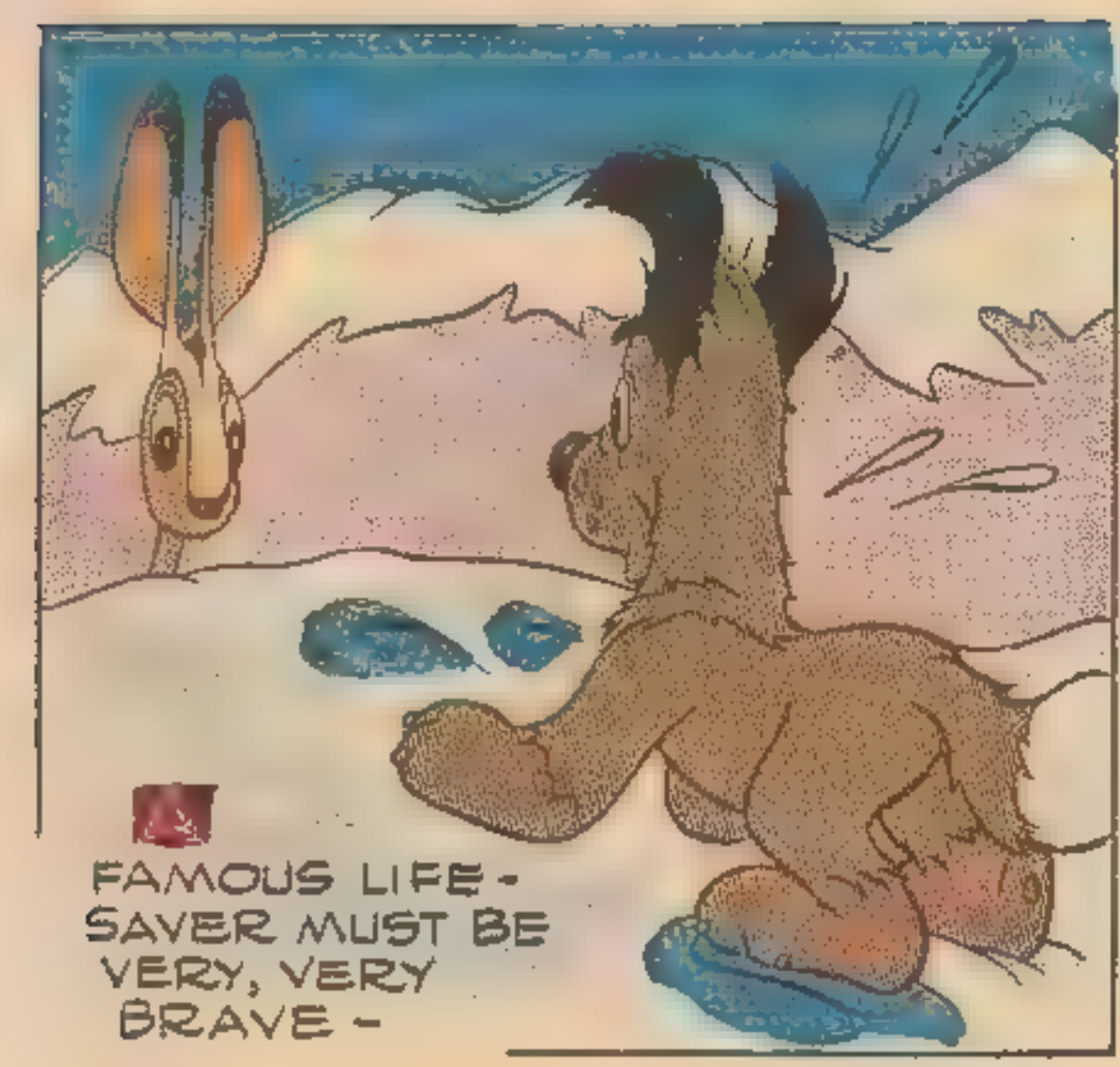

LITTLE CESARIO DASHED AFTER BIG ALEXANDER WHO WAS STANDING ON THE EDGE OF A CHASM.


IN HIS HASTE TO REACH BIG ALEXANDER HE SLIPPED AND FELL OVER THE EDGE OF THE PRECIPICE.

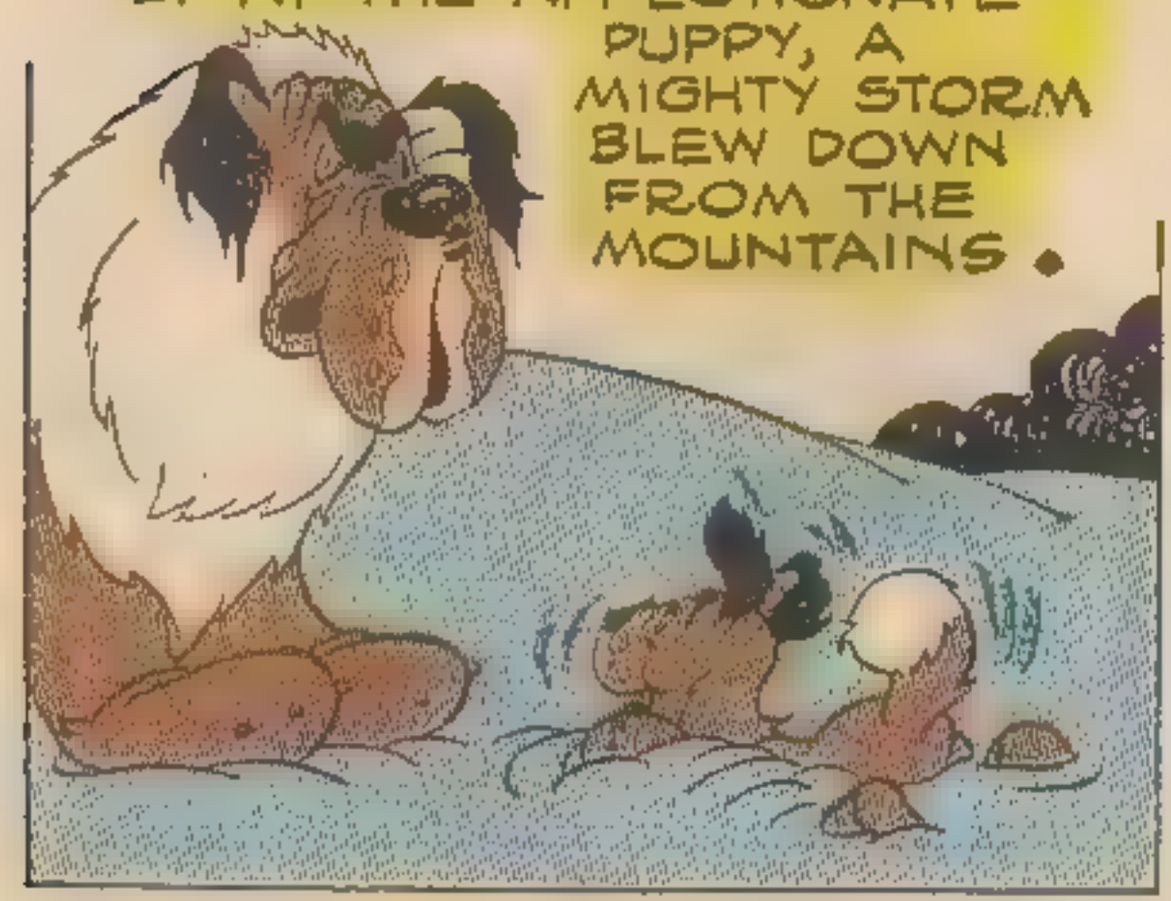

WITH A LOOK OF DISGUST, BIG ALEXANDER REACHED DOWN AND LIFTED THE SMALL DOG TO SAFETY WITH HIS TEETH!

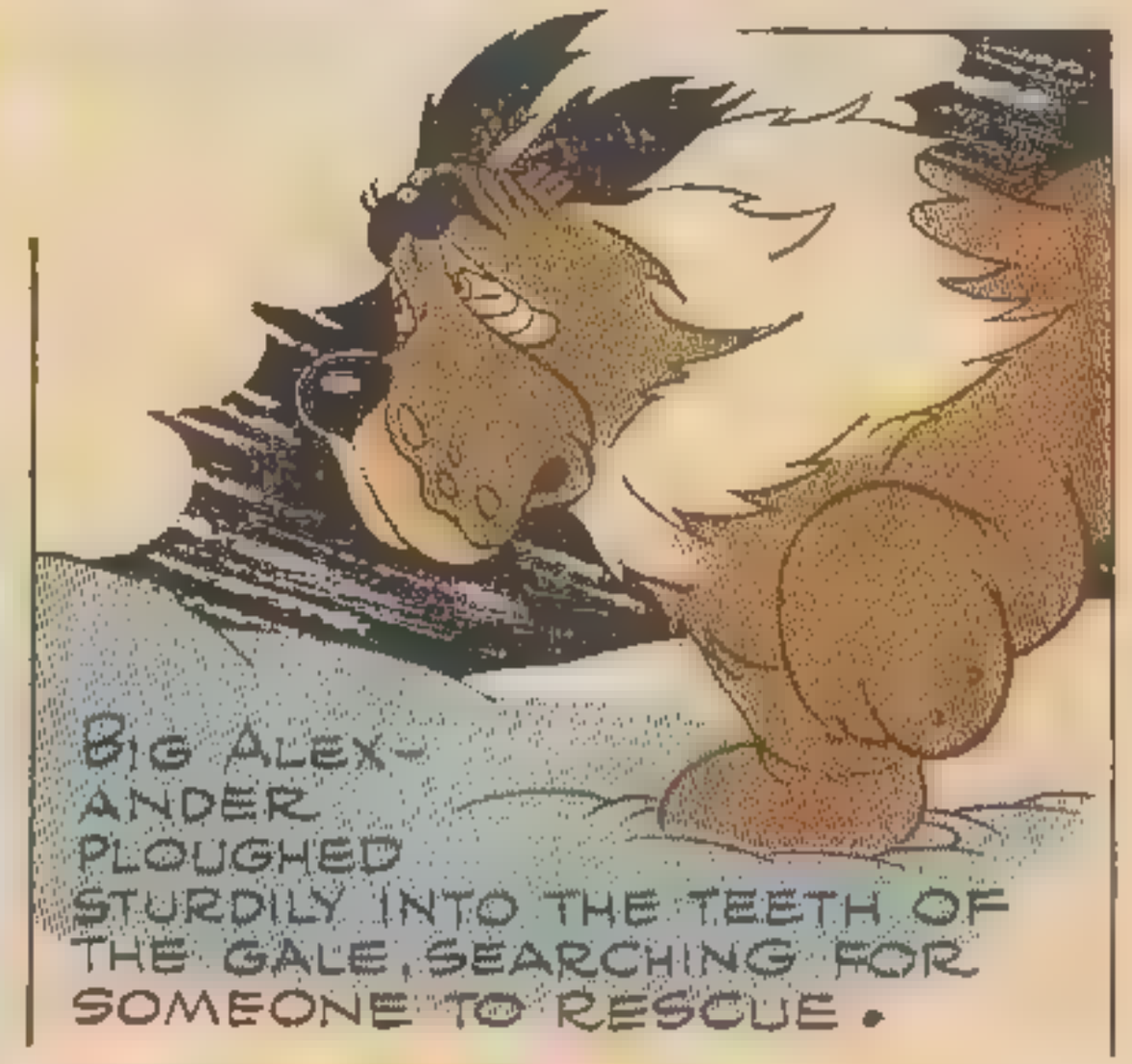
LITTLE CESARIO GRATEFULLY LICKED BIG ALEXANDER'S FACE WITH ENTHUSIASTIC GRATITUDE. HE WAS VERY FOND OF BIG ALEXANDER!

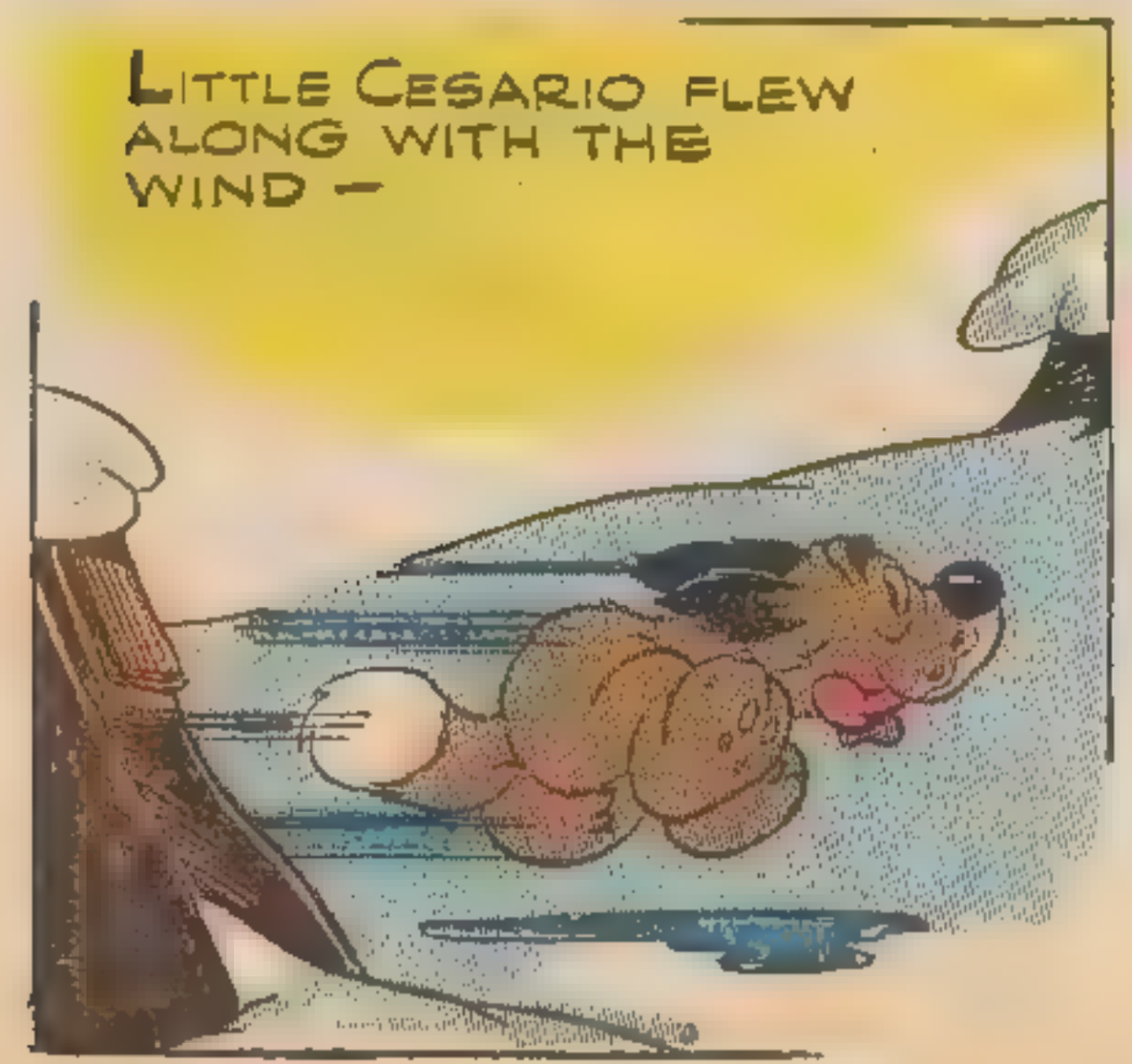

BIG ALEXANDER COULD FOLLOW TRACKS FOR DAYS WITHOUT LOSING A SINGLE TRACK. AND LITTLE CESARIO NEVER LOST TRACK OF BIG ALEXANDER.

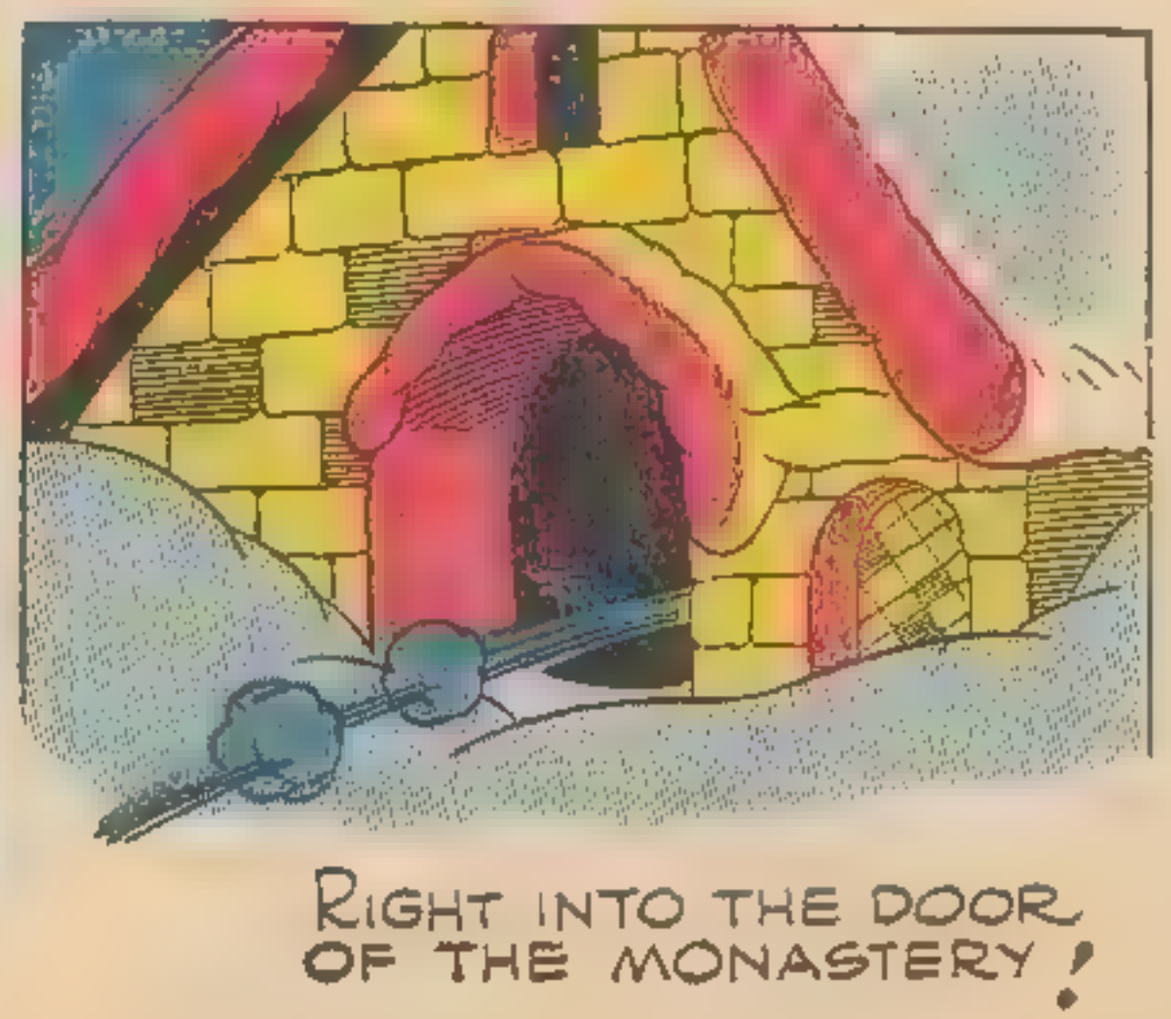

FAMOUS LIFE-SAVER MUST BE VERY, VERY BRAVE -

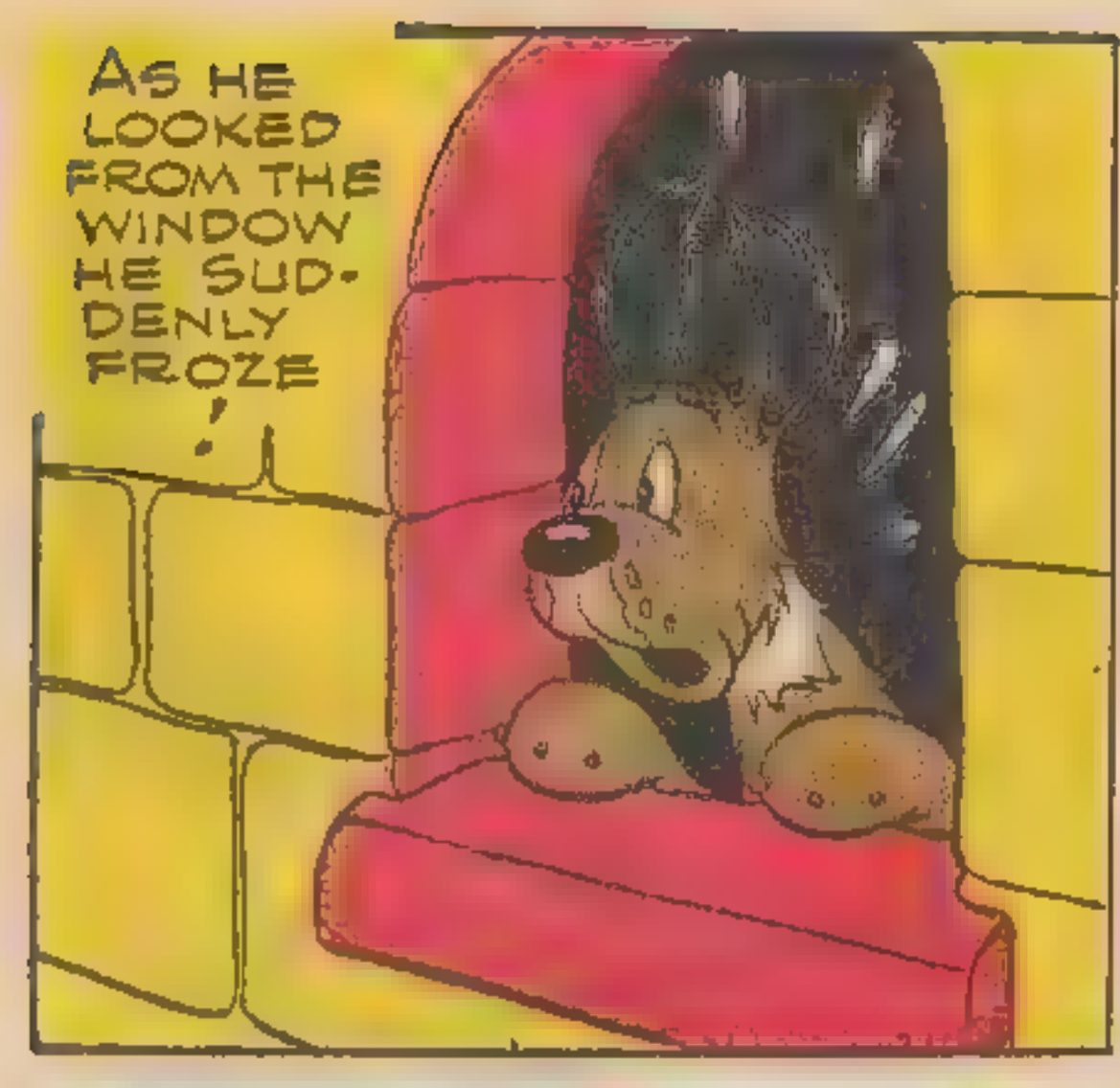
- AND NOT BE FRIGHTENED BY ANYTHING! (ESPECIALLY BY A LITTLE RABBIT!)

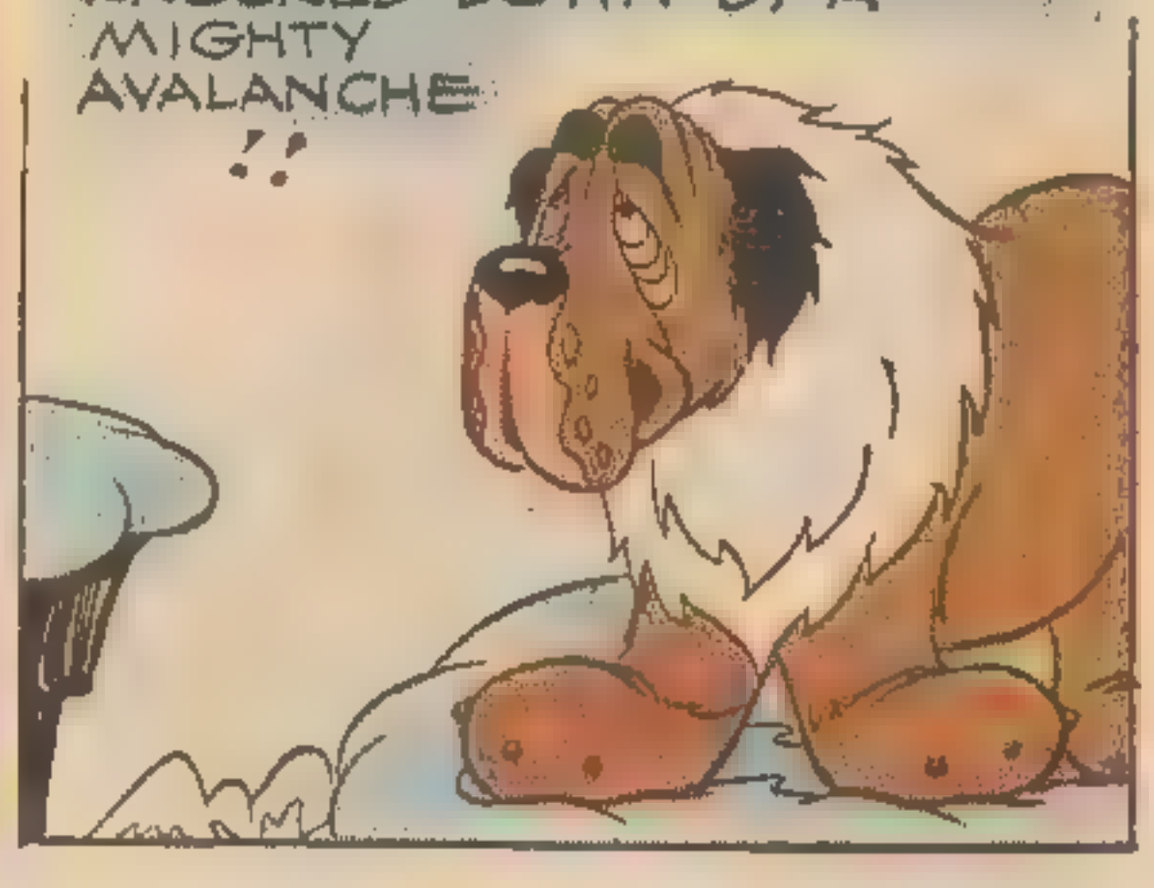

AS BIG ALEXANDER ROSE TO HIS FEET, LOOKING DISGUSTEDLY AT THE AFFECTIONATE PUPPY, A MIGHTY STORM BLEW DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

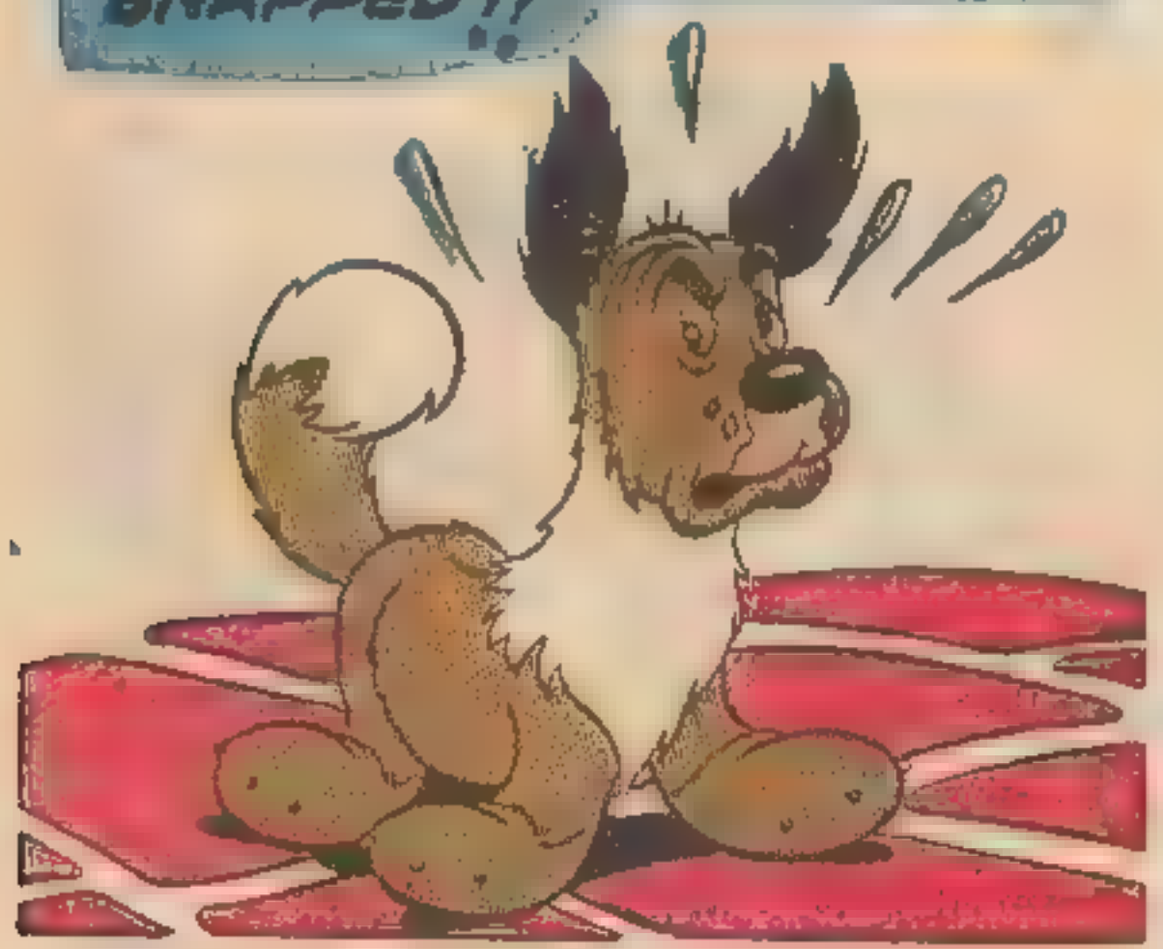

BIG ALEXANDER PLOUGHED STURDILY INTO THE TEETH OF THE GALE, SEARCHING FOR SOMEONE TO RESCUE.

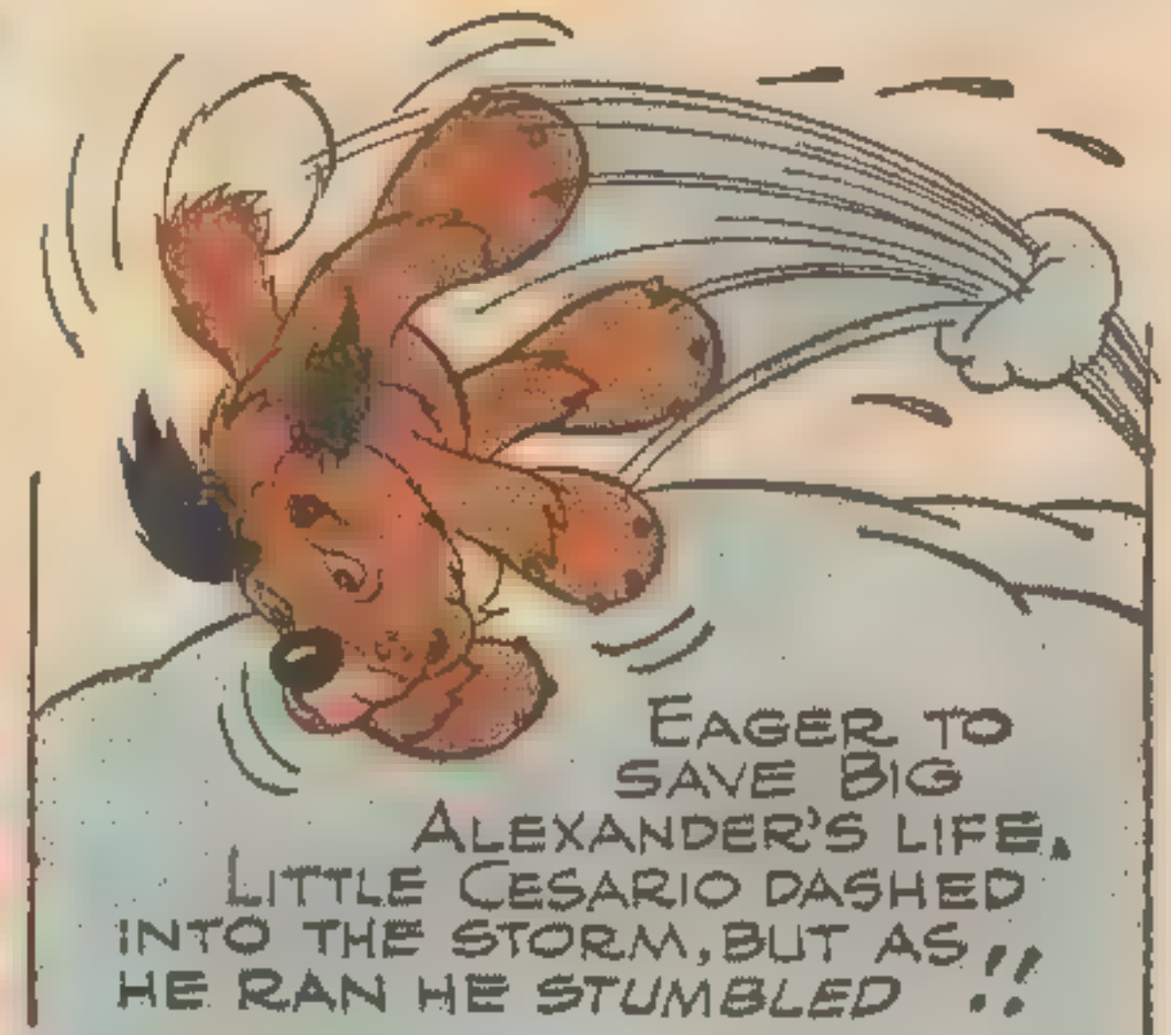

LITTLE CESARIO FLEW ALONG WITH THE WIND -

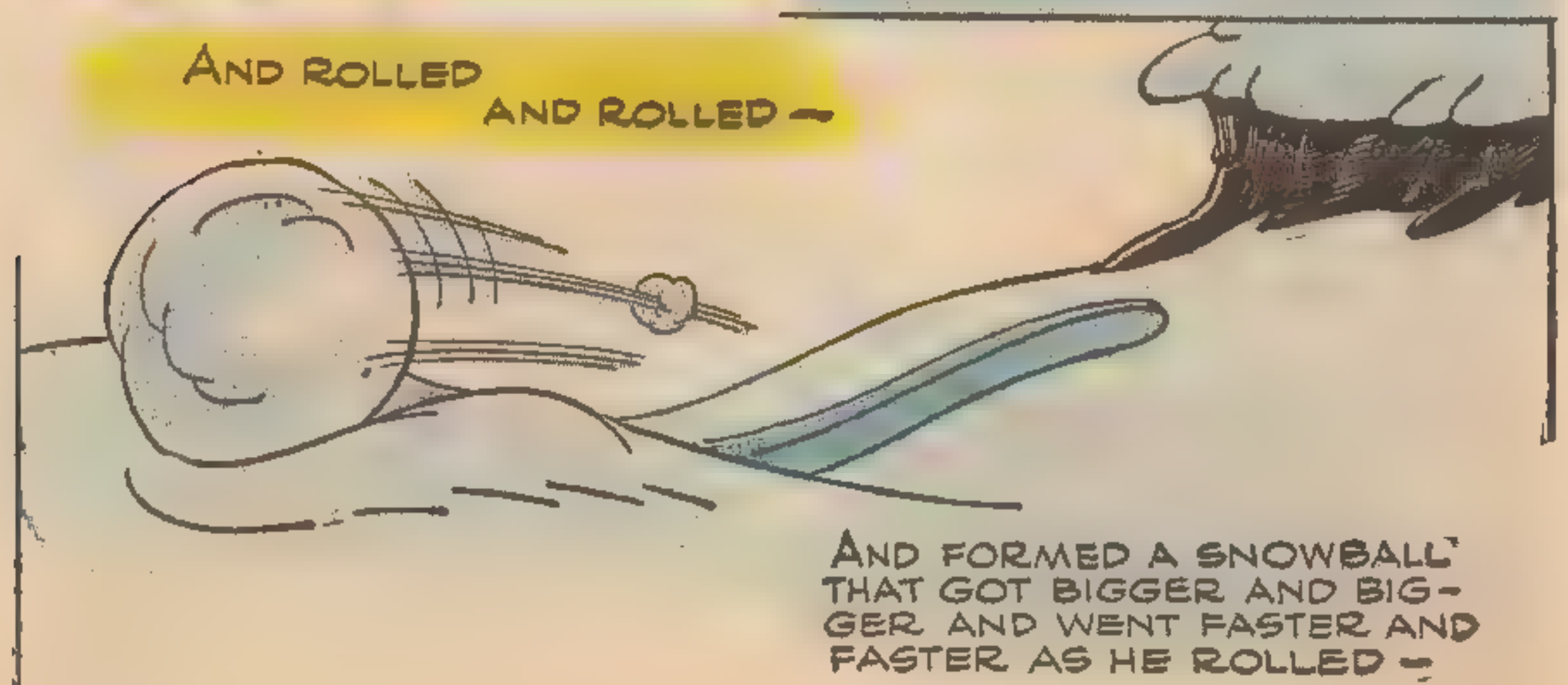

RIGHT INTO THE DOOR OF THE MONASTERY!

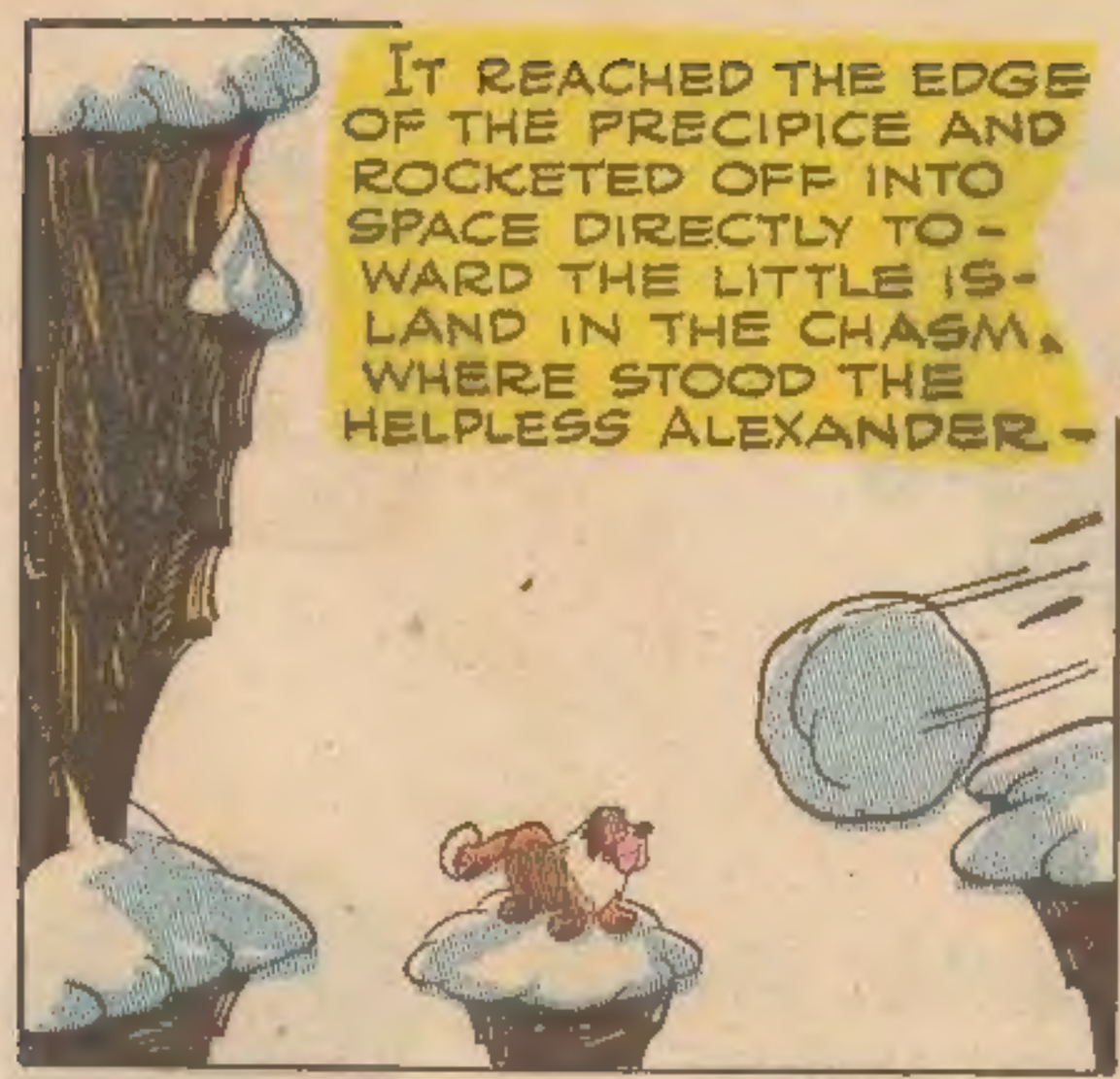

AS HE LOOKED FROM THE WINDOW HE SUDDENLY FROZE !


BIG ALEXANDER WAS TRAPPED ON A PRECIPICE, THE BRIDGE OF WHICH HAD BEEN KNOCKED DOWN BY A MIGHTY AVALANCHE !!

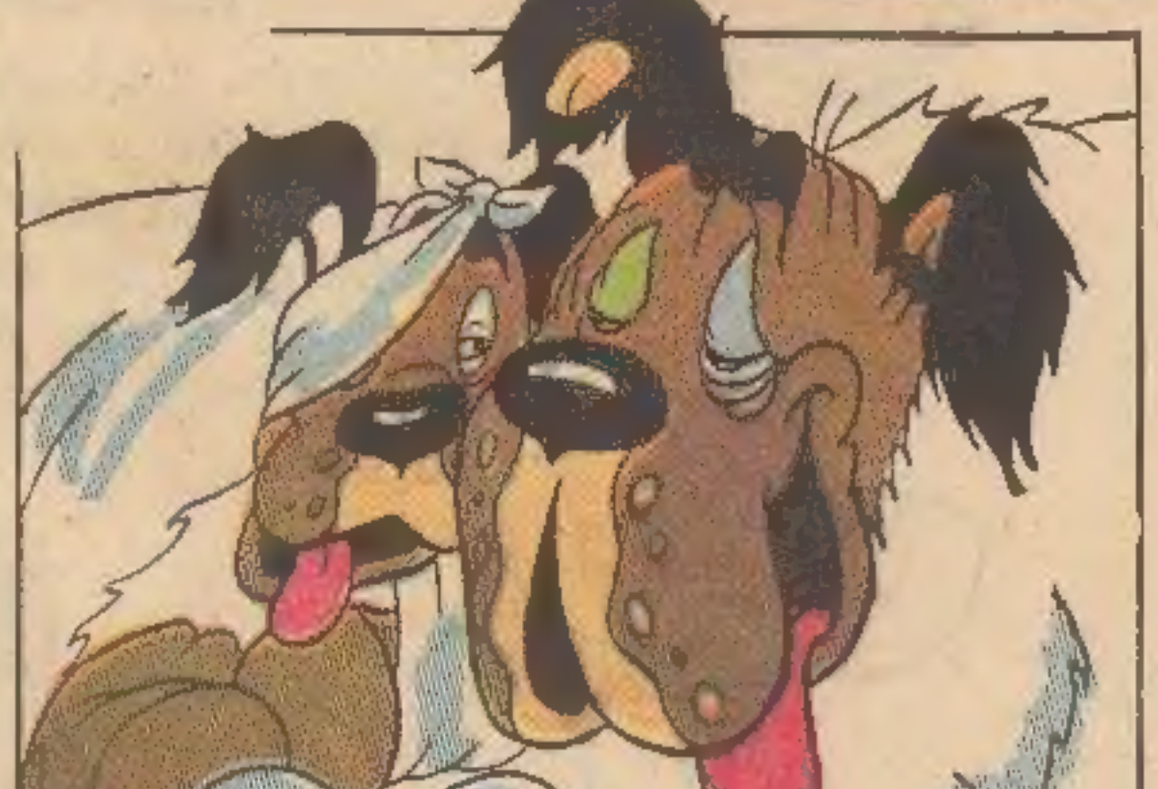

SOMETHING IN LITTLE CESARIO SNAPPED !!


EAGER TO SAVE BIG ALEXANDER'S LIFE, LITTLE CESARIO DASHED INTO THE STORM, BUT AS HE RAN HE STUMBLED !!


AND ROLLED AND ROLLED —
AND FORMED A SNOWBALL THAT GOT BIGGER AND BIGGER AND WENT FASTER AND FASTER AS HE ROLLED —



THE SNOWBALL STRUCK BIG ALEXANDER AND, LIFTING HIM FROM THE PINNACLE, CARRIED HIM WITH IT!



500 PRIZES

100 25c WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

FOR THE 100 BEST ANSWERS

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FOR THE NEXT 400 BEST ANSWERS

HERE'S HOW

Read the directions and questions on the opposite page carefully. Then, following directions closely, fill in the right-hand side of the paper as neatly as you can. Be sure to ***print*** your name and address and age. Clip out the half page around the dotted lines and mail to

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149 MADISON AVE.

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Contest closes midnight, November 15, 1943. Prizes will be awarded to the entries, which provide the greatest amount of help to the editors, according to the decision of the judges. Decision of the judges is final, and no entries will be returned.

CONTEST INSTRUCTIONS

On the right-hand side of this page, you will find pictures of the characters that appear in this magazine. Under each picture, we have placed a square. Put the number 1 in the square under the character that you like best, number 2 in the square under the character you like second best, and so on, until you have numbered each one, according to how well you like them.

Next, read the questions below and check off your answers to the right.

1. The average length of the comic strips in this magazine is 8 pages. How long do you like the strips to be?

2. Do you like comic magazines that have just one complete story in them?

3. If you answer "yes" to question No. 2, which characters would you like to see in a long story?

Now print your name and address on the lines to the right. Then clip out the half page around the dotted lines and mail to

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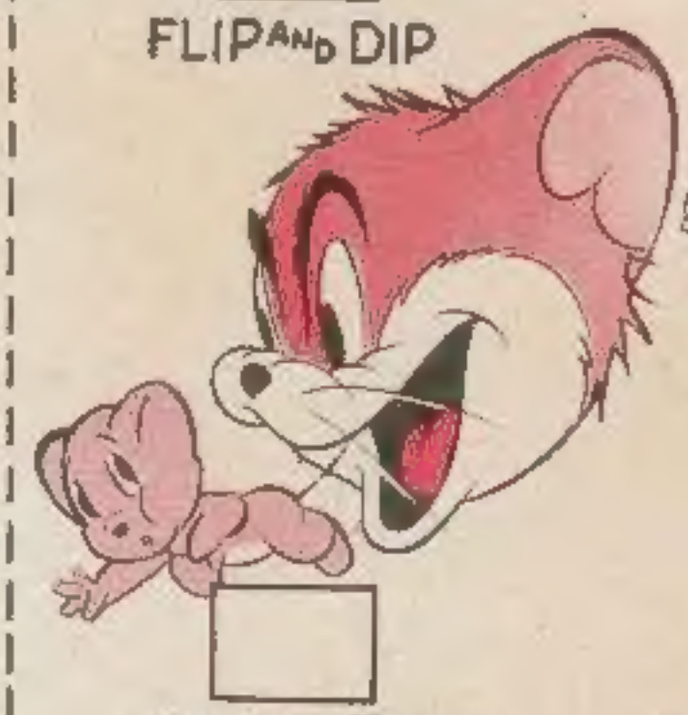
Before midnight, Nov. 15, 1943.

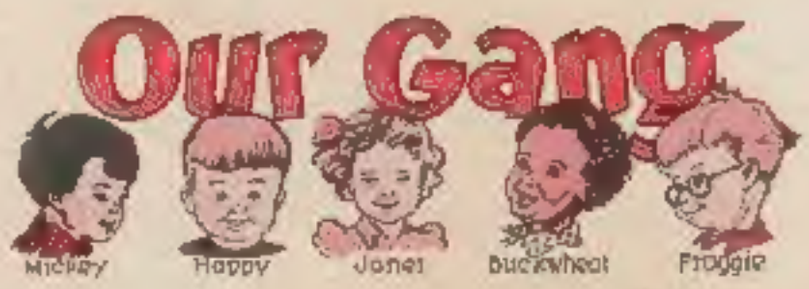
FLIP AND DIP

BARNEY BEAR



TOM AND JERRY

BENNY BURRO



1. ☐ 4 PAGES ☐ 6 PAGES ☐ 8 PAGES ☐ 10 PAGES ☐ 12 PAGES

2. ☐ YES ☐ NO

3. _____

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Age _____